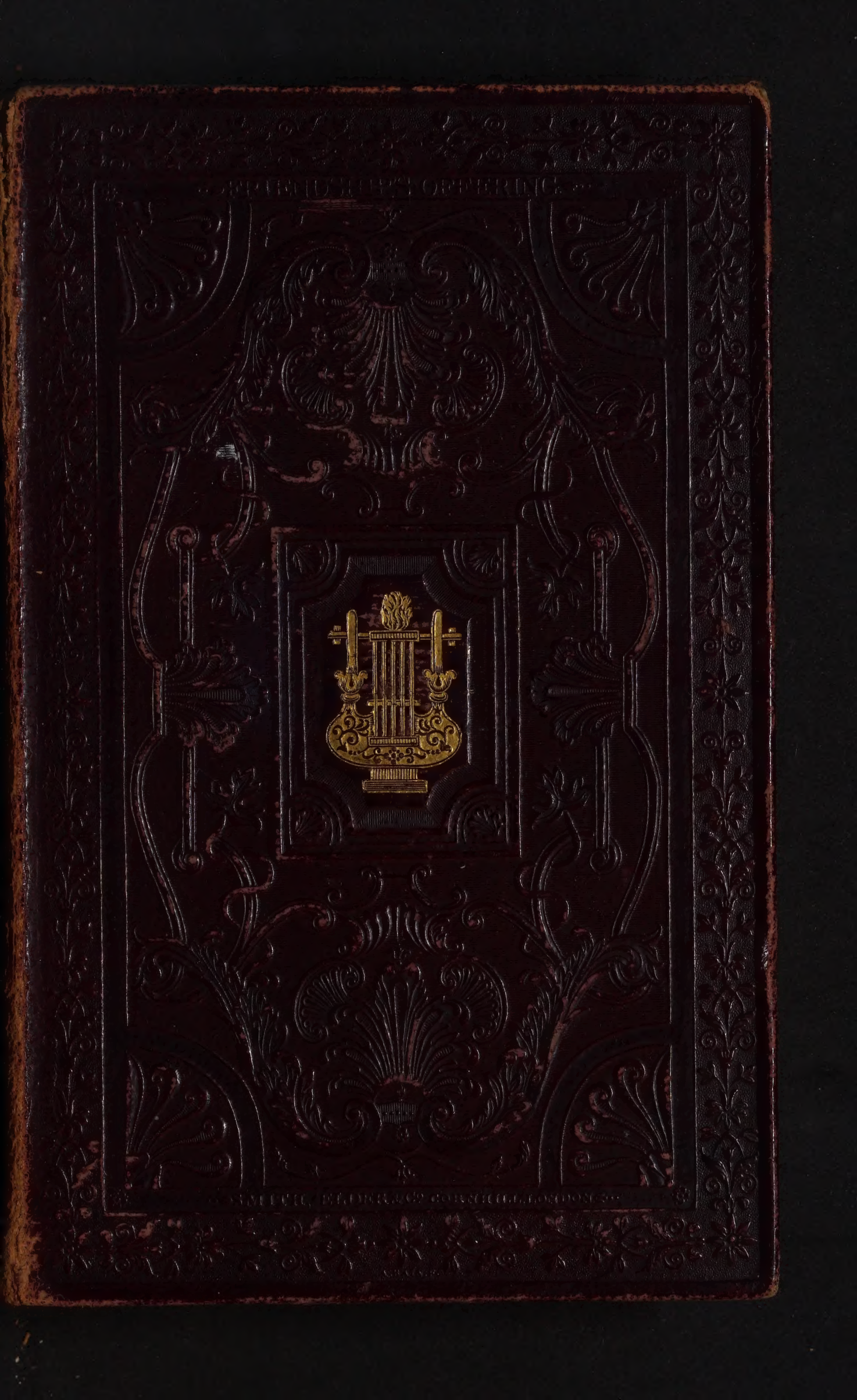



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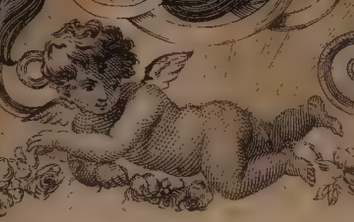
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FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING,
A Literary Album
and
ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER.



To.
Margaret Ross MacBean
From a Friend.

"This is Affection's Tribute—Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says—Forget me not!"

H. Corbould, del. LONDON. J.W. Cook, sculp.
SMITH, ELDER & CO. 65 CORNHILL.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING;

AND

Winter's Wreath:

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXLII.

" This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says— Forget me not !"

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL.

1842.

London : STEWART and MURRAY, Old Bailey.



TO

HER MAJESTY,

ADELAIDE, QUEEN DOWAGER,

This Work

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

THE Editor feels it to be a step of promotion to be called upon to preside over a publication in which, at various times, his own humble name has appeared in the list of contributors. His task, too, is an easy one; since the work comes into his hands undiminished in that character and reputation earned for it many years ago by his lamented friend, the pure-minded and highly-gifted THOMAS PRINGLE.

It will be seen that the great object in the compilation of this volume has been *variety*,—to secure which the Editor has been honoured with the assistance of nearly FORTY contributors. In this very unusual number will be found many of the distinguished sup-

porters of FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, as well as many of his own private friends, and others, who kindly and generously came forward to tender their services.

The meeting of their names in these pages, he trusts, will be esteemed a credit and a pleasure by all; and if among them the Courteous Reader should discover a few not hitherto known in any of the paths of literature, it is hoped he will find in their contributions an assurance that the veil of obscurity will be withdrawn from the authors before this time next year.

LEITCH RITCHIE.

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THE MIGHTY DEAD.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

> "The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."
>
> BYRON.

ERE beauteous earth had ever felt decay,
When man first knew it for a resting-place,
And this, the new-born world, untroubled lay
Upon the bosom of unfathomed space,—
The dead were not! Yet Purest Spirit breathed
HIS will Omnipotent, and this was wreathed
With the first tree, and herb, and bright young flowers
Startled to life in Eden's sunny bowers.
And this was heard in the first joyous song
The lark uplifted to the throne on high,
And their fixed laws were willed to last thus long,
"While the young earth fulfils her destiny:"
And Nature never hath had sight or sound,
Where this pure essence was not felt around.

But most it ruleth in the heart of man;
For MIND was chosen as the instrument
On earth to work all changes, and began
The God-deputed task, when first were blent
With clay this essence pure. This was the seal
To mark mankind from each less wondrous thing:
"Man shall to man his inmost thoughts reveal,
And dying, shall bequeath them, and shall fling
A subtle spirit, which can never die,
O'er the wide path of far futurity."
This is the quenchless light that ever burns,
And so "the dead are rulers from their urns."

The earth grows old, but still no wrinkles show,
To mar the lustre of her blooming face;
And yet the very dust we trample low
Doth point its moral to the human race.
Earth is one mighty grave of human clay,
But mind immortal doth not pass away;
It is the monument that doth outlive
All that the sculptor's art can ever give.
And through these monuments we do converse
With our dead friends, while they perchance rehearse
The heart-throbs we have known. Or council seek
From the rare scrolls where our dead teachers speak,
And win obedience still. Are we not led
By the just influence of the mighty dead?
Are not such bonds of sympathy more true
Than the frail links the living rend in two?

What though they lived a thousand years ago,—
Are they not spirit-friends through weal and woe?
And can we look around, and fail to trace
Material records of a bygone race?
Is it not theirs our thoughts and deeds to school,
The inner and the outer world to rule?
The monarchs these, to whom our homage turns,—
The dead, "who rule our spirits from their urns!"

THE SORTES.

A Tale of the Schwarz Wald.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

CHAPTER I.—WHO WINS?

On the Rhine-ward side of the Belchen-Berg, there is to this day a cottage-inn or public house, in one of those rude and solitary sites which, notwithstanding the increase of industry and population, are still common in the southern districts of the Schwarz Wald. Its parlour window, placed without any reference to the ordinary rules of architecture, seems to have been "poked out," as the late Sir Jeffry Wyatville used to say, where it might command a peep of the river, through a vista of hills and rocks that here sink, by strangely irregular gradations, almost to the water's edge. The house is otherwise embedded among craggy heights, some clothed with stunted wood, and some displaying their sides of naked granite. Above the door is a sign-board purporting, in letters which are now almost effaced, that the name of this wild

looking and comfortless shelter is the Welcome Home.

Towards the close of the last century, the aspect of the place was probably very nearly the same as at present; and as one evening a foot traveller strode slowly down the narrow and rocky path which led to the house, he saw the cottage-inn, we will venture to say, as old-looking, as mean, and as massive as it stands to day, and even the inscription on its sign-board, in the black German letter, bidding him with very little more distinctness "welcome home." The traveller was a young man, apparently belonging to the middle classes of society, although dressed in a travel-soiled blouse, and with a large knapsack strapped upon his shoulders. This burthen he supported with the assistance of a good oaken staff; besides which, he had a rapier by his side, and a pair of pistols in his belt, appendages which the disturbed state of the times rendered not unnecessary. The confusion, indeed, incidental to the Fench Revolution, extended far beyond the frontier countries; and the banks of the Rhine, more especially, were already distinguished by the *bandit* system (to use the expressive German word), —a league which gave strength, if it could not give dignity, to robbery.

As the traveller passed the Welcome Home, he looked casually into the parlour window, and stopped suddenly, as he saw a single guest within, leaning with both elbows upon the table. He was not asleep. His hands were clutched sternly in his night-black

hair, and an untasted measure of strong waters before him, showed that physical refreshment was not his most immediate want.

"What ho! Herman!—is it thou?" cried the traveller, for the face of the other was hidden; and at the words, the dreamer awoke instantly from his reverie, and sprang towards the window. The two gazed for some time at one another with eager scrutiny; and then Herman, bursting into a half reckless half bitter laugh, exclaimed:

"So, Rudolph, thou too hast kept thy time? Art richer than I?—Not a dollar! We have sped in the world alike—that is one comfort; and here is another awaiting thee on the table. A moment ago, I hated thee like ratsbane, but now thou shalt find me a true cousin. Come in, and sit thee down." Rudolph echoed the laugh, with as little of real mirth as it contained; and the two cousins, after grasping one another's hand, sat down to the table to demand and give the history of a five years' separation in the world.

"And now," said Herman, concluding a narration which is of no importance to our story, "having thus lost every dollar of my patrimony, and the time of my probation being about to expire, I had nothing to do but to return home, present myself to our aunt, and relinquish the prize of her niece's hand to thee. It is no wonder, although so near my journey's end, that in passing the Welcome Home I felt the necessity of quaffing a cup, even of such villanous brandy as this, before going, for such a purpose, into the presence of

Madame Brönner and Leonora. Now, however, that I know thou returnest in no better plight than myself, my hopes revive—or rather, I approach the old mansion of our common ancestors with the certainty of being speedily its master, in right of its lovely mistress."

"How!" cried Rudolph with heat, "Certainty? Are not we three cousins—Leonora, thou, and I?—and was not the hand of the heiress destined, by the testament of her mother, ratified by the solemn oath of our aunt, to whichever of us two should return on this day, after a probation of five years in the world, the richer man? We have both spent our patrimony of three thousand dollars in the vain attempt to gain fortune; and if we do not now stand upon equal ground—if my hopes be more reasonable than thine—"

"Thy hopes!"

"It is because,—" and he hesitated and looked upon the ground.

"Thousand devils!—because what?"

Rudolph looked up with glistening eyes and burning cheeks, as he replied in a low voice, "Leonora herself shall determine!" Herman turned pale for an instant, but soon rallied.

"Leonora shall determine!" he repeated with a taunting laugh. "The woman Leonora shall choose her husband from the recollections of the child,—when she had no dearer occupation than chasing butterflies in the garden, and when she loved a boy in proportion as he approached in appearance and habits the girl! Trust me, the sentiments of our fair cousin have, long before

now, sustained quite as great a change as we shall find in her person! But, as regards thee and me, I am the descendant of the *elder* branch; and on that circumstance, since we are equal in other respects, I ground my claim upon the justice, well known to be severe and inflexible, of our aunt." Rudolph started at this view of the subject, which had never presented itself before; and the two cousins, evidently thrown into doubt and alarm, pushed their chairs from the table, which had become too narrow a barrier between them, and sat for some time regarding each other with a stern and suspicious look.

The shades of twilight, in the meantime, had begun to gather around. The crags and pinnacles of the heights seen from the window had become filmy and indistinct; and instead of the Rhine, at the bottom of the long, downward vista, a mass of grey vapour extended like a sea, till it mingled with the horizon.

"Come," cried Herman, starting suddenly up, after a pause of several minutes, "there is no use in our proceeding to the chateau on terms like these. Whatever may be said of the love of Leonora, her *estate* is necessary to us. It is our only chance in the world, and losing it, we are beggars and desperadoes. It is absurd, therefore, to suppose that either thou or I will consent to give up a claim which is as good, for I confess thus far, on one side as on the other. But the prosecution of our rival claims in an affair of such momentous importance, can be no friendly contest, fit either for an old or a young woman to witness; and

the probability is, that its result would be the loss of our object to *both*. Come, Rudolph, since only one can be the winner, let us consult the magic books of fortune as to which of us it is to be ; first swearing to respect the decision therein contained. What sayest thou, cousin ?"—and drawing out a pack of soiled cards from the pocket of his blouse, he dashed them on the table. Rudolph's eyes glistened at the sight, like the eyes of one who had been familiar with such studies ; but terrified at the importance of the stake, he hesitated for some moments.

"What game ?" said he suspiciously.

"None. Let us throw the cards into a heap, and draw at random ; and he whose drawing is most successful, counting either by numbers or honours, shall be the husband of Leonora."

"That is fair," said Rudolph, "but—" and he looked at the well-worn backs of the pack, betraying a long acquaintance with the master's eyes : "In short," continued he, after a moment's further hesitation, "I have had enough to sicken me of cards ; but if dice will suit thy fancy, I will not say thee nay," and drawing the materials from his capacious pouch, he handed them to his cousin.

Herman received the boxes as cautiously as if he apprehended some danger to his fingers. He turned them round and round, weighed the dice in his hand, tried several throws, and finally pronouncing the word "Agreed !" they proceeded to their desperate play.

Herman threw first, with a steady but violent hand,

and succeeded in turning up nothing better than two deuces. At this result every drop of blood in Rudolph's body seemed to rush into his ashy face.

"Hands off the table!" he exclaimed imperiously; for his cousin, in the agony of the moment, was griping it as with a vice. Herman obeyed mechanically, and Rudolph threw—two deuces. A sigh of inexpressible relief, and one of inexpressible disappointment, mingled above the table.

Herman threw again, with less violence, and the result was, two fours. Rudolph followed desperately, and two fours were also his fortune.

Dread was now almost completely forgotten in the passion of play; and the cousins, with nothing more than a mutual nod of acquiescence, advanced to the third contest—a contest which, according to all human calculation, was to be the final one. Herman, this time, instead of throwing the dice, allowed them rather to trickle out of the box, and he with difficulty repressed a shout of exultation, as he saw that the result was two sixes. Rudolph, with his eyes rivetted upon these terrific numbers, and his teeth almost meeting in his nether lip, continued to rattle the dice with nervous trepidation, so long that the other, unable to endure the suspense, at length exclaimed—

"Throw, in the name of all the fiends!"

"There!" shouted Rudolph; and he dashed both dice and dice-box so furiously upon the table, that the latter was smashed to pieces. The result was—two sixes!

"The fiends, after all," said he, as he wiped the

perspiration from his brow, "are the masters of the game.—Come, Herman, since the dice will not decide, I accept your invitation to the cards ; but, on this condition, that we draw but one card, and abide the decision, whatever it be, as final."

The evening had now definitely closed in ; and, seen through its filmy curtain, the crags and peaks which surmounted the house looked like spectral figures watching the issue of the game. The night-wind had arisen, and sweeping in gusts through the rocky passes, resembled human voices calling and answering from distance to distance. The young men, even in the absorbing interest of the moment, felt something like a superstitious thrill as they looked towards the window. They had till now been unconscious of the gathering darkness ; for their eyes, accustomed to the gradually increasing gloom of the apartment, had been able to count the spots on the dice—the sole purpose for which eyes were just then of any value. Even now, the new feeling was not allowed to interfere with business. They drew the table close to the window, and shuffling the cards in a heap, prepared to draw.

Herman, as before, was the more resolute of the two ; and thrusting his hand into the middle of the pack, he drew forth a card, and in the same instant showed it to be the ace of clubs. Rudolph, trembling at this brilliant result, kept his card in his hand for some moments before he had the courage to examine it ; but at length he threw it upon the table, when it proved to be an ace likewise—the ace of hearts.

The two young men stood for some time gazing at each other in mute surprise, tinged with a feeling of superstitious awe.

"The ace of clubs!" said Herman unconsciously.

"The ace of hearts!" ejaculated Rudolph. "What can all this mean?"

"It means," said his cousin passionately, "that we are fooled by him to whom these tools belong!" and he swept both cards and dice out of the window. At the moment a low chuckle was heard, whether in the apartment, or from without, they could not tell; soon it increased by degrees to a wild shrill laugh, which rung from rock to rock, and then mingled with the other voices of the night, that alternately resembled laughter and sobbing.

CHAPTER II.—THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN.

The two cousins walked together along the wild and tortuous road which led to the chateau—together, but not side by side. Each was buried in his own meditations, and when conscious of the presence of the other at all, felt it as a restraint which he had no plausible pretext for avoiding. The evening grew darker and darker; and the rugged heights of the Belchen-Berg, although in reality at some distance to the left, seemed in the gloom to overhang the cliffs through which the road lay. The wind, broken by the irregularity of the rocks, yelling along their narrow avenues, or moaning through the woods with which they were here and there covered, increased every

moment in uproar. The young men thought to themselves, that after their five years' absence, this was an ominous welcome home.

Among the sounds which an excitable ear recognises at such an hour, and in such a place, the laugh that had startled them at the conclusion of their extraordinary game, was more than once repeated; although so indistinctly that they could not altogether be sure that it was not merely an effect of the wind. As they approached, however, a turning among the heights on the left, apparently well known to both, they slackened their pace as if by tacit agreement; and at length Herman, who led the way, stopped, and stood leaning on his staff till Rudolph came up.

"Think'st thou it can be Wolfinn?" said he: "she has mocked us before now, and when we were at an age to tremble at her mockeries."

"Can the hag be still alive?"

"Ay, trust me, and will be so after we are dead. One who could live for a score of years in the den she inhabits, needs fear no ordinary assault upon mortal life. But what if we extend our evening's pastime a little further? I am curious to hear what the old witch would make of the *sortes* we have just drawn."

"And so am I," said Rudolph quickly; and then he added in a tone of indifference,—"at least a visit to Wolfinn would pass some idle minutes, as, although the chateau is so near, we cannot now present ourselves to the ladies till the morning." Herman accordingly struck into the path on the left, followed by his cousin,

and they continued to traverse for some time, and in silence as before, an ascending avenue, or rather ravine, as dark and damp as a burial vault. At the further end the rocks were broken into various clefts; and, deceived by the gloom, or by their own indistinct recollection, they were in some doubt as to which led to the abode of Wolfinn. At length Herman, whose patience never lasted long, began to shout:

"Ho! Wolfinn! witch! where art thou? Strike with thy wand upon the rock that encloses thee like a toad of the old world, and appear to our eyes at thy palace door!"

"Mother Wolfinn!" cried the milder Rudolph, "there are here friends who would speak with thee!—She is dead, and there's an end."

"Then it was her spirit that laughed—I'll take my oath of that:" but while Herman was yet speaking, he received a smart accolade from behind, and leaping round, they saw standing close beside them the object of their search.

Mother Wolfinn was a little old woman—as little an old woman as you could see out of a caravan of human curiosities. In her attire, however, she had no view to the picturesque, which appears to be so great an object with individuals of her class: she was simply a little old woman dressed in a cloak of a dark grey colour, with its hood drawn closely round her face. There might have been art, however, even in this simplicity; for the closeness and scantiness of her garb made her figure appear still smaller and sparer than it was; and

when seen in a wild and lonely place like this, hirpling along upon an old-fashioned crutch, and the sharp features and fallen-in lips of extreme age peeping from beneath her hood, Mother Wolfinn, if not actually of the species herself (which we will not take upon ourselves either to assert or deny), was at least an excellent type of the little old woman of German demonology, inhabiting the lakes or mines of Faderland.

"What would ye, my sons?" said the dame, in all the indignant majesty of three-foot-four. "Are these the manners ye have learnt abroad? — or have ye been drinking away your senses at the Welcome Home, that ye come thus roystering and bawling to me here?"

"That is just the case," said Rudolph, before Herman could speak: "The brandy at that house is so fiery that it has led us a little astray; so much so, indeed, that I forgot to put a bottle of it into my pocket for thee, mother, for old acquaintance sake,— and must, therefore, offer thee this piece of silver instead."

"But ye have been doing more than drink. Ye have been gaming,—and neither for sport, nor money."

"True, we threw the dice three times, and drew a card once, merely to try our fortune in a certain matter."

"That is not the truth: ye played for the hand of your cousin, Leonora, and both lost the stake!"

"Hag!" cried Rudolph, "thou didst listen at the window!"

"And from what distance? Hast thou ears as quick

as mine?" and the eyes of the little old woman glared upon him from beneath her hood, like cats' eyes in the dark.

"Heed him not," said Rudolph, quickly. "I drew the ace of hearts, which means love; and how can love be lost by love?"

"And I drew the ace of clubs, which typifies power, and how can love stand against power?"

"Listen, my sons: the dice showed that neither should win, and the cards how both should lose. Thou, Rudolph, shalt be crossed by love, and thou, Herman, by violence!" And so saying, the little old woman, with another glare of her cats' eyes, turned away, and disappeared among the rocks. At this sudden conclusion of the adventure, Rudolph affected to burst into a laugh, and calling to his cousin to come away, began to descend the ravine with great strides. Herman, however, stood still, gazing at the spot where they had lost sight of the hag.

"I know it is folly!" muttered he; "it is worse than childishness: even when a boy I dreaded the crazy old woman more than the pretended sorceress. But I *will* gratify my whim for all that; although I scorn the oracle, I will hear the response;" and entering the cleft where she had disappeared, he groped his way onward, calling out her name — though in terms of more politeness than he had hitherto used — till he found himself in total darkness. At this moment, a small corpse-cold hand was laid on his, and he heard the voice of Wolfinn at his ear.

"Welcome, my son," said she; "what wouldst thou of the hag and witch in her own den? But enter before speaking: I understand better the duties of hospitality than to allow thee to stand shivering in an ante-chamber."

Conquering by a strong effort a thrill of superstitious terror which the touch of her hand had sent through his blood, Herman suffered himself to be conducted into a cave or chamber of the chasm, which was just less dark than the passage that led to it. The little light there was came from a lamp which stood upon the ground near the entrance; but which, owing to the dullness of its flame, or the dampness of the atmosphere, illumined little more than the phantom-like figure of the old woman. Herman saw her face distinctly for the first time; and, although of a bold and reckless disposition, he shuddered at the expression which her cats' eyes threw over such features as you would expect to find under an old coffin lid.

"Thou wouldst ask," said the hag, "whether thou art a mere straw on the tide of destiny, or whether, by craft or boldness, thou mayst shape thine own course?"

"I would ask," replied Herman, "whether violence may be overcome by violence? Of what use is thy damnable art, be it true or false, if it serve not as a warning as well as a prophecy? Is the doom announced in thy predictions inevitable, or canst thou tell also how it may be avoided?"

"Nothing is inevitable," replied the little old woman, "but death. The very storms of the Almighty

blow not where they list; for man erects a shelter over his head even in the open plain, and listens in safety to their howl. He controuls the very thunder in its pride, and bids it strike, or pass by, at his will. Violence assuredly may be overcome by violence; but what wouldst thou do for the hand and the dower of Leonora?"

"All that a desperate man may do."

"Thy patrimony is entirely spent?"

"To the last coin. I had not even wherewithal to cross thine own hand to-night."

"That is well. Be wary and be silent, and expect to hear more from me by a sure sign. It is not good, however, for youth to be utterly money-less. Take this for earnest; and now good night. Away." Herman did as he was ordered, for she spake as one having authority; although, while descending the ravine, he blushed painfully at the idea of having received alms from a beggar.

By and by, however, when a sudden glimpse of the moon, which was by this time high in the heavens, revealed to him that the two coins she had put into his hand were broad pieces of *gold*, he started in astonishment, not slightly mingled with terror.

"If not a beggar," said he, "who or what is she? If the money be not alms, is it wages? And for what service have I accepted such an earnest? No matter; it is now too late to go back; and with the hand and dowry of Leonora in prospect, I will on, were it even to — Jericho!"

CHAPTER III.—THE CHATEAU OF GRAVESTEIN.

The château of Gravestein was finely situated in a gorge of the hills, with a splendid view before it of the valley of the Rhine. Constructed of the debris of the rock around it, the old grey building looked as much like a production of nature as any of them; and, like them, its towers had in turn tumbled down here and there, and given their stones to swell the mass of ruins. But the central portion of the house was nearly entire, and consisted chiefly of a very lofty roof, supported on low thick walls. The shingles which covered this roof had originally been red, but they were now as grey and mouldy as any other part of the edifice. The appearance of age, however, was not accompanied by any idea of weakness. The steep roof rested on its sturdy walls, in an attitude of the most perfect repose. There was, indeed, a feeling of self-complacency, arising probably from a sense of its own dignified antiquity, around the whole building. It looked as if it had a right to be there.

On the day when the sortes were drawn at the Welcome Home, there were two unquiet bosoms in the château of Gravestein—an old and a young one. The inquietude of Madame Brönner, however, would hardly have been visible to a stranger; for she bore a striking family resemblance to the château, both in solidity of figure, and proud sedateness of expression. Leonora, however, knew by the rustle of her aunt's silk gown, which she wore that day from an early hour in the

morning, that something unusual was the matter. As soon as breakfast was over, the old lady posted herself in the state parlour, at the window which did *not* look towards the road; for it comported with the etiquette of Gravestein that she should sit quietly awaiting whatever visitors God might send her, without exhibiting any anxiety upon the subject. And there she did sit all day long, without moving a muscle of her face, and her inward emotions manifested only in the varying expression of the rustle of her silk gown, as she moved upon her chair.

This was, indeed, an important epoch in the history of the house of Gravestein. The family estates, which once overspread the country side, were now concentrated in the few barren acres surrounding the château; the owner of which was no longer a mailed baron, but a girl of twenty. To compel this girl, who was of the oldest branch, to continue her ancient line, instead of carrying its property and dignities into another house, had of course been the grand object of the family; and the oath taken by Madame Brönner at the death-bed side of Leonora's mother, was as willingly given as it was earnestly demanded. Although, however, the union of the heiress with one or other of the representatives of the younger branches was under the circumstances a matter of absolute necessity; it was necessary to exercise some discretion in the choice of the individual. It was of no consequence, abstractedly speaking, which of her cousins she married; but it was of great consequence that the dilapidated château

should be put into some kind of repair, and hence the arrangement that the selection should be made with reference to the wealth of the aspirant. Herman and Rudolph were, therefore, turned adrift upon the world to push their fortunes; with no other stipulations than that they should not resort to trade, or to any mechanical calling whatever, or to any profession which might require long study, or to the army, in which no money is to be made. On that day five years they were to present themselves before their aunt, whose choice would fall upon him who had been the more fortunate of the two in the acquisition of wealth. The day was now come; and Madame Brönner was prepared to exercise her high function, with a dignity befitting the house of Gravestein.

Leonora had looked, through tears, at her cousins, as they set forth on their journey into the world, comprehending little about the matter, except that they were going to make money for her and the château. That one of them was to be her husband she knew very well, for she had been told so ever since her childhood; and being her husband, she knew he would sit in the great chair at the bottom of the table, confronting her in the great chair at the top, now filled by her aunt. This idea was excessively amusing; and sometimes when alone, she would spread out her gown, puff out her cheeks, and looking along an imaginary vista, nod to her husband sitting with his broad skirts at the end of it—then burst into shrieks of laughter at the fancy.

In the second year, she began to wonder whether Herman or Rudolph would make the most money; and she was almost sure it must be Rudolph, because he was not so fierce and untractable as his cousin, because he liked fishing better than shooting, and because his hair was many shades lighter.

In the third year, she considered the term of probation too short; the dear old château could do very well without repair for a long time yet; young men were rude and noisy, and would trample her flowers in the garden, and disturb her while she read. At this epoch she took long and solitary walks, sighed a good deal, grew pensive and absent, acted poetry in her day-dreams, understood that a man must be a lover before he became a husband, and sickened at the idea of her cousin Rudolph, who never *would* present himself to her imagination but spreading his broad skirts upon the great chair at the bottom of the table.

In the fourth year, when her figure had become fuller, and her voice lower; when her footfall was firmer, and yet more noiseless; when the merry laugh had subsided into the rich and melancholy smile; when the light came from the deeps, not the surface of her woman's eyes; when, in short, she was approaching her twentieth year, a circumstance occurred which gave yet a new colour to her thoughts. This was the arrival at the ancestral mansion, some ten miles distant, of Ernest Müller, a gentleman well on to the mature age of thirty, whom she remembered seeing at the château two or three times half-a-dozen years before.

He had then been a tall, grave, *elderly* person, whom Leonora looked up to with the respect demanded by his years; while in his eyes she was a nice little timid girl, with a comparatively clean pinnafore, and auburn hair, desperately inclining to red. Herr Müller, although a reasonably tall man, was, like Leonora herself, a very small proprietor. At his father's death, which had lately taken place, he had obtained leave of absence from the army, where he held the rank of lieutenant, and had returned home, to take care for a while of the paternal inheritance, which, without the assistance of his pay, could hardly have taken care of him.

When he came to the château of Gravestein, to pay his respects to Madame Brönner, the good lady was in the act of dressing to receive his expected visit, and, with the freedom of an old acquaintance, he walked into the garden to pass the time. A considerable change had taken place there. The plants had thought proper to change their position, the flower-beds to enter into new arrangements, and the shrubs to work themselves into bits of the picture, so as to give a coup-d'œil both pleasing and striking. Ernest, who was a connoisseur in such matters, considered the garden, though on a small scale, to be the most original in this part of Faderland, and thought the stiff and stolid Madame Brönner particularly fortunate in the intelligence of her plants. At the bottom of the avenue, where a magnificent view was obtained, he entered a kind of natural arbour, which, somehow or other, had

woven itself on the right spot, and stood for some time as immoveable as one of the trees themselves, gazing on what seemed to him to be the presiding Dryad of the place.

Leonora! She could no more be Leonora than Aunt Brönner. She was above, rather than under, the middle size of woman; of a rich and full, yet delicately proportioned figure; and her hair, instead of being red, was more brown even than auburn. On her part, the young lady recognized Ernest at the first glance, although he was decidedly younger-looking than before; but, startled by his sudden appearance, she blushed and faltered, and looked for an instant uncertain whether she should not dart away to the house for protection. Had the interview taken place in the parlour, with the usual form of re-introduction, Ernest might have gone home, thinking to himself what a fine-grown girl Mademoiselle was; but as it happened, he took his leave that day, with a heart-load of materials for meditation, speculation, dreams, and reveries.

Madame Brönner was not unwilling that the acquaintanceship should become closer; for Ernest, though not rich, was of an indisputably good family; and as for a young woman, whose hand had been engaged to one man, giving her heart to another,—this was a solecism in etiquette too monstrous to enter the good aunt's head at all. Thus it happened that Ernest and Leonora were much together; the former yielding with delight to the fascinations of his companion, and

the latter permitting herself remorsefully to enjoy a happiness which was so soon to end, and at length confessing, with tears, and trembling, and terror, and almost despair, that such happiness had become a part of her very existence. The best thing that can be said for them is, that the propriety of discontinuing their intimacy did not suggest itself till it was no longer possible to do so; and the worst, that opportunities of meeting were stolen when they could no longer be openly obtained. But hope is strong, even in a girl of twenty —even in a man of thirty; they thought that "something would happen" to make all turn out for the best! And so they loved on, and so the time went by; and the day had at length come for the reappearance at the château of one set apart for the husband of Leonora by the last words of her mother,—by the oath of her aunt,—even by her own tacit compliance from her very childhood.

"How canst thou be so restless, child?" said Madame Brönner, as she sat in state in the state parlour. "I really wish thou wouldst conduct thyself more like a daughter of the house of Gravestein!—What is that, now? What art thou turning up thy great eyes for? Dost thou hear anything?—Push my footstool a little nearer me:—but don't stoop—don't blush—there!" and the subdued rustling of the silk gown shewed that Aunt Brönner was settling herself stealthily in a position of dignity.

"Why dost thou not sit down quietly?" continued she. "If thou heardest ought in the road, of course

it was only farmer Gotlieb's cart:—go to the other window and satisfy thyself of the fact. Well?"

"There is nothing, aunt," replied Leonora.

"Surely, there is not! But if thy cousins were actually in the avenue—what then?"—and the silk gown told that Madame Brönner unbended, although in some little dudgeon.

The two ladies dined in state, as they always did, in the state dining-room. Leonora, however, had no appetite; while Madame Brönner was so hungry, that in less than ten minutes she had finished, and they then returned to the state parlour, overlooking the road.

"For my part," cried the niece, suddenly, "I begin to think they will not come at all!"

"Child! Mademoiselle!" exclaimed her aunt, with a rustle resembling a shiver, "did I hear thee aright? Art thou aware that it is of members of the house of Gravestein thou art talking, and of a matter in which the honour and dignity of the family are concerned?"

"I only thought," said Leonora, in confusion, conscious that her manner had betrayed exultation rather than the opposite feeling—"I only thought that something might have happened to detain them. Everybody says the roads are infested with robbers; and so daring have they become, that it is not long since a large village, not a dozen miles off, was carried by assault, and plundered. My poor cousins, thou knowest, travel with a weighty charge of money."

"They do,—they do!" and the silk gown was excessively alarmed; "and yet for members of our house

to be plundered on the very high-way which leads through their ancient domain, is a thing beyond belief. No, it is not altogether the state of the roads that would discompose me, but another circumstance which is always attended by evil—the return of Wolfinn to her old haunts."

"The wretch!—I thought we had got rid of her for ever!"

"Depend upon it, some misfortune is to happen in the country side where that bird of evil augury has alighted. Wolfinn hates all mankind, but more than all the house of Gravestein, ever since we ejected her from the estate, and thrust her out to the hills to consort with beasts as savage as herself. At her last return from one of her year-long rambles, thy cousin Dorothea was married to that odious baron who cut short her life by his cruelties; the time before, thy sister Angela died of grief for him who was to have been her husband; the time before that — What! in tears! — silly child! — the time before, I say, the château of Herr Müller, the father of young Ernest, was plundered of its family plate,—and what hast thou to do with that?" The aunt and niece passed the entire evening in such discourse, the agitation of Dorothea, and the tremor of the silk gown increasing every moment. As the château clock struck hour after hour, the heart of the former gave a response that was almost as audible. The shades of evening came gradually down, and then blackened gradually into night; the noises of the house were stilled one by one;

the great door was locked; and at length, when the usual hour of rest sounded, Madame Brönner rose up as if she had formed part of the machinery of the clock, and, without a single remark expressive of surprise or disappointment, bade her niece good night, and sailed away to her own apartment.

Leonora lingered for a while, she knew not why. One would have supposed her, rather than her aunt, to be the disappointed party. She listened again and again at the closely curtained window; and after having mounted some steps of the stair, returned precipitately to listen once more. In fact, she could not believe her good fortune! For many months past, she had been looking forward to this day, endeavouring to nerve her mind for an interview which she felt to be unavoidable; and now that the day had passed by, without bringing with it what her soul had dreaded so long, instead of joy and thankfulness, she felt for a time only terror and distrust. These sensations, however, passed by, and it was with a sigh of relief she at length entered her apartment.

CHAPTER IV.—THE LOVERS.

The night was dark and gusty, though occasionally the moon emerged for a moment from the clouds that were hurrying across the sky, and threw a gleam of light upon the picture. Leonora was gazing at the effect through the lattice, in comparative tranquillity of mind; for the non-arrival of the dreaded visitors was something on which to build those airy hopes which at the

age of twenty are satisfied with a very slight foundation. She had parted with her lover the day before without a promise, without a project, and now wondered whether he knew the real state of matters in the château, or remained at home, buried in his grief and his despair. Ernest, however, she thought again, was not in the habit of giving way to such feelings where there was the slightest room for action; he might even now be hovering about the house; he might at this very moment be visiting, in the midst of his lonely watch, the spot which was the rendezvous of their stolen meetings.

Her window looked upon the garden. Everything there was in motion with the wind, and as the moon peeped out now and then, a hundred spectral figures started up, and disappeared. Leonora, who had never been out of the house at night in her life, almost shuddered; but nevertheless, she threw a shawl upon her shoulders, and with a beating heart stole down the stairs. She was in the open air. She plunged into the darkest walk, to escape the possibility of observation; and gliding along like an apparition, soon reached the arbour at the bottom of the garden. Here she paused to listen, peeping through the gap by which she had been accustomed to let herself out into the wilds beyond. The uproar was greater there than within the garden. The taller trees bent and moaned in the blast; the voices of the air were calling from crag to crag; all was motion without life, and noise without articulate sound. By a desperate effort, she

burst through the gap, which was concealed with branches and bushes, and sped along a narrow path that led to the loneliest part of the desert. Once she imagined she saw a human figure staring down upon her from the road, which the path approached at one place; but this made her only redouble her frantic speed. At length, turning the base of a wooded steep, and reaching the obscure nook which was the rendezvous she sought, the prophecy of her heart was fulfilled, and she sank half fainting into the arms of Ernest.

"Thou hast given me hope, Leonora," said he, when she had recovered, "hope, for the first time. I dreaded nothing but thy timidity, my beloved; for to a strong will, and a high heart, all things are possible."

"Alas!" replied Leonora, "the seeming boldness of my flight was nothing more than an agony of terror: but here I am no longer a coward. The voice of the storm is music to my ear; the trees wave their heads in joy; the clouds dance along the heavens; the fitful moon steals upon us through these branches with a smile, and then withdraws her light, that the blushes may not be too painful, which I hide, O dearest, in thy bosom!"

The young man pressed her to his heart with rapture, for never before had she spoken so freely; but the flutter of her spirits, the terror of her flight, the storm, the darkness, the wild and solitary scene,—all were "ministers of love," and contributed to unlock the secrets of her bosom.

"They are not come!" she whispered with a start, after a delicious pause: "what think'st thou of that?"

"As of a point, or speck of land on which the angel Hope may rest his foot only for a moment as he hovers over the waters. Many things may have concurred to prevent their arrival to-day which will be easily explained to-morrow. I am more anxious that thou shouldst be prepared for the meeting than fancy thou hast escaped it. Still, circumstances have come to my knowledge which render it not improbable that their presence may be less agreeable to Madame Brönner than she imagines. The confusion that has existed so long on the banks of the Rhine is now more complete than ever, and the banditti, gorged with the spoils of the lower part of the river, or else held in awe by the republican police, have directed their views even to so poor and thinly inhabited a country as the Schwarz Wald."

"And thou thinkest my cousins may have fallen victims —"

"That they may have been robbed of the wealth which was to purchase thy hand." Leonora did not look as if she would have lamented the circumstance much; but she remained silent.

"Should they arrive moneyless," he continued, "the project for thy union must be, at least, deferred, and this will give us the chances of time, besides allowing thee to come of age, and thus be the arbitress of thy own destiny." Leonora sighed, and shook her

head; for she thought of her mother's death-bed, her aunt's oath, and her own consent.

"And thou, Ernest!" said she,—"thy house has been already plundered, and only without bloodshed because there was no resistance. Alas! I tremble for thy rashness."

"And not for thy own helplessness! The château of Gravestein is more exposed, and more defenceless than any other country seat in the district; and, thanks to the hereditary pride of thy aunt, it is richer than all in family plate and other heir-looms of intrinsic value."

"Do they kill as well as rob?" asked Leonora, growing pale.

"Only when deceived in the amount of the expected booty. But have no fear, dear love, either for life or property. To-morrow I take the command of a body of volunteers, which has been enrolled to strengthen the police, and on the following day we shall be ready for action, — and stationed, by my contrivance, within hearing of a cry from Gravestein."

"Generous Ernest!"

"I shall now be truly so, dear love, and tear myself away from thy presence, for it is well on in the night, and thy health will suffer."

"Not yet," whispered Leonora, — "I am again a coward, when thou talkest of leaving me. Hark! what is that?"

"It is a decayed branch crashing in the wind," said Ernest, after an anxious pause; "but whatever it

be, I will now lead thee to the garden, and compel myself to bid thee good night." He wound his arm round her waist, and they walked slowly away.

The decayed branch above snapped again when they had turned the base of the wooded steep, and a head was thrust through the foliage.

"This is our welcome home!" said Herman, "what thinkest thou of it, Rudolph? Said not the witch truly, that love would be thy ruin?"

"And violence thine," replied Rudolph.—"Beware thou of the sword!—and that thou mayst do so, take care not to stumble upon the path of yonder soldier!"

"Let him beware of me!" said Herman, through his clenched teeth. "Hark thee, cousin, thou once didst help me to rend a favourite lamb from the jaws of a wolf, and slay the spoiler!—Ha?"

"The lamb was common property," muttered Rudolph.

"And, therefore, we turned against the common enemy. Had it been disputed property, we could have settled the matter between ourselves all the easier for being without the interference of another. 'S death! wilt thou look quietly on while a villain seduces thy affianced bride?"

"Speak lower," replied the politic Rudolph; "the evil as regards me is already done — that ace of hearts spoke only too truly. It is now thy turn, good Herman:—beware thou of the ace of clubs!" and so saying, he proceeded to the château by a circuitous route,

leaving his cousin rooted to the spot, with pent-in breath, bended neck, and inflated nostril, scenting the wind like a blood-hound.

"Yes," resumed Rudolph, when he had gained admittance, and retired to his room, "it is now Herman's turn, and my cousin is not a man to shrink from it! I know him well, and nothing is more certain than that he must either slay, or be slain, in this quarrel. If they meet to-night, well: if not, there is as good a night coming. Herman out of the way, I need care but little for Ernest Müller, in spite of the ace of hearts; and Ernest out of the way by Herman's means, I shall have a hold of the latter, through a knowledge of the fact, which will bend even him to my will. But I must prepare myself to take advantage of either circumstance. I will join these said volunteers, and Leonora shall owe her safety to *me*.—Leonora! How beautiful she is! She loved me when a girl, and would have loved me now, had I remained at home. But this new episode in her life is at an end, and she will forget it; and, notwithstanding all my follies, I shall yet be happy!"

It was much later when Herman arrived. His sword was still bloodless, his pistols still loaded — he had not met with his enemy.

"He shall die," murmured he; "by fair means, if possible—but he shall die! Rudolph, with the weakness of his character, has already yielded, and that is well; but I, with the strength of mine, still struggle till I conquer. The banditti are another godsend; for

in the convulsions that will assuredly take place, a life, more or less will be unheeded. Be it my task to circulate reports of the riches contained in this reverend ruin. Oh, that by such means I could only draw the thunder upon Gravestein! I care not for the miserable heir-looms that would be sacrificed,—I care not now for the estate itself. Leonora! How beautiful she is! What a heavenly thing is woman's love!—and to think that in this case it should be given to an interloper!—But Ernest Müller shall die, and Leonora shall love again. I do not trust Wolfinn; I do not believe that she is either witch or prophetess; yet will I make use of the hatred she bears to all mankind; yea, I will serve her for an hire! To-morrow the volunteers are to be organized;—the next day ready for action. Hag! why tarriest thou? The time has come, and not thy promised token!" He was here interrupted by a low tap at the window, which he at once threw violently up. All was still and solitary without; even the wind had died away, and the trees were motionless—but something had fallen into the room as he raised the sash. He held it to the light, and a thrill of superstitious terror once more shot through his blood, as he recognized the card he had drawn at the Welcome Home—the ace of clubs!

CHAPTER V.—THE ABDUCTION.

The next morning, at breakfast, in the state-parlour, the inmates of Gravestein betrayed but little of the emotion of the preceding day. Although the features

of Madame Brönner were immoveable, her silk gown rustled a very intelligible satisfaction, that the young men had returned, late as the hour might have been, on the very day prescribed. The dignity of the house of Gravestein would not have been satisfied with less than this, and it was too reasonable to exact more. Herman had been out since daybreak, wandering, as he said, among the haunts of his youth; but he sat down at the breakfast-table with an unruffled brow, and a cheek not paler than might have been expected from the short time he had allowed himself in bed.

As for Rudolph, he was in high spirits. He had been dreaming the whole night of battle, and had always been the conqueror; and he smiled as the idea occurred to him, while looking at the pallid face of Herman, that the ace of clubs had changed hands.

Neither of the cousins had the least fear of being drawn into an unpleasant financial explanation on that day; for they were too well acquainted with the dignified manner in which affairs were managed at the château, to suspect their aunt of betraying any such impatience. The first day of their arrival would be allowed to pass without a hint of the business on which they had come; and even on the following one, it would only be brought forward at a formal interview, appointed for the express purpose.

As for Leonora, she was tranquil, if not happy. She felt herself to be under the protection of her lover, and could not conceive that any evil could happen to her under such circumstances.



Painted by E.T.Parris. Engraved by F. Bacon.

Ariel.

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"He is within hearing of a cry from Gravestein!" she repeated to herself incessantly; and sometimes she was able to escape to her own room, to dream for a while that her lover was the Ariel they had talked of so often together—that he hovered for ever around her, filling the air with his unseen presence, watching over her life, inspiring her very visions! "Beautiful thought!" said she, "beautiful spirit! How often has thy radiant smile shed light upon my pillow! How often have my waking cares flown away on thy odorous wings!" Thus the day wore on till it was near the hour of dinner, when the Ariel of Leonora's German imagination made his appearance in the form of a strapping man of thirty years of age.

It was Ernest Müller, who had come to inform the ladies of his having succeeded in organizing a band of volunteers, consisting of thirty gentlemen and yeomen, whose purpose it was to act as a patrol guard till representations could be made to Government touching the state of the country. He was invited to take a share of the family meal, and could not refuse himself the happiness of being near Leonora; although it may be supposed that his presence threw some restraint upon his old acquaintances, Herman and Rudolph, and that theirs was not without some effect of the same kind upon him.

"Canst thou tell me, Herr Müller," said Madame Brönner, towards the close of the repast, "on what are founded the apprehensions which now agitate the district?"

"On the fact," replied the soldier, "that the ope-

rations of the banditti have lately been transferred from Holland to Belgium, and from Belgium to the upper states of the Rhine, seriatim, till they are now on the eve of arriving at our own doors. When this was the case before, a village, thou knowest, in our neighbourhood, was sacked with impunity, and my father's house plundered in the absence of the family."

"But who," asked Leonora, "are these same banditti?—we all hear of Picard, or Schinderhannes, or Iltis Jacob, and some dozen of their followers, known by name; but after the deed is done, not a syllable is said of the multitude who must have been required to sack villages, and plunder châteaux."

"And yet," replied Ernest, "some of those persons may perhaps sit with you at table——"

"How!" said Madame Brönner.

"How!" cried Herman, flushing violently, and spilling a glass of wine upon the table.

"Yes," continued Ernest, with a smile—"or stand behind your chair,—or take your fair hand, Mademoiselle, in the dance,—or even pronounce sentence in your cause in a court of law. The accomplices of the robbers are said to be of all ranks, to be bound to the band by the most tremendous oaths, and to sink, as if by magic, into their respective stations the instant the crime is perpetrated."

"Knowest thou aught of Wolfinn?"

"Nothing. She has hitherto baffled all curiosity; and some attempts that had been made to connect her with the banditti have completely failed."

"Thou has interested me much," said Rudolph, with warmth: "this atrocious system must be put down, and our homes and those we love protected. Accept, I pray thee, of my services as a volunteer under thy command."

"Willingly; and that reminds me that I must now go to prepare. We shall pass the house in the morning, when I hope thou wilt be ready to join us."

"At what hour?" demanded Herman hastily.

"Soon after daybreak. Art thou also one of us?"

"No," he replied, shrinking back, "I leave the defence of the community to thee and my cousin. My own ambition will be satisfied with the care of individuals;" and he bowed to his aunt and Leonora.

Soon after daybreak, Ernest and his troop appeared in the avenue of Gravestein, and blew a brisk reveillé with a French horn, which echoed cheerily among the cliffs and glens around. But it appeared that the old château was not to be put out of its way by such untimely awakings. All was still and cold—not a window opened its eye to see what was the matter. They ventured to tap at the door, but too gently at first to produce any effect; then louder—and louder. No answer. Some of the volunteers made themselves merry with the drowsiness of the château; for it could be nothing worse than drowsiness, as they were evidently the first visitors that morning, the gravel of the path being undisturbed. At length Ernest dismounted, and climbing over the garden wall, half in surprise and half in alarm, went round to the back part of the

house, which opened into the paradise where he and Leonora had so often walked. Everything here presented marks of strife and confusion. The shrubs near the wall were broken, fragments of furniture and utensils strewed the ground, the door was wide open, and partly torn off its hinges, and Ernest, in an agony of terror, rushed into the house.

The case was clear—the volunteers were too late. The château had been attacked and plundered during the night, and the inmates were discovered in separate apartments, bound hand and foot!

The attention of the gentlemen was principally directed to Madame Brönner, who was at first supposed to be dead; but the shock sustained by her pride turned out to be the only injury she had received, and her delay in opening her eyes arose perhaps less from inability, than unwillingness to see herself in her night-clothes, tied with cords, like a malefactor, to her own state-bed, and half the gentry of the district looking on.

"Where is Leonora?" cried Ernest wildly, as he burst into the middle of the group.

"In her own chamber, I pray God!" cried the supposed defunct, sitting suddenly up, and opening wide her leaden eyes.

"She is not in the house; I have searched it from top to bottom. The villains have carried her off, and will hold her to ransom. Spread yourselves, gentlemen, for the love of Heaven, over the country. Rudolph, do thou and I follow the trail together. Where is Herman?"

"I have just been searching for him. He is not in the house, and has not been seen since the first confusion. But he too will be on the trail, depend thou upon that!—Ay," muttered Rudolph to himself, grinding his teeth, "and the first of us all! It will be he who will save Leonora, and thus seem to deserve the prize.—But Ernest and he shall meet!—and alone, on the desolate hills—man to man—foot to foot!—and during the settlement of their bloody account, it shall be mine to lead Leonora to the arms of her aunt!"

The house was now cleared of its visitors as suddenly as they had entered. Some took horse; some dispersed themselves among the hills on foot; and some went round the district to rouse the peasantry—all glad to get out of hearing of the frantic cries of Madame Brönner, whose excitement seemed in proportion to the preternatural stillness of her usual manner.

It was quite certain that the robbers would neither think of crossing the Rhine, nor of remaining in the valley on the right bank; and Ernest and Rudolph, therefore, made their way to the hills by a path well known, in earlier years, to the latter, and which, from the state of the ground as they proceeded, and the appearance of the shrubs in the more tangled part of the route, had evidently been traversed by a party of men that morning. In one place, at no great distance from the garden wall, they found a woman's shoe, of so delicate a shape, that they knew it must have belonged to the unfortunate Leonora; and at some distance farther on, a small fragment of a veil adhered to a

bramble in the path. It was certain, therefore, that the marauders had passed that way, and that their victim, forgetting her timidity in the exigence of the circumstances, had struggled desperately with her ravishers, as they fled with her over the midnight hills. Near this place, the path divided into two branches, one of which led in the direction of the fantastic heights among which was situated the lair of Wolfinn; but the majority of the party had evidently held on towards the heart of the country, and, at any rate, it was improbable that the perpetrators of such a crime would think of taking refuge in the neighbourhood. The pursuers, therefore, continued to follow the main route, rarely losing the traces of the fugitives for any considerable time.

At the small and isolated farm houses, they usually obtained some information; but it was confined to the fact, that men had been observed in the early part of the morning, with their faces covered with black crape, hurrying across the hills. As the day advanced, they met with one or two of their comrades of the volunteers, scouring the country on horseback by the bridle roads, but their pursuit had been equally unsuccessful. Nearly the whole day was consumed in this fruitless search, and at length the traces of the fugitives completely disappeared.

Wearied and dispirited, and now almost convinced that they had been entirely on a wrong scent, Ernest and Rudolph determined to explore the second branch of the route, or rather to proceed over the hills at once

to the part of the country where they supposed it to terminate, among the haunts of Wolfinn. They were now, however, at a considerable distance, and the sun was low in the heavens before they reached the ravine which the two cousins had traversed to consult the sorceress. Rudolph had by this time reasoned himself into hope. If Leonora had been carried off in the other direction, he was sure they would long before that time have fallen in with Herman, who knew every inch of the country. The probability seemed to be, that the ravishers had thought to elude pursuit by the very circumstance of their taking refuge so near at hand; and if so, the great danger was, that Herman, who, if he had come upon their trail at all, would follow it like a bloodhound, had before now recovered the prize.

It was arranged that Ernest should steal down the side of the ravine, and post himself under shelter of the trees, wherever he might best command the passage; while Rudolph should enter it by the upper part, and endeavour to dislodge the enemy if he found them there. The object of the latter in devising this plan, was at the same time to secure, if possible, the re-capture of Leonora, and insure the meeting, in that wild and narrow arena, of Ernest and his deadly enemy.

Rudolph knew his ground well, and crept like a cat to the upper part of the ravine, where it terminated in several smaller ones, which might, however, be more properly called clefts, and in one of which, it will be

recollected, was situated the retreat of Wolfinn. As he swung down by the branches near this opening, he found himself in comparative darkness, although the light of the setting sun still lingered on the heights. It was his purpose to glide noiselessly into the cave-like aperture, in order to listen without being himself observed—when his eye was fascinated by what appeared to be the shadow of a human figure on the wall. His hand was instantly upon his pistols, and he advanced another step; but the mysterious gloom, and the wild tales associated with the place in the recollections of his boyhood, affected his imagination, and he hung back. The shadow, which seemed now to be rather a grey stain upon the rock, moved slowly; a small hand was stretched towards him, the finger pointing to his face; and a sudden yell of laughter rang in his ears, so unearthly, yet so scornful, as both to terrify and enrage him.

"Is it thou," said Mother Wolfinn, gliding forward, in the midst of her merriment, "is it thou who comest to seek Leonora in the haunt of the gnomes, and yet art afraid of a little old woman?"

"Woman or fiend," cried Rudolph furiously, "tell me where she is concealed!"

"What is that to thee?" said Wolfinn: "Said I not truly that she was lost to thee through love?—as truly as that she was severed from Herman by violence! Why should I seek to change the decrees of fate for the sake of thy accursed brood? Is it because ye turned me out of house and home? Is it because ye gibed at me from your boyhood, and would have hunted me with

your dogs if ye had dared?—But, for all that, her concealment is at an end! Take her, coward, if thou darest! There—I give her to thee!" and pointing to the distance above, where a man was clearly seen in the light of the setting sun, dragging Leonora along the heights,—she burst again into shrieks of wild laughter.

"That for thy payment, hag!" cried Rudolph, striking her to the earth with the butt end of a pistol; and he then darted up the steep. It was evident the robber had escaped at the signal of Wolfinn's laugh; which it seemed had also alarmed Ernest, whose footsteps he heard in the ravine. Rudolph, however, was more than a match for the fugitive in speed, burthened as he was with Leonora; and, determined that his rival should not share in her recapture—although no lover of combat on ordinary occasions—he pressed forward alone to the deadly struggle.

The ravisher had the start by a considerable distance; but he was obliged sometimes almost to carry his prize, who appeared sinking with terror or fatigue; and, at length, seeing that there was but one man in pursuit, and that there was not the slightest hope of his being able eventually to elude him, he halted suddenly, and stood with one arm around Leonora's waist, expecting his enemy. It was a lonely and savage heath, the plateau of a hill on which the dying daylight still rested, and on which the loftier crags and cliffs around looked down like spectators.

Rudolph saw that his antagonist was a strong athletic

man, with his face covered with black crape, in the usual fashion of the banditti; and he regretted that the position of Leonora prevented him from using his pistols. There was no such hindrance, however, on the part of the ravisher; and as soon as Rudolph came within shot, two clanging reports told him at once of his danger and his safety. The ruffian, then, with a furious gesture, threw away his pistols, thrust Leonora from his side, and drew his sword.

The encounter was short though desperate. Rudolph, notwithstanding his long journey, was by far the fresher of the two; but his antagonist had the advantage both in strength and resolution, and after a fierce struggle, succeeded in beating down his guard, and forcing him upon his knee. At this critical moment Rudolph drew a pistol suddenly from his belt—fired—and the ruffian fell.

Scarcely believing in his own safety, the conqueror gazed at his prostrate enemy; but so long, that there seemed to be some fascination in the bloody ruin of mortality. He at length approached; and, shaking and shuddering, withdrew the crape from the face. Life had not departed, for the glazing eyes were fixed upon his with an expression which froze his blood, and presently these words came broken and gurgling from the lips:

"Dog, thou hast not conquered! Thou hast taken my life, but it is a drawn battle still! It is—it is—the ace of hearts—to the ace—of clubs!"—and so saying, Herman gave up the ghost.

The outrage which led to this event was the last of

any magnitude committed by the banditti in that part of the country, and its perpetrators were never discovered. Wolfinn, indeed, was suspected of complicity, as she had been on former occasions, and a warrant was issued for her apprehension; but she never was seen nor heard of from that day, and it is still believed by the peasantry, that she was really a supernatural being, and not merely an astute and malignant creature of their own species. Her motives, however, on the present occasion, were intelligible enough. She had, no doubt, been the instrument of tempting Herman to league himself with the robbers, and had sheltered him and his prize in her den till the moment when flight was useless. It was she who pointed to Ernest the way the two cousins had taken; and when she saw him returning with Leonora hanging on his arm, and knew, therefore, that Herman and Rudolph were at that moment engaged in deadly combat, and that the plan was at an end for transmitting the name of Gravestein to posterity—her screams of exulting laughter reached even to the château.

All that needs be told further is, that Rudolph, yielding to superstitious dread, and crushed by the guilt of blood, never returned to claim his bride; that Madame Brönner, startled from her propriety by these frightful events, did not even wait to put on her silk gown before receiving the proposals of Ernest; and that the united houses of Gravestein and Müller form at this day, one of the most respected, as well as one of the most ancient families of the Schwarz Wald.

THE LAST SONG OF ARION.

ἰὼ λιγείας μόρον ἀηδόνος
** * * κύκνου δίκην*
τὸν ὕστατον μέλψασα θανάσιμον γόον.

[The circumstances which led to the introduction of Arion to his dolphin are differently related by Herodotus and Lucian. Both agree that he was a musician of the highest order, born at Methymna, in the island of Lesbos, and that he acquired fame and fortune at the court of Periander of Corinth. Herodotus affirms that he became desirous of seeing Italy and Sicily; and having made a considerable fortune in those countries, hired a Corinthian vessel to take him back to Corinth. When half way over the gulf, the mariners conceived the idea of seizing the money, and throwing the musician into the sea. Arion started several objections, but finding they were overruled, requested he might be permitted to sing them a song. Permission being granted, he wreathed himself and his harp with flowers, sang (Lucian says) in the sweetest way in the world, and leaped into the sea. The historian proceeds, with less confidence, to state that a dolphin carried him safe ashore. Lucian agrees with this account, except in one particular: he makes no mention of the journey to Sicily, and supposes Arion to have been returning from Corinth to his native Lesbos, when the attack was made on him. I have taken him to Sicily with Herodotus, but prefer sending him straight home. He is more interesting returning to his country, than paying his respects at the court of Corinth.]

I.

Look not upon me thus impatiently,
Ye children of the deep;
My fingers fail, and tremble as they try
To stir the silver sleep with song,
Which, underneath the surge ye sweep,
These lulled and listless chords must keep —
Alas — how long!

II.

The salt sea wind has touched my harp ; its thrill
Follows the passing plectrum, low, and chill,
Woe, for the wakened pulse of Ocean's breath,
That injures these with silence—me, with death.
Oh! wherefore stirred the winds on Pindus' chain,
When joyful morning called me to the main?
Flashed the keen oars—our canvass, filled and free,
Shook like white fire along the purple sea,
Fast from the helm the shattering surges flew,
Pale gleamed our path along their cloven blue ;
And orient path, wild wind, and purple wave,
Pointed and urged, and guided—to the grave.

III.

Ye winds! by far Methymna's steep,
I loved your voices long,
And gave your spirits power to keep
Wild syllables of song.
When, folded in the crimson shade
That veils Olympus' cloud-like whiteness,
The slumber of your life was laid
In the lull of its own lightness,
Poised on the voiceless ebb and flow
Of the beamy-billowed summer snow,
Still at my call ye came —
Through the thin wreaths of undulating flame
That panting in their heavenly home,
With crimson shadows flush the foam

Of Adramyttium, round the ravined hill,
Awakened with one deep and living thrill,
Ye came, and, with your steep descent,
The hollow forests waved and bent,
Their leaf-lulled echoes caught the winding call
Through incensed glade and rosy dell,
Mixed with the breath-like pause and swell
Of waters following in eternal fall,
In azure waves, that just betray
The music quivering in their spray,
Beneath its silent seven-fold arch of day;
High in pale precipices hung
The lifeless rocks of rigid marble rung,
Waving the cedar crests along their brows sublime,
Swift ocean heard beneath, and flung
His tranced and trembling waves in measured time,
Along his golden sands with faintly falling chime.

IV.

Alas! had ye forgot the joy I gave,
That ye did hearken to my call this day?
Oh! had ye slumbered — when your sleep could save,
I would have fed you with sweet sound for aye;
Now, ye have risen to bear my silent soul away.

V.

I heard ye murmur through the Etnæan caves,
When joyful dawn had touched the topmost dome,
I saw ye light along the mountain waves
Far to the east, your beacon fires of foam,

And deemed ye rose to bear your weary minstrel home.
Home? it shall be that home indeed,
Where tears attend, and shadows lead
The steps of man's return;
Home! woe is me, no home I need,
Except the urn.
Behold—beyond these billows' flow,
I see Methymna's mountains glow;
Long, long desired, their peaks of light
Flash on my sickened soul and sight,
And heart and eye almost possess
Their vales of long lost pleasantness:
But eye and heart, before they greet
That land, shall cease to burn and beat.
I see, between the sea and land,
The winding belt of golden sand;
But never may my footsteps reach
The brightness of that Lesbian beach,
Unless, with pale and listless limb,
Stretched by the water's utmost brim,
Naked, beneath my native sky,
With bloodless brow, and darkened eye,
An unregarded, ghastly heap,
For bird to tear, and surge to sweep,
Too deadly calm—too coldly weak,
To reck of billow, or of beak.

VI.

My native isle! when I have been
Reft of my love, and far from thee,

My dreams have traced, my soul hath seen
Thy shadow on the sea,
And waked in joy, but not to seek
Thy winding strand, or purple peak,
For strand and peak had waned away
Before the desolating day,
On Acro-Corinth redly risen,
That burned above Ægina's bay,
And laughed upon my palace prison.
How soft on other eyes it shone,
When light, and land, were all their own,
I looked across the eastern brine,
And knew *that* morning was not mine.

VII.

But thou art near me now, dear isle!
And I can see the lightning smile
By thy broad beach, that flashes free
Along the pale lips of the sea.
Near, nearer, louder, breaking, beating,
The billows fall with ceaseless shower;
It comes, — dear isle! — our hour of meeting—
Oh God! across the soft eyes of the hour
Is thrown a black and blinding veil;
Its steps are swift, its brow is pale,
Before its face, behold — there stoop,
From their keen wings, a darkening troop
Of forms like unto it — that fade
Far in unfathomable shade,
Confused, and limitless, and hollow,
It comes, but there are none that follow —

It pauses, as they paused, but not
Like them to pass away,
For I must share its shadowy lot,
And walk with it, where wide and grey,
That caverned twilight chokes the day,
And, underneath the horizon's starless line,
Shall drink, like feeble dew, its life and mine.

VIII.

Farewell, sweet harp! for lost and quenched
Thy swift and sounding fire shall be;
And these faint lips be mute and blenched,
That once so fondly followed thee.
Oh! deep within the winding shell
The slumbering passions haunt and dwell,
As memories of its ocean tomb
Still gush within its murmuring gloom;
But closed the lips, and faint the fingers
Of fiery touch, and woven words,
To rouse the flame that clings and lingers
Along the loosened chords.
Farewell! thou silver-sounding lute,
I must not wake thy wildness more,
When I and thou lie dead, and mute,
Upon the hissing shore.

IX.

The sounds I summon fall and roll,
In waves of memory, o'er my soul;
And there are words I should not hear,
That murmur in my dying ear,

Distant all, but full and clear,
Like a child's footstep in its fear,
Falling in Colonos' wood,
When the leaves are sere ;
And waves of black, tumultuous blood
Heave and gush about my heart,
Each a deep and dismal mirror
Flashing back its broken part
Of visible, and changeless terror ;
And fiery foam-globes leap and shiver
Along that crimson, living river :
Its surge is hot, its banks are black,
And weak, wild thoughts that once were bright,
And dreams, and hopes of dead delight,
Drift on its desolating track,
And lie along its shore :
Oh ! who shall give that brightness back,
Or those lost hopes restore ?
Or bid that light of dreams be shed
On the glazed eye-balls of the dead ?

X.

That light of dreams! My soul hath cherished
One dream too fondly, and too long,
Hope—dread—desire—delight have perished,
And every thought whose voice was strong
To curb the heart to good, or wrong ;
But that sweet dream is with me still,
Like the shade of an eternal hill,
Cast on a calm and narrow lake,

That hath no room except for it—and heaven:
It doth not leave me, nor forsake;
And often with my soul hath striven
To quench or calm its worst distress,
Its silent sense of loneliness.
And must it leave me now?
Alas! dear lady, where my steps must tread,
What 'vails the echo or the glow,
That word can leave, or smile can shed,
Among the soundless, lightless dead?
Soft o'er my brain the lulling dew shall fall,
While I sleep on beneath the heavy sea,
Coldly,—I shall not hear though thou shouldst call,
Deeply,—I shall not dream—not even of thee.

XI.

And when my thoughts to peace depart
Beneath the unpeaceful foam,
Wilt thou remember him, whose heart
Hath ceased to be thy home?
Nor bid thy breast its love subdue,
For one no longer fond nor true;
Thine ears have heard a treacherous tale,
My words were false,—my faith was frail.
I feel the grasp of death's white hand,
Laid heavy on my brow,
And from the brain those fingers brand,
The chords of memory drop like sand,
And faint in muffled murmurs die,
The passioned word, the fond reply,

The deep, redoubled vow.
Oh! dear Ismene, flushed and bright
Although thy beauty burn,
It cannot wake to love's delight
The crumbling ashes, quenched and white,
Nor pierce the apathy of night
Within the marble urn:
Let others wear the chains I wore,
And worship at the unhonoured shrine—
For me, the chain is strong no more,
No more the voice divine:
Go forth, and look on those that live,
And robe thee with the love they give,
But think no more of mine;
Or think, of all that pass thee by,
With heedless heart, and unveiled eye,
That none can love thee *less* than I.

XII.

Farewell; but do not grieve; thy pain
Would seek me where I sleep,
Thy tears would pierce, like rushing rain,
The stillness of the deep.
Remember, if thou wilt, but do not weep.
Farewell, beloved hills, and native isle:
Farewell to earth's delight, to heaven's smile;
Farewell to sounding air, to purple sea;
Farewell to light,—to life,—to love,—to thee!

J. R.

Christ Church, Oxford.

THE BACHELOR'S LAST OFFER.

A Leaf from the Diary of a Traveller.

BY HANNAH D. BURDON.

This being my first appearance before the public, I would most willingly introduce myself to the reader; but as both ancients and moderns have agreed to consider self-knowledge the highest attainment of wisdom, and I am a peculiarly modest man, I will make no pretension to such an acquaintance, and wave the ceremony; only venturing to hint that I am near sixty, and wear spectacles.

Of my own history, and certain little peculiarities of taste, I imagine I may speak less concisely, though I should never have ventured on the topic, had it not been to account for my translating the strange papers of which the bulk of this volume is composed. I have travelled—I think I may say I have travelled a great deal; but I am not fond of flying over Europe like a passenger in a balloon, who sees everything, distinguishes nothing, and takes a geographical glance at the nations he visits, which adds as little to his stock of

knowledge as if he turned over the leaves of an old road-book whilst sitting quietly at his own fire side. I did so in my youth, and perhaps it is useful at that age to master the outlines of all studies, that they may be ready to be filled up when the mind is more tranquil and better fitted for laborious investigation.

I started with eager anticipations of perfect happiness on the grand tour when I was scarcely twenty: I underwent the ordinary trials of fatigue, dirt, and disappointment, without murmuring; for the charm of variety and the moments of exquisite enjoyment with which they were chequered, sufficed to make them endurable when present, and almost obliterated their remembrance when I returned to the monotonous cleanliness of an English fireside, and the yet more monotonous dullness of a London winter. I strove to think a fog the most healthy atmosphere in the world, and a muddy pavement the most agreeable of promenades; but as I patiently wiped certain sooty little flakes from the projecting parts of my countenance, I sighed for the spotless purity of an Italian sky, and the flowery terraces of the Lake of Geneva.

It was in vain that I listened with due submission to the charitable friends who assured me that the puddle in St. James's park was exquisitely picturesque, and the long avenue in Kensington gardens the most romantic solitude for whispering a tender declaration in the ear of beauty. I had unfortunately read Rousseau, and sentimentalized on the rocks of Meillerie; I was but twenty, and my Julias were very different from

the smart young ladies who, attired in the last Paris fashions, were to be met with in that Elysium.

I am an old bachelor now, and remember with no small regret the highflown fancies which haunted my young imagination, and made me thus fastidious, for I have spent the best part of my life in looking for an angel of perfection, till my wrinkles and grey hairs became so conspicuous, that I felt no respectable woman would have anything to say to me, and I am fain to confess myself one of those useless and unfortunate beings, whom Franklin designates as half a pair of scissors, only fit to scrape a trencher with.

My solitude when young was all well enough. I had certain expectations, and moreover a certain income in possession, so old maids, and young maids, and mammas especially overwhelmed me with civilities. I was invited to every party; I was universally pestered to sing; and when it was discovered I strummed a little upon the guitar, it was marvellous how suddenly the guitars of all my fair acquaintance required the assistance of my practised fingers to arrange their strings, and how exceedingly musical the whole circle of my female admirers became as if by common consent.

But I soon tired both of smiles and guitars, and the excessive flattery I received, instead of entangling me in matrimony, only made me set a higher value on myself. I had no idea of being encumbered by a wife and half a dozen children; and when the London season was over, I hurried to the Continent to escape the bore of

races, race balls, and country visiting, and the yet more intolerable nuisance of quarter sessions.

I lounged away several years in the best society of Paris, Rome, and Vienna; and after admiring good pictures and good music till I was heartily weary of both, I transferred my affections to good dinners and good wines; but in spite of such consolations I began at length to feel my solitude rather uncomfortable. I was no longer courted by the fair sex; my figure was too portly for me to handle a guitar with propriety—I had no more strings to repair; I had lost my voice, the gout had put an end to my waltzing, and I could no longer be blind to the fact that I was an old man.

Unfortunately for myself, I had no profession to employ me; I had nothing but a restless love of motion, and a sort of dilettanti taste for literature, such as belongs to most classically educated elderly gentlemen. But the last was very feeble, and when in England, I hated the very sight of the last Quarterly, which for the sake of maintaining my dining out reputation as a good talker I felt myself called upon to get up, and I studiously avoided all the thick little volumes with cloth backs, where cheap knowledge is condensed for the benefit of the rising generation. Abroad my case was scarcely less pitiable; and no language can convey an adequate idea of the melancholy of my summer residence, in some Swiss valley or German spa, where all around me were engaged by their own parties, and their own plans, and I was left to beguile my solitude

of its misery, by hunting butterflies, or sipping obnoxious waters.

The delight with which I hailed a stray acquaintance, or contrived to tack myself to some gay young party of exploring travellers, was quite extatic. I had mounted Mont Blanc seven times, though I nearly lost my nose by the frost in the first ascent; I had crossed the Jung Frau more than twice as often; the guides to the Righi were quite weary of carrying me up in their chaises à porteurs, and I was as well known at every spa in Germany as the medicinal pump. I was sick of the very name of a table d'hôte, and every body was sick of me; so I resolved, as a last resource from *ennui*, to change my course entirely, and instead of lingering in the usual resorts of travellers, to explore the less frequented routes, that I might enjoy the double advantage of being able to astonish my London acquaintance by an account of my extraordinary discoveries, and of escaping the society of my travelled and contemptuous countrymen.

This scheme, nevertheless, had serious drawbacks. No human being can imagine the abominations of French inns as soon as you desert the high roads. An English stable is comparatively a palace. Yawning chimneys, half-choaked with the ashes of the last year's fires; floors, whose original material is so completely incrusted with dirt as to render it invisible, with the scent of the stables, and the odour of apples, are mere trifles when compared with the grim horror of the kitchen, where a frightful old hag, for two sous

a-day, sits turning, on a spit before the fire, a couple of newly-killed chickens for your dinner, which saluted you in the inn-yard not half an hour before.

But nevertheless, in justice I must admit, that the dinners are rarely to be complained of, and when you get accustomed to the society of the conductor of the diligence, couriers, blacksmiths, and so forth, you may dine very comfortably, though somewhat dirtily, at a country table d'hote. Let it be remembered that I am not speaking of the splendid ordinaries prepared for the accommodation of wealthy Englishmen; but of the humble inns of the interior, where strangers seldom think it worth their while to penetrate.

Nevertheless, if a man has any love for the picturesque, or any taste for antiquity, he is frequently richly repaid for the temporary inconveniences of such excursions, and the simple and kind-hearted manners of the people greatly compensate for want of luxury. If he would know France as it is, let him not confine his excursions to Paris, but visit the lovely scenery around Avranche and Mortain; let him penetrate the dungeons of Mont St. Michel, and explore the ruins of Carnac. Let him traverse the volcanic districts of Auvergne, and the mountains of Dauphiné; and, above all, let him turn from the high roads, and follow the rocky paths, and the course of rivers, into those pastoral valleys where the simple manners of a primitive people are still to be found, amidst the most sublime scenery of nature.

I once delighted in such adventures, but as my limbs

have become too stiff of late years to bear jolting in a cart, (the only mode of conveyance through these regions,) and, moreover, being somewhat fastidious as to cookery, and unwilling to have my linen thumped to shreds on the stones round the village pump, I have lately been compelled to limit my travels to more frequented districts, and to direct my steps once more to Germany, where the accommodations for travellers are usually far superior to those of France. Nevertheless, I have a lingering horror of its watering-places; and since the establishment of steam-boats on the Rhine, and Dutch and English swarm, like bees, around the Brunnens, I have studiously avoided them.

There were times, however, when it did not suit my health or my convenience to travel as far as Dresden or Berlin, and I have more than once spent a summer most agreeably at one of the small towns near the Rhine, from whence I could make excursions into the valleys, which ascend like fissures between its rocky banks, and enjoy all the sublimity and wildness of their seclusion, without being obliged to pass the night in a strange lodging.

It is now two summers ago since I took up my quarters for an indefinite time at the excellent hotel at Andernach, well known to travellers by the name of the Sun, which, scarcely less bright than that glorious luminary, figures in large golden characters over its yawning door-way.

The landlady, a large portly dame about my own age, was so much delighted by my proficiency in the

German language, as not only to favour me with her company at every meal, but to regale me with her best Arr wine at five francs a bottle. My bed-room and my dinners were equally good; and when my hostess found I was likely to remain some time under her roof, she redoubled her endeavours to make it agreeable, treating me like one of her own family, whose little circle I was invited at all times to join.

To this arrangement I had no sort of objection, for I like society from my heart, and she had several charming well-behaved daughters, who, when the labours of the house were done, wrought worsted work with marvellous perseverance, and had no objection to a gentle flirtation with a rich Englishman, even though he might be verging to his grand climacteric.

I soon selected Miss Sophy as my especial favourite, and she might have been any man's favourite; for she was a plump, obliging, simple-hearted creature, with the sweetest voice that ever warbled a German ballad; and though her hands were certainly neither very small, nor very white, she knit the warmest stockings, and made the best coffee in Andernach.

By the help of my dictionary, I contrived to give her some pretty broad hints of my admiration. I saw evident symptoms of jealousy in the elder sisters, which flattered me not a little, and the smiles of my landlady were most enchantingly propitious.

Yet my vanity had certain misgivings, which were far from agreeable. None of the numerous love affairs which had amused my imagination for five-and-forty

years before, ever caused such a flutter at my heart, as the coquetry of the interesting Sophy excited there. For the first time in my life, I was somewhat doubtful of success; I was by turns in extasies and agonies; I thought of wearing stays; I made many vain attempts to extract the grey hairs from my whiskers, and endeavoured to persuade myself that my wig and my teeth were too natural to excite any suspicion of art.

But my landlady was a skilful matron, and by those little gentle encouragements which an experienced mother, on these occasions, knows so well how to administer to a wealthy suitor, she adroitly allayed the agitation of my nerves, till at length, distracted between my hopes and my fears, and half maddened by the agonies of love and the gout, I resolved to put an end to suspense by asking the important question, on the answer to which, I persuaded myself, the future happiness of my life depended.

But how to accomplish it, was a matter requiring important consideration. The young lady understood no language but German, and of German, though I had picked up a few current phrases, my whole stock was put to flight by the mere idea of the tender declaration I wished to arrange in the most touching phraseology! In fact, a little reflection convinced me, that to make an offer of my hand in person, was utterly out of the question; I might as well have attempted it in Hebrew. Reluctantly was I compelled to resign the most interesting moment in a man's existence, and as a sad alternative to write a letter.

To work I accordingly went. Dictionaries and grammars, and tourists' manuals, were put in immediate requisition, and for two days I laboured with such persevering industry, that at the end of that time, a composition was completed, which I flattered myself must move the most flinty heart in Christendom, and after reading it twenty times over, I retired to bed in an extasy, to dream of my Dulcinea, convinced that I was the most accomplished linguist in Europe.

In the morning I had little appetite for breakfast, and after bestowing infinite care on my toilette, and swallowing one cup of coffee, was sitting admiring the beauty of my German characters, and the graceful turns of my inverted sentences, when I was provoked beyond measure by the entrance of a young lawyer, from whom, since my residence in Andernach, I had taken lessons in German.

Aware that nothing in my epistle betrayed the name of the object to whom it was addressed, and eager for the admiration I was convinced my composition deserved, I placed it in his hands with blushing vanity.

But scarcely had Herr Hoffman glanced over three lines, with a very inauspicious twinkling about the corners of his eyes, when, to my utter consternation, he burst into a loud and ungovernable fit of laughter. I blushed and stammered; I eagerly demanded the meaning of his mirth, but he made no reply; he only laughed louder and louder, every sentence he perused, till the tears streamed down his cheeks, and I, starting

from my chair in a passion, snatched the unfortunate manuscript from his hands, and tore it into a thousand pieces.

Recalled by this act to a remembrance of his rudeness, my instructor, with as much gravity as he could assume, made a thousand apologies; but the fact of his laughter was undeniable, and I was reluctantly convinced by the first effects of my laboured epistle, of the truth of his unwilling confession, that it had never been his fortune to peruse a more extraordinary composition. Great part of it was utterly unintelligible, and all that was intelligible, was ridiculous; whilst to crown the whole, I had signed myself the lady's faithful friend and domestic, instead of humble servant.

Deeply humbled, I could not reject the young man's offers to endite a second letter for me! and when this was finished and folded, and sealed, though I greatly regretted that it was not in my own language, it was some consolation to know, that it was in such a dialect as the lady of my love could at least read and understand; and dismissing my tutor with as much suavity as I could command, I was left to direct and dispatch it at my leisure.

With a palpitating heart, I awaited the answer of the lovely Sophy, and in less than an hour it was brought to my room by the tall youth in blue linen habiliments, who acted the joint parts of waiter and chamber-maid. I tore it eagerly open. It was written in that detestable German character, which is a dis-

grace to a literary nation. Again I had recourse to my *key* and my *manual*, and with such success, that, after an hour's labour, I had made out about one word in ten. I was in extasies !—I was accepted.

"Ya" figured more than once in letters, not to be mistaken on the charming page. Then came "love," and "pleasure," and I knew not what beside; but I kissed the signature of my enchantress, with the ardent rapture of a youth in his teens.

Well brushing my coat, and giving a finishing touch to my fingers with a sharp pointed pen-knife, I resolved to go down stairs and throw myself at the young lady's feet without further delay ; but, as if resolved that day to drive me to distraction, ere I reached my door, my provoking tutor again entered with a low bow.

"Well, good sir," he said, "I hope you have had a favourable answer !"

Had I received a refusal, I had resolved to keep the mortification to myself, but this opportunity of exhibiting my triumph was too tempting to be lost, and anxious to have an exact translation of the precious epistle, without betraying my ignorance, with a calm smile of exulting vanity, I took it from my pocket, and assuring him that my lady love, having therein fully signified her acceptance of my heart and hand, I hoped soon to see him dance at my wedding. I begged him to read it aloud, as I could never be weary of hearing its precious contents.

I saw with surprise, that Herr Hoffman turned as pale as death, when his eyes fell on the direction, and

faintly murmuring the words "Accepted, did you say, sir?"—he tottered towards a seat.

"Yes, accepted readily and frankly," I returned; "but, indeed, considering my pretensions, it could scarcely be otherwise."

The young man made no reply; he unfolded the letter, he looked eagerly at the signature, and then covering his face with his hands, he sunk back in his chair, overpowered by strong emotion.

"Ha! ha! here is a rival," thought I. "Odd enough, to be sure, that the poor fellow should be the means of sealing his own doom!" But conscious that I had the best of it, I resolved in my triumph, to be charitable and indulgent. But, still I was anxious to know the exact contents of my charmer's letter, and after comforting my distracted companion by the assurance, that there was no accounting for women's taste, I again requested him to read it.

After a brief pause, he started from his seat, brushed the tears from his eyes, and proceeded to pace the room with hurried strides, till I was fidgetted to death, by the creaking of his heavy soled shoes.

"My dear sir, what can be the matter?" said I, at length losing all patience.

"The matter!" cried he, and he strode across the room still faster than before.

"Yes, the matter!" returned I, for my German had so deserted me in my agitation, that I was fain to echo his words.

"Is it possible the girl has given you any encourage-

ment?" demanded the lawyer, in a hurried voice, as he stopped full before me.

"I don't know what you call encouragement," I returned, fidgetting most uncomfortably on my chair;—and the idea of Werter, and his pair of pistols, and his blue and yellow habiliments, came so strongly before me, that, for the life of me, I knew not what else to say.

The lawyer was in a towering passion. I had not conceived it possible that a German, with all his phlegm, and all his sentiment, could have been in such a passion, and convinced that, most unfortunately, I had chosen a wrong secretary, I was anxious to get out of the scrape as fast as I could.

"Encouragement!" I repeated, as soon as I thought he was in a state to listen to me.

"Aye, encouragement, sir! Has the jilt ever dared to give you encouragement, when she is the affianced bride of another man?" retorted my guest, without allowing me time to add a second word.

I lifted up my spectacles, and cleared my throat, with as much modesty as I could assume, and again requested him to read the letter.

"But without previous encouragement, you would not have dared to address her in the language of love!" he exclaimed.

"I never presumed at all, sir," was my answer; "for, if you remember, you wrote the letter to her yourself!"

He struck his forehead in despair.

"But what emboldened you?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing, my good sir!" I interposed.

"To think of seducing the affections——"

"I never seduced any affections," said I; and the idea of a little corpulent elderly gentleman, with a brown wig, and a pair of silver spectacles, seducing the affections of a lovely girl of eighteen, was too much even for my gravity, and with a half-suppressed smile, I requested him to read the letter, and he would know better what he was talking about.

With an air as distracted as if he was perusing his own sentence of death, he raised the fatal paper, and began:—"Most well-born gentleman;"—but there his courage failed him, and an agitating pause ensued, ere he thus continued:—

"I am truly distressed by your letter; but I am convinced that a noble Englishman, as you are, will not take advantage of his favour with a poor girl's mother, to drive her to distraction. Yes, kind sir, I will frankly confess I love another, and have long been secretly engaged to a man from whom poverty alone divides me. I am certain you are too good, too kind, to find any pleasure in adding to the sorrows of the unfortunate. Yes, I know you will pardon me, and be the friend, though never the husband of

"Sophy."

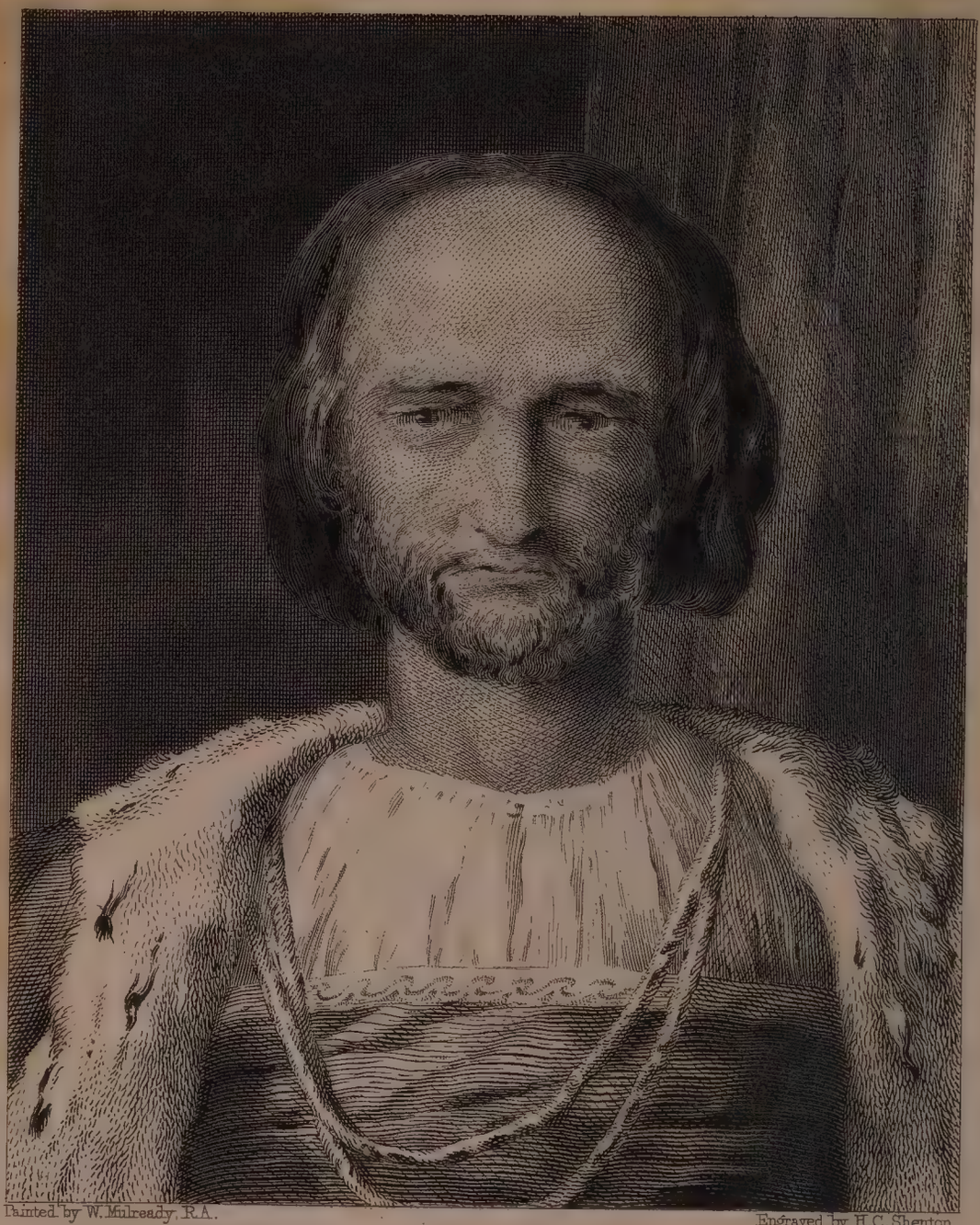
I leave you, gentle reader, to imagine the effects of these words upon the lawyer and myself, as they fell upon my dismayed ears, and the eyes of the astonished lover devoured them with extacy. Death or an earth-

quake could not more completely have altered our positions. I felt the full measure of my folly, and I looked the fool I felt!

To persist in my addresses was now of course out of the question; and as, in truth, I was long past the age for playing the part of a despairing lover, my pride induced me to make the best of a bad business.

The first time I met the pretty Sophy, she pleaded her own and her lover's cause so irresistibly, that, feeling more like her father than her suitor, I at once undertook to be her advocate with her mother. I knew that money can effect a world of wonders in these cases, and speedily reconciled the old lady to her daughter's match with Herr Hoffman, by bestowing a small portion of my ample wealth upon the young lawyer, so as to enable him to live in comfort and independence with his bride, in return for the useful lesson he had given me.

Nor was I ashamed, at the end of a month, to dance at the young people's wedding; and whilst whirling round the bride in a waltz, I formed a resolution I have since faithfully kept — never to make another attempt at matrimony.



Painted by W. Mulready, R.A. Engraved by H.C. Shenton.

THE SENESCHAL.

London. Smith. Elder & Cº Cornhill. 1841.

THE SPANISH LADY.

A Drama,

IN FIVE SCENES.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

"Seest thou not how the Mahommedan Princes intermarry with the noble Nazarene maidens in Spain? .... He will allow her the free exercise of her religion .... and he will assign her such place and rank over all the women of his zenana, that she shall be in every respect, his sole and absolute queen."—SCOTT'S *Talisman*.

SCENE I.—*The Castle.*

A Castle near St. Lorenzo, in the mountainous district between Andalusia and Castile. The hall: preparations for the departure of an armed force going forward; Soldiers *and* Attendants *moving about; the trampling of horses heard, and the occasional sound of a trumpet.*

Enter DON ALPHONSO DE ZAMORA.

D. Alph. Sunset is near: haste on, my merry men!
Another hour, and we shall have the moon
Rising in all her cool and gentle brightness,
To light us on our mountain path. Henrique,

Hast thou informed my sister that I wait
Her presence here?

Henrique. The Lady Angela,
My lord, is hastening hither.

D. Alph. Seneschal,
Methinks my orders are complete to thee.
Keep good thy watch and ward—relax them not!
For though the Moor far to the east pursue
His recent victory—there's no safety now
From his o'er-reaching arm and eagle eye,
Save in our skill and care. At the first glimpse
Of danger menacing my towers, send forth
Your scouts to warn me, and my banner plant
On the highest peak our rugged mountain rears.
Three evenings hence I purpose to return,
With the supplies that are awaiting us,
And reinforcement from the lazy north—
So that I hope to keep the Moor in play,
Until our sovereign once again can take
His stand upon the field.

Seneschal. Be it so, my lord:
And trust my vigilance; it shall not fail.

Enter Duenna.

D. Alph. 'Tis well: summon me when all are ready.
[*Exit* Seneschal.
How now, Senhora! wherefore stays my sister?

Duenna. She stays, my lord, to put the finishing point
To an embroidered scarf, which she has long
Been working, to present you with; she says

You shall not this time leave your home without it.

D. Alph. Poor Angela! so kind, affectionate,
And so obedient too, save, but in that—

Duenna. Save, but in that, in which obedience would
Be all, and every thing to her, and you.
Oh, my good lord! I cannot choose but fret,
To think of her, with all her beauty, youth—
Her fine accomplishments, and perfect grace—
To think of her, for six whole months the gem
Of an admiring court! her colours worn
By knights the noblest and most valiant—
So followed, praised, admired, that, by my troth,
Had I been studded with duennas' eyes,
Each keen and bright, (though I myself do say it,)
As the sole pair I have—I warrant ye,
I should have found employment for them all!
And had I not been honest as the day,
True to my trust as to my Christian faith,
Ere this, I might have had—God wot—enough!
To think, that she, who might have picked and chosen,
Should home return a maiden unbetrothed!—
Oh, my dear lord!

D. Alph. But, good Duenna, wherefore
Have not those keen bright eyes of yours, as yet
Traced out the thread of this apparent mystery?

Duenna. La! but to hear now, how these men can talk!
As though, young Donnas for their actions needed
Sound reason, prudence, common sense!—no, no—
If aught of these had guided my fair charge,

Both you and I had known it long ere this.
Trust me, my lord, 'twas all caprice and pride:
They worshipped her too much, they set her up
Upon a pinnacle so lofty, that
It seemed as if to move would be to fall.

D. Alph. Caprice and pride! thou talkest of Angela!
Her flattering elevation has not made her
Less modest, meek, and amiably kind;
Her virtue unalloyed, and sterling worth,
Have come forth pure from the assay; why then
Should we attribute to caprice and pride
Her bearing in this solitary instance?
Does she not say in all simplicity,
That not as yet has she beheld the man
Whom she could truly love?

Duenna. Nor ever will,
If 'mong the flower of Spain she saw him not.

D. Alph. Does she not say that she is happy here?

Duenna. Aye, my good lord, she does—and you believe her!

D. Alph. I scarcely know what to believe, or think.
Oh, that her choice had fallen, and fallen on him,
My gallant friend, and valued brother-in-arms,
Del Castro's youthful count!—happy and safe
Within his princely towers, and distant far
From the turmoil and dangers of this war!
But mark me well, Duenna! my sister is
My castle's welcome guest and mistress; I,
Her brother, friend, and counsellor—but not

Her tyrant:—no, she 's free to choose the path
To happiness—if happiness it be.

Duenna. You are a kind, good brother! Many a one,
With lands impoverished, retainers few,
A home begirt with danger, where we women
Are not unsafe and useless only, but
Most marvellously i' the way;—many a one
Would but have offered to a sister's choice,
The marriage-altar, or the convent cell.

D. Alph. Now Heaven forefend! we are but two i' the world,
Last of our name and race! It were enough
To make our buried parents burst their graves!
But hush! she comes.

Enter ANGELA, *with an embroidered scarf.*

Ang. My dearest brother, pardon my delay!
I waited but to finish *this* for thee.
Poor is my offering, yet it is my best,
And has, believe me, dear Alphonso, cost
Thine Angela both work and time; I trust—
I'm sure thou wilt not deem it valueless.

D. Alph. If far less beautiful,
In taste less exquisite, in execution
Less delicately perfect, thou well knowest
How dearly still I should have prized *thy* gift.
A thousand thanks!

Ang. Then kneel, fair sir, I pray!
And I will practise my court lesson o'er
Yet once again.

[*He kneels—she fastens on the scarf and chaunts*:—

Good knight and true!
A lady's fair fingers
Have wrought this for you;
No foe may unwind
What a maiden hath twined,
For a magic spell lingers
On the knot I now bind.

My incantation's finished—thou mayst rise.

D. Alph. Not yet—I have a boon to crave.

Ang. A boon—
And on thy knees! nay, *thou* art jesting now.

D. Alph. I jest not, Angela; and if thou lov'st,
Deny me not! Work me another scarf,
In all like this, save that the colour be
Cerulean blue, not crimson; and bid me,
Dear Angela, bestow it on the Count!
On him, my brave and noble friend, who well
Will know its value, as he binds it round
A heart already breaking with thy scorn!—
Why turn so pale?—support her, good Duenna!

[*He rises.*

Speak to me Angela!

Ang. Oh, my brother!
Ask any boon but that! Bid me to follow
Thy footsteps to the battle-field, and tend
The wounded and the dying, even amid
The fury of the fight, and I will do it!
Bid me to veil my young head, and lie down
A victim on the altar, sworn and doomed,

And I will do it! thou shalt not hear a sigh.
But urge me not to *this*—this, which to me,
Is worse than death! O force me not to owe
My duty where I cannot give my love!
His heart is breaking with my scorn! Alas!
No scorn my brother's friend could meet from me—
And such a friend!—Had I a heart at all,
It needs must have been his.

D. Alph. Well, well—girls are strange beings—we must leave them
To time and Providence. I do suspect
That, as thou sayest, thou hast no heart at all:
Enough of this: three days, and we shall meet
Again. What, Angela—should I chance to bring
A prisoner to your feet, the handsome Moor?

Duenna. Forbear, my lord, to jest on such a theme!

D. Alph. Why, good Senhora, to our shame be it spoken!
A noble, nay, a royal, maid of Spain,
Oftener than once, has been delivered up
A bribe to stay this torrent of invasion.

Duenna. Out upon it! fie, fie for shame, I say!
A Christian lady and a heathen Moor!
The sack, the bowstring, and the prison harem!
Santa Maria shield and save us both!

D. Alph. Amen, Duenna!

Duenna. I marvel much indeed,
These infidels are treated as fair foes!
Hunt them if you will
As savage beasts, for such they are—not men!

And worst of the whole wretched race is he,
The fierce Alhama!

D. Alph. He is indeed our foe,
A Saracen, and infidel to boot;
And yet I do maintain his honour is
As free from stain, his courtesy as frank,
His courage as unquestioned, as can be
Those of the noblest knight in Christendom.

Ang. There spoke my brother!

Duenna. Ay, and by my troth,
There speaks my lady Angela! for shame!
Now Heaven forefend that your strange Moorish nurse
Bewitched you with her tales about this hero.
Can you believe, my lord, that she would sit
For hours together, listening to old Mora?
Who, in half-gibberish regaled her ear
With strange escape, or dreadful enterprise,
Of this same doughty warrior? Had not
The poor old woman died, methinks, my lord,
You must per force have freed her without ransom;
Else had she spirited away my charge,
And lodged her on the Mountains of the Moon.

Ang. 'Tis but too true—I loved old Mora's tales
And songs of wild enchantment: and—worse still,
I love their recollection now.

Enter the Seneschal.

Senes. My lord,
They wait but for your presence.

Ang. Then permit me

To say farewell to your brave comrades, ere
To the Virgin's shrine I hie to pray for all.

D. Alph. As far as to the Virgin's shrine, 'tis well—
But not a step beyond it, love! and then,
Your pious visit to our lady ended,
Leave not the castle till we come again.

Scene II.—*The Shrine.*

A Wooded Dell on the mountain's side: a small Chapel, lighted within. Evening—the moon rising.

Enter Hassan *and* Mahmoud. (Moorish Officers *disguised.*)

Hassan. Their glittering piles are lost in the deep vale:
Look, Mahmoud! dost see them?

Mah. Yes, the moon
Just glances on their polished casques and spears,
Winding around the base of yonder hill.

Hassan. Methinks that now we've marked their purposed course,
We need no more delay, but hasten back
To greet our leader with these welcome tidings.
Their mountain hold can be but weakly guarded,
And 'tis well known, stands in great need of all:
But—didst hear nought?

Mah. A rustling of the leaves.

Hassan. A footstep surely—hist! look there—a lady!
Let us stand by.

Enter ANGELA.

She pauses, and looks at the chapel.

Ang. Ah! dare I enter here!
With this rebellious heart, these evil thoughts,
That haunt me like the spirits of the doomed?
Yet where else may I look for hope and strength,
To combat with this dread internal foe —
This strange delusion—this abhorred chimera,
That first a speck upon my soul appeared,
Then slowly gathered to a threatening cloud,
Enveloping all in utter darkness?—yet,
Where may I turn me for a ray of light,
If *here* I find it not? Yes—let me kneel,
A humbled and beseeching penitent!
The ear of Mercy will not close against me;
A hand, stronger than mine, will be stretched forth
To pluck this rooted horror from my heart,
And heal the gaping wound! Alas! alas!
A noble maiden to forget so far
The modest pride, that is her chiefest dower,
As thus to lavish her unwooed affections
On one she knows not, save by doubtful fame!
A daughter of Zamora's royal line,
To treasure up and as an idol worship
The image of her country's ravager!
And, worse than all, a christian, to divide,
Aye more than to divide—her recreant heart,
Betwixt her love, her hope, her faith in heaven,
And one—who in that heaven disclaims all share!

Why do I doat upon his heathen virtues?
Why joy in secret, when his chivalric foes
Proclaim him generous, brave, humane, and wise —
In justice firm—in honour stainless bright?
Yet these *are* virtues, perfect in themselves,
And wanting nought except the sacred seal
Of Christianity to stamp their worth.
O that my hand might but affix that seal!
A christian, and the friend of Spain! Alas!
My thoughts again are wandering to the goal,
Which, hopeless of attainment, it is therefore
Criminal to desire. Down, rebel heart!
And at the altar's foot yield up thy pride!
Read thy stern lesson of humility,
And learn, though late, submission and repentance!

(*Retires within the chapel, and kneels at the altar.*)

HASSAN *and* MAHMOUD *cautiously advance and look into the chapel.*

Hassan. A prize, Mahmoud! I know her well—'tis she!
Zamora's far-famed sister: I did see her
When, in disguise Alhama and myself
Penetrated even to their joyous court.
(The gallant knights and lovely ladies there,
But little thought whose eyes were bent upon them!)
We saw her queen it o'er the festival,
Surpassing all in beauty and in grace;
Accepting homage with a careless calm,
As though 'twere but her due; her vanity

Seemed scarcely touched, and less so still her heart.
Our chief was smitten; I remember well
It was no easy task that night, to draw him
From the attractive danger of her charms.

Mah. I doubt if, in the midst of pomp and show,
She looked more beautiful than now she does,
Half shrouded in her dark monastic veil;
Yet is she pale, and on her cheek a tear:
But O, those upturned eyes! those parted lips!
The whole expression of that face and form! —
Are not what *we* are used to see, friend Hassan.
There is an intellectual purity
On that young brow, which, even while we gaze,
Checks the sole thought that beauty e'er excites
In breasts like ours —

Hassan. Check thou thy dreamy prate!
Far more a houri than an angel she —
And woman more than either, as thou'lt learn
When to our handsome Chief she is resigned.
Let us not dally! She has said her prayers —
Said them in vain—the Cross will not protect her.

ANGELA *has risen, and wrapping her veil around her, comes out of the chapel: the* Moors *seize her.*

Ang. Help! help! mercy!—O God, desert me not!

Hassan. Thy shrieks and struggles are in vain — submit!
Thou art our prisoner — but we will not harm thee —
We will not, by our Prophet! — *if* thou submit.

If not, we may not be so tender of thee,
Pretty one! so, take thy choice — I care not.

Mah. She's quiet now — scarce breathes—ha! she has fainted.

Hassan. Away, then, with her! take her on thy steed—
Keep her closed veiled, till we can find a litter:
Alhama, well I know, will thank us much
For this good service. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The Harem.*

A highly cultivated and ornamented Garden. A grove fills up the back ground, over which appear the domes of a Palace, with the Cross, surmounted by the Crescent.

Enter Alhama *and* Hassan.

Alhama. Urge me no more! for *thou* canst never know,
Nor feel, nor comprehend, the force of that
Thou fain wouldst disbelieve and laugh to scorn.
Hassan, thou canst not even guess the power,
That woman — virtuous intellectual woman —
Perfect in loveliness — and fraught with love —
Meek in her very pride, and powerful
In very weakness—no, thou canst not form
In the recesses of thy darkened soul,
An image of the wondrous spell that o'er us
A being like this can throw: urge me no more!

Hassan. It may be as thou sayst: I can less doubt

Thy word, my lord, even than the miracle
Thou wouldst impress on my belief: be 't so —
Then what is thy design?

Alhama. The arbitress
Of her own fate, and what she doth will is done.

Hassan. Even if she will to leave thee?

Alhama. Yes, just so.

Hassan. Just so! And yet, my lord, thou doatest on her;
And she on thee: 'tis passing strange!

Alhama. Go to!
Have I not told thee neither brain nor heart
Hast thou to comprehend it?

Hassan. Allah be praised
That I have not! and therefore can enjoy
Each bounteous gift he showers upon my path,
Thankfully free from scruples like to these.

Alhama. Now, Hassan, get thee gone! the hour approaches
When she is wont to meet me here: I would not
That thy bold gaze should dwell an instant on her.

Hassan. Neither would I—no, by our Prophet, no!
She might bewitch me, and my dazzled eyes
Would only blink on womankind hereafter.
Shut up your petals, flowers! birds, hide your heads
Beneath your wings! ye bees and butterflies,
I warn you to abscond! she'll freeze you all!
With her cold virtuous eyes she'll petrify you,
As she has done my dearest lord, your master!

[*Exit.*

ANGELA *is seen advancing in the distance, arrayed in the Turkish costume.*

Alhama. She comes, in all the majesty of beauty !
In all the power of truth and virtuous love !
Aye, *love*—those lips of angel purity,
By prudery and falsehood never stained,
Scorned to deny that which her heart avowed ;
Yet am I hopeless still—almost as wretched,
As though within that bosom's hallowed shrine,
I held no place. [*He advances to meet her.*
Angela !

Ang. Yet once again, my lord, we meet—yet once !
Turn not away, for on that lofty brow,
Resolve sits firm, and each ignoble thought
Lies vanquished !—yes, Alhama, I have won !
And thou hast given to thine Angela,
A proof of love so virtuous and so pure,
So worthy of thyself and her, that never
Shall its deep, fond remembrance fade away,
Save with her latest sigh.

Alhama. Thy praise, thy love,
Are my reward, and blest and dear they are !
But Angela, thou wilt forget me soon —
Thy young and noble suitors will again
Crowd round thee —

Ang. Alhama, listen to me !
If thou in truth and honour wilt restore
To my despairing brother, her he loves
Dear as his life ; if thy hand cleanse the stain

Which else must dwell for ever on our race ;
If thou wilt give to Christian Spain this proud,
This bright example of thine heathen virtue ;
I am prepared—to soothe thy wounded spirit,
To lull thy jealous fears, to knit for ever
Our firm though parted love — I am prepared
To swear most solemnly by all that thou
And I hold sacred, that my heart shall never
Yield its true faith to any second tie ;
Nor ever shall persuasion, time, or force,
Lure or compel me to the marriage altar.
In maiden widowhood I'll live for thee ;
Blest in my loneliness, and in the memory
Of our dear love, ill-fated and forbidden
Although it be. Yet thou wilt think on me :
Our spirits through the midnight air will meet,
And heart to heart will bound 'neath the pale moon !
Fame will speak of thee ; and not perhaps for ever
As Spain's relentless foe. Love lives in Hope,
Which, like her sister Faith, can mountains move,
So we will still hope on. Tell me, Alhama,
Is not this better far than my forced stay ?
Thy captive with a breaking heart, and shame
Stamped burning on my brow ? my sole resource,
Sole prayer—an early grave ?

Alhama. Merciful Allah !
How powerful and how beautiful hast thou
Created Virtue ! whate'er our several creeds,
Howe'er they differ in their names and signs
And revelations—Virtue, like thyself,

Presents but one aspect to all mankind!
Angela, let not a passing thought obscure
Alhama's image in thy spotless mind!
No—let its pure and lustrous mirror still
Reflect what Love alone hath graven there!
No, not for Paradise itself—but wherefore
Talk I of Paradise?—not even for *thee*,
In all thy heaven of beauty would I darken
The glowing and unearthly tints, in which
Thou hast decked forth the semblance of thy love!
Go, Angela! thou art free! we'll bear thee
In safety and in honour to thy home;
Strong in the panoply of innocence,
Triumphing like the virgin power, when 'neath
Her feet, the awful monarch of the woods
Lies quelled and harmless!

Ang. Alhama!

Alhama. Yet stay!
One boon I have to ask, which if thou grant,
Hope will, indeed, her brightest beacon light.

Ang. Speak! 'tis already granted — for I feel
Thou wouldst not ask what I should fear to grant.

Alhama. This then: if I, no matter how, obtain
The sanction of thy sovereign, and thy brother,
Wilt thou be mine? casting all other doubts,
And fears, and scruples to the wind?

Ang. How? speak!
It is impossible — unless indeed —

Alhama. Nay, Angela, mis-judge me not! for never
Will Alhama prove a traitor to his faith,

Or to his country: such thou knowest well,
Not even *thou*, dear as thou art, canst make him.
But if *they* yield thee?

Ang. I promise — I am thine.

Alh. Enough — prepare thyself, my love, forthwith,
For our departure at to-morrow's dawn. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*The Convent.*

A Penitential Cell in the Convent of St. Lorenzo, near the Castle of Zamora. Angela, *in the dress of a Penitent, with her hair unbound, lies at the further end, on a mat.*

Enter the Abbess *and the* Bishop.

Abbess. She sleeps, my lord.

Bishop. Soft, then! disturb her not,
Sinner though she be! And now I pray you,
Hath she confessed?

Abbess. Of moment, nought, my lord:
Of late, from hour to hour with eagerness,
She calls upon her brother.

Bishop. Who, I deem,
Ere this, is near. Alas! with what dismay,
The young and gallant mountain-lord will learn,
The crime of his apostate sister! Shame!
Thou sawest her, with thine own eyes, didst thou not,
Embrace the Moor?

Abbess. Ay, the whole convent saw her.

Conceive, my lord, our horror at being warned,
That a strong troop of Moors, bearing among them
A female closely veiled, approached our walls!
We made the appointed signal of alarm,
And from the castle and the village, help
Came pouring in; the gate was scarcely closed,
The drawbridge up, when spurring fiercely on,
Lightly and rapidly from yon green wood,
We marked our turbaned foes: they paused, and forth
Issued a flag of truce, followed by one
Who seemed their chief, leading a palfrey on,
Which bore this veiled captive.
"Lady," he said,
"Into thy hands I yield this precious charge,
The captured maiden of Zamora's house:
Receive the loved and honoured of Alhama,
Pure as the blessed Virgin of thy worship;
And tell thy self-approving christians, not
To spurn the example, though it come from one
Whom they call Infidel!" With that he raised
The lady from her palfrey, folding her
To his mailed breast, and on her willing lip
Imprest a kiss!—my lord, I grieve to tell it.
Bearing her in his arms he reached the gate,
And there he knelt before her, and her hands
Covered with kisses, while she leant o'er him
Fondly and weeping. At length he started up,
And with a sudden effort turned away;
O'er him his sumptuous cloak he closely drew,

And leaping on his steed he bounded off,
As though he dared not hazard one more look.
Bishop. And she?
Abbess. We took her in almost insensible;
And when restored, she sat and wept so long,
So bitterly, so silently, that lost
In her deep grief, she scarcely seemed to mark
The wondering and upbraiding tongues around.
At length she dried her tears, and rising said:
"Cease, I command you!" kneeling then to me;
"Mother I may have erred—yes, in thy judgment,
I feel I have—to love an Infidel,
Foe to my country and my God. Alas!
I read in those averted eyes thy scorn;
Yet shrink not from me, for I tell thee, Abbess,
That never hath my conscience so approved
As now it doth; that in my own thought, never
Hath Virtue shed her light more purely round me.
Proudly I speak perchance—proudly I feel:
The depth, the agony of this stern sacrifice,
Which now I offer on the sacred altars
Of my religion and my country, none
Can know but One—and He will not reject it!"
These words, my lord, are all that she has uttered:
Sunk into sullen silence, she assumed
The penitential garb, and passively
Was hither led a prisoner; till, my lord,
Your counsel should assist, and your high presence
Justify our course. Hark!
Bishop. It is her brother.

Enter a Lay-Sister.

L. Sister. Don Alphonso, madam.

Enter ZAMORA.

ANGELA *awakes, and rushes into his arms.*

Angela. My brother! my own dear brother!

D. Alph. Angela!
Can this be thou? Sister look up! Penitent!
Prisoner!—speak, what means it all?—Can it be
That the foul whispers which the very winds
Have seemed to waft to me this fatal day,
Boast aught of truth? No, no!—they 're false as hell!
Why dost thou hide thy face?—why do thy tears
Gush warm upon my cheek? Art thou not, love,
Within his arms who hath the power, the right,
The will, to cherish, to defend, and to
Avenge thee?

Bishop. Revenge belongs to Heaven.

D. Alph. O, my lord bishop here; I cry you mercy.

Bishop. Rather, my lord, upon thy knees ask mercy
For the apostate girl within thine arms!
Well mayst thou start—for thou must learn to quell
The voice of nature pleading at thy breast;
And be no more the brother, but the judge:
Thy country and her altars call on thee!

Angela. Brother, reply not, I beseech thee!
But grant, 'tis all I ask, one single hour
To me alone; and in thine ear I'll pour
My full and free confession: not a thought,
A hope, a recollection will I veil;
Open as day my heart shall lie before thee.

D. Alph. 'Tis well.—Good abbess, by your leave awhile;
And yours, lord bishop; we shall meet again.

Bp. I warn thee that we shall, proud youth!

[*Exeunt* Abbess *and* Bishop.

D. Alphonso *and* Angela *retire to the further part of the cell.* [*Scene closes.*

Scene V.—*The Tournament.*

An extensive and open Plain; the Lists preparing; Knights *in armour, with their various banners and devices.* Heralds, Pursuivants, Pages, Attendants, *and* Troops. *The Populace in the distance. Rows of* Ladies *on prepared seats of turf; on one more highly raised, and under a canopy, is placed the* Queen of Spain, *the* Princesses, *and their* Ladies, *surrounded by* Courtiers.

Enter the King *and* Suite.

King. The day beams brightly on us, lords; almost
As bright as this rare galaxy of eyes.
Our spring of youth is past, yet sooth to say,
We'd break a lance e'en now with stranger knight,
Who dared profess that any court on earth,
Could boast equality of loveliness
With this of ours: but who can look on beauty,
Nor think on her the perfect and the peerless,—
Angela of Zamora, so young, so lost!
Alas, my lords! it grieves me much to mark
The cloud that darkens o'er that loyal house!

So fair a name—in pride and purity
So far descended, now bemirked and soiled
By her, the loveliest and the most beloved,
Of its long line of daughters! Yet we hope
That somewhat in his zeal, our reverend bishop,
May have too deeply coloured her offence.
The Count del Castro loved her, where is he?

1st Lord. O'ercome with shame and grief at what he heard,
He suddenly departed with his train,
And seeks his distant castle; trusting me
With greetings and excuses to your majesty.

1st Lady. Yet I would hazard
My jewelled coronal to a fool's bauble,
That were a champion e'en this day to rise,
In the behalf of this most beautiful,
And as it seems most *virtuous* damsel,
Setting us poor dames as nought compared to *her*,
All lovely as the sea-born Venus, when
From the enamoured waves the goddess rose;
Wise as Minerva, and as Dian chaste;
I do aver that not a single knight,
Would break a lance with that same champion:
He'd walk the field triumphant.

2nd Lord. Bitter words! (*To the* Noblemen)
Is there among us *one* who would permit
The sullied name of Don Alphonso's sister
To rank as equal with his ladye-love's,
Which he holds sacred as his faith, and pure
As his own honour?

Several Lords. Not one, so help us Heaven!
Ladies. Amen! amen!

Enter a Herald.

Herald. Where is the king?
[*The* King *advances*, Herald *kneels*.
My gracious lord, a knight
Of foreign mein, in armour raven black,
In height, and seemingly of strength, gigantic,
And of most princely bearing, mounted on
A milk-white steed, with flowing mane, and eye
Of fire, pawing and neighing in his pride,—
Has entered on the field: a single page
His only train; his vizor firmly closed;
And in his casque, amid his sable plumes,
A crimson knot is twined: through me, he claims
Speech of your Grace. [*Rises*.
King. This looks like an adventure,
Fair ladies, does it not? What say ye to it?
Shall we admit him?
Several Ladies. By all means your Grace.
Do pray admit him!
King. Be it so. [*Exit* Herald.
A Lady. That 's he!
Oh! what a god-like creature!
Another Lady. Mars himself!
Mark but the splendid trappings of his steed,—
Embroidery rare, and precious stones!
Another. While he
In his dark, plain, and massive armour,

With perfect taste, discards all ornament.

Another. What may portend the crimson badge?
Crimson!—
'Tis the Zamora's colour.

Another. Pshaw! our heads
Run far too much on that degraded minx.
But see—he has dismounted and advances;
Let us keep near and witness his reception.

Enter a Knight, *completely cased in sable armour, with a crimson badge in his helmet. He bows profoundly to the* King.

King. Welcome, Sir Knight!

Knight. Pardon, my gracious lord,
That midst this royal, noble, fair assembly,
A nameless stranger I presume to enter!
But fame spreads far and wide the courtesy
Of Spain's resplendent court, where chivalry,
And all its high and generous feelings live.
To these I make appeal, when I beseech
Permission to remain with vizor down,
And name unquestioned, till my purpose here
Shall be fulfilled.

King. Granted;—thy purpose state!

Knight. To shield from calumny a spotless name,
To avenge the injured and the innocent,
Am I here, great King!

King. A noble purpose!
Yet be it known to thee, Sir Knight, that here
We admit no mortal combat; 'tis a trial

Of skill and strength alone; thou mayst unhorse
Thy foe, or deal him many a rude touch,
But blood flows not, save now and then by chance.

Knight. Content, your Grace; and those who are *not* content
With the rough sport to-day this arm affords,
Will find me forward to accept their challenge
For life or death; how, when, and where it pleaseth them.

King. Enough!

Herald. Please you, Sir Knight, throw down your gage.

Knight. Thus, then, the crimson badge I wear proclaims me
Champion and knight of a most noble lady,
In loveliness surpassing all, even here,
Where all are lovely; and in virtue pure
As the most hallowed of the virgin saints
That consecrate the Christian calendar,
Though still in youth's first opening bloom, and glowing
With all the warm affections of her nature,
Perfect as, from the hands of her Creator,
Woman first dawned upon this favoured earth,
Is she, the injured, the oppressed, defamed!
The monster calumny may lurk in corners,
May hiss in darkness, and spurt forth its venom,
Safe in its own obscurity; but I
Will drag it forth, here, in the face of day,—
Here, in the front of this vast living mass,—
Of this august and sacred presence. Come on,

They who among you will presume to aver
That Angela de Zamora is not all
I have pourtrayed! Here throw I down my gage,
And Heaven defend the right!

2nd Lord. A precious snare
These women's tongues have helped us to! [*Aside.*

3rd Lord. Good faith!
Our jest to earnest turns—what shall we do?
[*Aside to 2nd Lord.*

2nd Lord. We must accept perforce—not a loop-hole
To escape through! Have at him with a good grace.
Sir Knight, I here take up thy gage, and tell thee
That Angela de Zamora's maiden fame
Is soiled, most foully soiled, with taint so deep,
That it will rest upon her race for ever,
And even cast its shade upon her sex,
Upon the proud nobility of Spain,
Upon the sacred altars of her faith.
'Tis of no venial crime she stands accused,
No weakness common to our erring nature;
But, with unnatural and perverted passion,
Prompted doubtless by the arch-fiend himself,
She sought her country's misbelieving foe,
Spain's infidel invader—aye, *sought* him,
And with him has remained, his light of love,
Till, with design upon her brother's fealty,
Or some dark treachery to her native land,
Back for a time she comes, proud of her shame;
But the stern eye of justice is upon her,
And, as true knight, I do proclaim her here

In every way unworthy to compete
With this assembled grace and loveliness;
While, in the dignity of woman's virtue,
I hold her nought, unfit to breathe the air,
Or tread the ground with these chaste noble maids
And virtuous matrons! This am I ready
To maintain—aye, even to the death, sir knight!
Now let us on, and Heaven defend the right!

Ladies. Bravo! well spoken, and 'twill be better acted! [*Among themselves.*

Knight. Art thou my sole antagonist?—are there
No more to uphold this precious cause of thine?

Several of the other Lords *advance, and throw down their gauntlets.*

'Tis very well. [*He kneels to the* King.
My knee is much unused
To pay this homage; but its stubborn joint
Now bends with this more stubborn heart, to crave
A boon.

King. Brave knight!—for such we e'en must deem thee—
Ask freely for thy boon!

Knight. Then thus, your Grace:
If, in the mimic war of this good day,
I come off conqueror, and from these knights
Redeem, as far as prowess may, my pledge,
Wilt thou, O sovereign! pass thy royal word
Not to oppose my claim to the fair hand
Of her, in whose defence, and for whose love,
I'd yield,—aye, drop by drop, my heart's best blood!

King. Thus far we pass our royal word, that if
The lady Angela herself be willing,
And thou obtain the sanction of her brother,
Fear nought from us.

Knight. Thanks, generous monarch, thanks!
And now, my lords—but what commotion's this?

King. Who is yon knight that comes so madly on,
Spurring his jaded steed, covered with dust?

1*st Lord.* And yonder guarded horse-litter, that rests
Beneath that clump of trees, accompanied him.
It is Zamora!

Enter Don Alphonzo de Zamora.

D. Alph. (*kneeling*) Pardon!
Pardon, my gracious liege, that in this plight,
All unbecoming such high festival,
I dare present myself.

King. What, thou Zamora!
Methinks thy leaguered castle ill can spare
Thy presence at a merry-making here.

D. Alph. My liege, no merry-making here I seek;
Vengeance and justice on my knees I claim!
Would that my honour were as surely safe
As is my castle! Oh, my gracious lord!
If e'er Zamora's name were dear to thee,—
If e'er my loyal ancestors served thine,—
If e'er thy praise hath fired my youthful zeal
To emulate their fame,—turn not away!
The last descendant of a race of heroes
Kneels down before thee—let him not kneel in vain!

King. Young man, arise! collect thy wandering thoughts,
Subdue the tempest of thy soul—then speak!

D. Alph. (*rising, and after a pause*) My sister!—

King. Is defamed—we know it all—
And thou art come to throw thy gauntlet down
In her defence?

D. Alph. Just so, your Grace. Let me
Have once the miscreants at my sword's sharp point—

King. Peace, rash boy! In this day's bloodless combat,
A stranger-knight hath ta'en thy place; and sooth
Most gallantly and freely hath he thrown
His gauntlet down, either for sport to-day,
Or life and death to-morrow. Mark him there—
That knight in sable armour, bending low
With vizor closed, before the Queen: to him,
As to the champion of thy sister's cause,
Our royal word is passed; and faith, Zamora,
Her cause is in good hands.

Trumpets sound. The challenged Knights *advance, bow to the* King, *and Exeunt. The stranger* Knight *also advances, and bows to the* King, *then in a less degree to* Zamora.

D. Alph. God speed thee, knight!

Knight. Brother of Angela—amen! [*Exit.*

D. Alph. Who may he be?
A knight of noble bearing; I'd match him
Against the field. God speed him!

King. Yon litter,

Does it enclose the Helen of our Troy,
The lovely mischief causing all this turmoil?
If so, we pray thee, lead her hither.

D. Alph. My lord,
If 't be your Grace's absolute command,
I am bound to obey—yet—yet—

King. 'Tis our command!
Go, bring her hither, place her here near us,
Apart from all the rest. This our behest
Alone should prove where your fair sister stands.

D. Alph. (*kneeling and kissing the King's hand*) My kind and generous master! [*Rises and exit.*

1*st Lady.* The sable knight has mounted. Now, ladies,
Do not your hearts begin to beat? Mine does.

2nd Lady. And so do all, I warrant! But look there!
What figure has Zamora conjured up
From out that dusty horse-litter?

3rd Lady. Blest Mary!
If it be not the very girl herself!

1*st Lady.* No!—yet it must—the penitent's grey garb—
The rosary and sable veil—what next?
Wonders will never cease!

2nd Lady. And see, the King
(Who would believe it?) has advanced two steps
To meet her!

Re-enter Don Alphonzo, *leading* Angela. *She kneels to, and kisses the hand of the* King, *who places her on a turf-seat in front, and bowing, returns to his station.*

Angela. I see the knight—he with the crimson badge,
Upon a milk-white steed? [*To her brother.*

D. Alph. The same. Dost know him?
Women are clear-sighted—hast found him out?
By the deep blush that mantles o'er thy cheek,
Methinks thou hast. Who is he, Angela?

Angela. I know him well—'tis he! 'tis he!—down, heart!
Beat not so wildly! Oh, Love, thy power is great!
My noble, godlike Moor! [*Aside.*

D. Alph. What sayest thou, sister?
All eyes are on thee, yet thou heed'st them not,
Nor shrinkest from the universal gaze;
Thy very soul seems bound up in the look
That dwells upon thy knight!

Angela. (*drawing her veil round her*) Forgive me, brother!
I had indeed forgotten all save *him.* [*Trumpets sound.*

D. Alph. The fray's begun. Wilt thou not tell me, sister?
Ha! mark! [*Great acclamations.*
He has unhorsed his foremost foe!

King. How featly that was done! By Jove! this stranger
Will cause us to brush up our practice, hey!
Another now!

D. Alph. Well done! that blow's enough
For twenty slanderers.

Ladies. (*among themselves*) Oh! it is too bad!
It is not fair our knights should be knocked down

Like nine-pins. Look! there goes a third! That minx!

King. *One* is but a mouthful; he can stomach
Them by pairs, nor fear an indigestion.

D. Alph. This knight of thine, my Angela, is worth
In arms far more than could have been thy brother.
Thank Heaven, he is our friend, and not our foe!

Crowd. (*with renewed acclamations*) Long live the stranger-knight!

Herald. Hold!—Enough! The King hath thrown his warder down!

King. Hither lead the conqueror! Nay, gentle dames,
Compose your looks, toss not your pretty heads,
Nor fright my sable hero with that battery
Of flapping and indignant fans.

Enter the Knight, *numerously accompanied. He kneels to the* King.

Welcome!
Sir Knight, thou art a brave and gallant man,
And well hast thou redeemed thy plighted word.

[*Raises and presents him to* ZAMORA.

D. Alph. (*embracing him*) More welcome art thou to my arms, brave knight,
Than e'er was innocence, or beauty's self!
I yearn to know whose is the valiant hand,
That, in defence of injured innocence,
Hath been so nobly raised?

King. Nay, lead him first
To the feet of yon fair lady, whose thanks

Methinks he hath earned right gallantly, and there
Let him reveal himself.

Knight. Hear me, ere at yon peerless shrine I bow!
Lord of Zamora, the King hath passed his word,
His sacred and inviolable word,
That if *thou*, her brother and her guardian,
Withhold not thy approval of my suit,
His sovereign will shall not oppose it.

D. Alph. No more!
Brave knight, I pity thee! Thou knowest not
That in my sister's bosom lies
Thy sole unconquerable enemy.
Be ruled by me, and strive for her no more!

Knight. I may not thus relinquish the last hope
That clings around my heart; it severs but
With life itself. Speak, then, the word that leaves
Thy sister my sole enemy! Oh, speak!

D. Alph. Win her and wear her if thou canst, good knight!
Nay, thank me not; for I but mock thy hopes!

He leads the Knight *to* Angela—*she rises, and advances to meet them. The* Knight *kneels, and raises his vizor.*

Knight. Angela, art thou won?

Angela. For ever won!
In life or death we part no more, Alhama!

D. Alph. Alhama!

King. Alhama!

Courtiers round. (*echoed by the crowd*) The Moor!
The Moor!

The Moor *rises, embraces* Angela, *and advances with her to the* King.

Alhama. O King! behold thy mortal enemy!
Unarmed, alone, amid thy thousands here;
Yet safe as he were in his harem bowers.
Nor only safe, but confident in faith,
Reposing on thy knightly word, nor less
On thine, Zamora's chief! Thus highly stands,
Even with us, thy Mauritanian foes,
Spain's lofty and unsullied honour! To that,
And that alone, I trust!

King. . . . Right noble Moor!
Thy trust is worthy thee, and worthy us.
So long as it doth please thee here to stay,
Thou art our guest and friend; and we e'en hope
Thy welcome and unlooked-for presence may
Help to bind up the wounds our countries both
Have suffered in this long and murderous war.
Embrace thy new-made brother! Angela,
Away with all this penitential gear!
Bright in thy bridal beauty, come,—a gift
Fit only for a monarch to bestow,
And for Alhama to receive! Now to the Queen!

They proceed to the Queen's *pavilion.* Alhama *and* Angela *kneel: the* Queen *rises, kisses the forehead of* Angela, *and places her hand in that of the* Moor. *The curtain falls.*

THE DIM WOOD GROT.

I know a grot in the dim wood deep,
Around it the graceful willows weep,
Above, the rugged cliff hangs wild,
And many a sturdy rock-strewn child,
Holly and thorn and wilding spray,
And the mountain ash, with its berries gay,
And the sapling oak, and the bitter sloe,
And the sacred and beautiful mistletoe.

The noon-tide heat can pierce not there,
Nor yet the dazzling daylight glare ;
'Tis a spot where a hermit might make his cell,
And happily live and quietly dwell ;
For naught can ye hear save the singing bird,
And the rustling leaves the breeze has stirred,
Or the murmuring stream ye scarce can see,
Through the hanging boughs of the willow tree.

That lonely grot !—'tis rugged and wild,
With sparkling stone and rock up-piled ;
Rugged and wild the moss-grown seat,
Small the space for the wanderer's feet,
Dim, when the sun is riding high,
Dark, when twilight reddens the sky —
But ever lovely, lonely and free,
A place to muse on mortality.

Victoire Victoire.



Painted by A. Oliver. Engraved by T. Jeavons.

THE TOWN & CASTLE OF FOIX.

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THE FATE OF GASTON;

A Page from the History of Foix.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

I.

NEVER did the towers of Foix rear their proud heads beneath a purer sky, — never did the bright waters of the Gave sparkle more joyously beneath a summer sun, than on that eventful morning, when young Gaston began his journey to Navarre. Albeit early hours were the fashion, — for knights and ladies, crowned kings, and queens of beauty, dined, aye, and no doubt heartily — before mid-day; yet on that occasion the sun himself was almost voted a sluggard, since, all things being by comparison, the humbler inmates of the castle were stirring by the time the last star had melted into the pale grey of twilight. Sumptuously, no doubt, was the table spread, both above and below "the salt," though the old chroniclers, however graphic in their outline, are not sufficiently minute to afford any very essential hints to our modern gastronomes. Seated beside the Count was his heir, the young Gaston, a somewhat delicate, yet noble looking

stripling, who might have seen, perhaps, eighteen summers. His vest of pale blue, fastened down the centre with golden clasps, and open at the throat, contrasted well with his fair complexion, and the profusion of rich light hair which shaded his countenance. The dress of the Count de Foix, was of a more sober hue, being of mulberry coloured velvet, yet of regal magnificence: for even the points of the shoes, in the preposterous fashion of the age, were fastened to the instep with rare jewels. A few paces below them, yet placed far above the rest of the company, was a young man, whose habiliments, though rich, were of a somewhat plainer style. This was Iobaim, a natural son of the Count, who might be two years older than Gaston; but looked far more, seeming already in the prime and vigour of early manhood. He spoke little during the repast, although he was near enough to hear distinctly the conversation carried on, in rather a low tone, by the Count and Gaston.

"It is wasting breath, boy," said the former, with a gesture of impatience,—"breath, too, which may be better spent at Navarre, in urging others to return to their duty. Thy mother may live where she lists, and in state that beseems the Countess de Foix; but she enters not these walls again, save she brings as her passport the ransom of D'Albret, received for me by her treacherous and ungrateful brother of Navarre. By the relics of my patron saint! for a less thievish trick one would hang up a vassal hind upon the first tree that stretched forth its accommodating branches."

"Father," replied Gaston, "I do not ask you to remit the ransom; but I do believe my mother is true and loyal to your interests, though she has not power to draw from empty coffers the treasure which is your due. None know better than yourself how exhausted is the treasury of my uncle, King though he be in name. In wealth as in renown, the King of Navarre gives place to the Count de Foix. Truly, father, mine is as yet a brief experience; but methinks the feuds of kindred are more bitter and hard to heal than such as spring up between strangers in blood; and my poor mother's mission has been a sad and thankless one. Heaven grant that mine may be more successful, and that the dearest wish I have, and that which tempts my journey—the wish once more to join my parents' hearts, may be accomplished." The youth felt warmly, and had spoken more boldly than usual. There was a pause, while the Count gazed on his son as if to read his inmost soul.

"Are you sure," said he, at length, and in a sterner voice than before—"are you sure that the hope of meeting on your road the fair Beatrix hath no part in the 'temptation' you speak of?" The face of Gaston flashed; but raising his eyes to his father's countenance, he answered with dignity,

"My lord, you wrong me. That I may see the lady of Armaignac, by your good leave my affianced bride, either at Navarre or on my journey, is most probable; but that such hope or expectation urges the undertaking I do deny."

Iobaim had been silent, and apparently had paid but little attention to this discourse, for his eyes were fixed intently on his dagger, the handle of which, wrought in many curious devices, seemed to claim especial observation. He was disturbed, however, by a beautiful hound, belonging to Gaston, which, though a great favourite with its master, had failed, amid the engrossing conversation, to meet with the caresses to which it was accustomed. With a low moan, as if of complaint, it thrust its head under that hand of Iobaim which hung listlessly by his side; but instead of encouragement or caress, the poor animal received a heavy blow from the hilt of the dagger,—a blow so severe, that it sent the intruder howling to his master.

Gaston rose hastily from his seat, and the whole party was thrown into disorder; and as the blood drawn from his favourite's head crimsoned the young noble's garments, more than one angry glance was exchanged between the brothers. With some skill and great gentleness, Gaston himself dressed the wound, and then, as if apostrophising the now docile animal, he exclaimed, "Poor Chéri! dear Chéri must be left at home — he cannot now journey with his master to Navarre; who will take care of Chéri till Gaston comes back? No! Chéri, I will not leave you, save with some kind friend, who will love you for my sake." A dozen voices were quickly raised; eager and sincere were the offers they made, and proud, indeed, was the young esquire, to whose charge the heir of Foix committed the beautiful animal.

A few minutes more, and Gaston and his attendants were in the saddle, following with slow and steady paces the bridle road, whose winding path broke in some measure the steepness of the descent. The Count had taken leave of his son at the postern, and had watched the retreating figures of Gaston and his escort till an angle of the road hid the whole party from his view; then turning suddenly, he beckoned to Iobaim, who stood silent and alone at some little distance, and as soon as he approached, passed one arm through that of the young man, with an air of affectionate familiarity. It has been truly said that the lightest actions of the great and powerful are never unimportant. The cloud which had rested on Iobaim's countenance passed away like vapour that the sun dispels, and the crowd of loiterers or attendants exchanged glances which the dullest might comprehend. The truth was, that the Count's mind, though strong and keen, was not only tinctured with the barbarity common in the fourteenth century; but was naturally of a texture too coarse and unrefined to comprehend how deeply Gaston's feelings had been wounded by his brother. But he had shrewdness enough to perceive that the lookers on were undecided what sentiments to exhibit, and he determined in a moment to give the cue, by showing that *he*, at least, was not offended. Besides, there were really matters considered by the Count vastly important, on which he wished to converse with Iobaim, and for this purpose they bent their steps to a certain turret of the castle, which had lately been a favourite resort of both.

It is not difficult to comprehend the fascination exercised by astrology over the minds of men, at a period when the mists of ignorance, and the blight of superstition covered the earth with a density, which the rays of truth could only pierce at few-and-far-between intervals. Nay, there is, and there will be, while the human mind retains its impress of the divinity, the same yearning after the unknown and the immaterial; and now, as they did in years gone by, and as they will in years to come, the silent sentinels of the night awake a poetry and a mystery, which science can never dull. Gaston Phœbus, twelfth Count de Foix, was a firm believer in the powers of stellar divination, and at his court at Orthes had long entertained, and studied under, one of its most celebrated professors. Just, however, at the time of which I write, there was a short but general cessation of hostilities among those feudal lords, of which he was the most powerful; and as an act of especial courtesy, the profound and subtle astrologer had been permitted to visit among them. During the last two years Iobaim had been admitted a student of these dark mysteries, and now in the absence of the sage had been allowed to share the studies of the Count, and assist him in divining a favourable moment for the departure of Gaston.

Few who gazed on that youthful, though athletic form, or the manly beauty of Iobaim's countenance, could guess the ungoverned passions which shook to its very centre a mind, never very firmly balanced by just principles. I will not say that none might have read

his soul's secrets; for the eye, and the lip, and the brow, are written pages for such as can decipher them: but the Count de Foix was not one of these, and while he sat at a table strewed with illuminated manuscripts of parchment or vellum, and drew now and then strange geometrical figures, or compared abstruse calculations, he did not observe, that as Iobaim stood beside or behind him, arranging documents according to his directions, the youth's hand trembled like a branch that is shaken by the wind, or—for a large mirror was directly opposite—that his cheek alternately paled to an ashy whiteness, and flushed to a crimson hue. Satisfied, however, with his survey, the Count soon withdrew, leaving Iobaim one or two light tasks to perform.

A long career of crime may possibly stifle the voice of conscience, or make the ear deaf to its clear and eloquent voice; but surely there is a time when the soul, tinged only with the shade of mortality, seems fair and unwritten; for though suffering may wound, it is guilt which brands and sears it. Iobaim had plunged into crime; for crime is in the motive and belief, not in the results. He had wilfully deceived the Count in his astrological calculations, choosing for Gaston's departure an hour prophetic of a journey to begin and end in blood! True, that, himself no very skilful adept in the science, the dark shadow it cast was vague and undefined; but he was startled by that strange accident, which was the fruit of his own fierce temper, considering, as he did, the circumstance

of poor Chéri's blood sprinkling his master's garments, as a most literal fulfilment of the prophecy.

A bitter and growing hatred for his brother had been for years the canker of Iobaim's heart. They had been playmates, though uncongenial ones, in childhood; and every month seemed to sunder, more widely, characters originally different. Iobaim, in the pride of intellect, felt that in abilities, in noble daring, and in energy of mind, he should be Gaston's lord; but the noblest steed, and the bravest attire, and the retinue of rank and wealth, were ever for the young heir, to whom homage and flattery were alike paid; till by degrees Iobaim envied that which he pretended to despise. He grew fond of solitude, and jealous hate is dangerous food for the young mind to dwell upon. He began to question of his birth and rights, and his diseased imagination taught him to believe that he, at least the elder born, was wronged by Gaston's claims. Did not the same rich blood which had flowed for centuries in that lordly line, and which had mounted to the brows of four crowned heads, now mantle his own young cheek? And his mother, did not rumour whisper, half stifled as it was, that though but a simple demoiselle, she would have been the Countess de Foix, save that the iron ruler of man's destiny — expediency, snatched her from the altar to make way for Agnes of Navarre? The picture was finished by the common story of a broken heart; yet well did Iobaim know, by many a faint yet truthful sign, that his mother had been dearly loved — that her

memory was nearly, if not quite, the only soft emotion which tempered the rough nature of the soldier Count; and finally that the Lord of Foix would have given half his earldom, that the child of his affection, and the youth whose kindred qualities had won his esteem, might be the inheritor of his titles, as he foresaw he would be, the sharer of his renown. Not, however, was Iobaim's nature even to himself revealed, till after he had seen the Lady Beatrix,—seen her, too, as the affianced bride of his meek and gentle brother. Less uncommon was it in those days even than in our own, for the hand of a high-born maiden to be bartered, almost as a piece of merchandise; and when the rival lords of Armaignac and Foix, at the entreaty of the King of France, held forth the olive of peace, the proposal which was to unite their families in the closest bonds, was looked upon almost as a natural consequence. Rulers so powerful, were like suns round which revolved many lesser worlds; but which could scarcely be expected to move separately and undisturbed in the same sphere; but by merging their interests into one, it was believed mutual strength and safety would be secured. As for consulting the wishes of the lady, it was a thing as much unthought of as unpractised; and tinctured as minds were by the precepts of that step-dame and misdirector of the best emotions of our nature, Custom; it is very probable, that authority in most cases of the kind seemed less harsh, and obedience more easy, than we are apt to imagine them.

The Lady Beatrix, however, was no common charac-

ter, neither was she of that very early age, when the female heart is often like wax to receive a desired impression. She had already passed her twentieth year, and, accustomed for years to the homage which her rank, her beauty, and her acquirements won, she had lost something of the timidity and yielding character of girlhood, but had substituted for them the self-possession and dignity of the woman. What her emotions must have been on learning the decree which had gone forth, the progress of this narrative will show; but there is little wonder that Iobaim should have discovered, almost at a glance, that his gentle brother was of a character the least likely to gain her love, and as *he* thought, altogether unworthy of it. But her image took possession of his own heart, with an intensity that belonged to all his emotions; though little did the pure, high-minded Beatrix dream of a love—that in its wild delirium would, indeed, have been incomprehensible to her,—which was uprooting every virtuous principle, and wrecking Iobaim's peace for ever.

We left him in the little turret, which was devoted to the purposes of a vain study;—but this digression was necessary for the reader to understand the nature of those strong emotions which have been partially revealed. When the Count had departed, Iobaim buried his face in his hands, and his broken ejaculations may further display the workings of his surcharged heart.

"The die is cast," murmured he, "it must be accomplished. To the winds, then, with this weak nature,

which the priests call remorse! Yet, why does my hand tremble, and my eye droop, and my heart thrill? To the winds with this weakness!—Yes, I shall be heir of Foix,—for the will is—and the power shall be. And then—oh, Beatrix! wilt thou ever know how wildly I have loved thee?" Starting from his seat, he paced the narrow chamber with hasty strides, and then, as if some new direction were given to his thoughts, he continued, with a laugh that rang strangely even in his own ears:

"And the poor fool will see thee — will smile gently in thy face! — Wither him—oh, wither him with one look of scorn!—Perchance he will dare to press thy hand, or raise it to his baby lips: while I—I who have kissed the stirrup where thy foot had rested; who have stooped to the ground thy garments swept; and cherished next my heart, a riband that decked thy palfrey's mane, only, because the summer breeze might have wafted the streamer till it mingled with thy glossy hair; I, who have *so* loved thee, am not worthy to touch that ungloved hand—not worthy, for princes are not: but love so deep, so true, so daring, deserves a recompense,—and Beatrix, most beautiful, and peerless,—thou wilt, thou *shalt* repay me!"

II.

The Countess de Foix was of a character, which in modern phrase, would be called that of a manœuvrer; and, perhaps, it was the want of candour and simplicity which distinguished her, that prevented feelings,

originally little stronger than indifference, from changing to a warmer character. For, whatever the faults of the Count might be, they were those of the bold and daring; and he shrunk instinctively from a disposition, that, even in trifles, was so uncongenial to his own. When the Countess, who had been domiciled for months beneath her brother's roof, or more properly speaking, had been exiled from the princely domains of her liege lord, heard of the projected visit of young Gaston, she determined it should extend to a greater length than the three days which were intended; and after much self communing, she could devise no better plan by which to accomplish her wishes, than to solicit the presence of Beatrix of Armaignac at the court of Navarre. By this means, and with the aid of fêtes and festivities, in honour of her young guests, she hoped to render Gaston's visit so agreeable, that he would insensibly suffer himself to be moulded to her will. The Count of Armaignac readily acceded to the proposal, judging, indeed, very naturally, that his motherless girl could not be placed under more fitting protection than that of the lady, who would so soon be nearly connected with her.

The departure of Beatrix from Armaignac was hurried; for the Countess of Foix was little inclined to hear of delay, the more especially as Gaston was expected to arrive a day or two earlier than had at first been contemplated; and, perhaps, it was as well that Beatrix had some ready excuses to plead—hasty farewells, and the fatigue of a rapid journey—as an apology for pale cheeks and tearful eyes, on

her arrival. But, though, on the morrow, all tears were dried, the Countess of Foix had sufficient penetration to know that a shadow was upon the heart of her who had been named, from her beauty, and *esprit*, "La gaie Armaignaise."

Gaston arrived; and caressed by his mother, flattered and courted by his uncle of Navarre, and at least in the frequent society of the Lady Beatrix, a week instead of three days, passed rapidly, and to him joyously away. True it was, that his affianced lady lavished on him no especial marks of her regard; but, youthful and inexperienced as he was, his very love and admiration were of so timid a kind, that the studious courtesy and civility of Beatrix seemed to him an ample return.

It had been a day of showy festivity, to which the heart of Beatrix had refused an echo, and in which memory had failed to garner up one bright moment that might lend even a partial glow to the rest. Is there one who does not know the dull oppressive weariness of hours so spent?—and Beatrix, whose lot it was to contrast the glory and sunshine of life, with its clouds and darkness, dismissed her attendants when evening approached, and looked forward with something of gladness to a brief interval of calm and contemplation. The chamber was far different from a modern boudoir. Hangings of tapestry, the figures of which did "gloomily glare," especially in the twilight hour, surrounded her, and the furniture was of a dark and solid wood, carved in many grotesque and quaint devices. The floor too was strewed with fresh rushes, a luxury of the

fourteenth century; but the foot that pressed them was as delicate and fairy-like as any that have since been embedded in the richest and softest carpets. Certainly there is something very striking in the contemplation of that period of history!—The state of transition—the bridge between two brilliant epochs, of which it was an arch. The rich gorgeousness of apparel, and profuse display of gold and jewels—or rather seemingly profuse, because their possessors were so few—contrast strangely with the absence of those common appendages that custom has now made necessary. And chivalry's meridian, with its various yet important consequences, which, though more like a meteor glare than a fixed light, dispelled the darkest shadows of ignorance and barbarism.

Twilight had given place to the purple night of a southern sky, and Beatrix was on the point of retiring to rest, when her ear caught the sound of a minstrel's voice; and the song was one of those provençal lays, many of which true taste has to this day preserved from oblivion. The melody was sweet and plaintive, and the words, though full of the hyperbole and the conceits so common at that period, or the tones in which they were delivered, impressed some instant conviction on the mind of Beatrix; for, removing her single lamp to a shaded recess, she hurried to the window, and remained there waiting either for the continuation or cessation of the strain, in breathless expectation. The minstrel finished his lay in a voice that somewhat trembled—but he did finish it, wishing, probably, that if there

were other listeners, they might not be startled by an abrupt termination. And then placing his lute among some thick foliage, he climbed by the aid of a neighbouring tree and a broken coping, till he rested but a few feet beneath the lattice of Beatrix.

There was no mark of terror or dismay upon the maiden's face; only it coloured slightly, and her lips half severed, and large silent tears, that come from the heaving heart without sob or sign, stood in her full dark eyes, as she stretched forth her hand to meet that of the seeming minstrel. But it was the young Vicomte of Milan who stood beneath her window. Cheated as the eye may be, never need we doubt "a word, a tone of the beloved one;" and faithfully had the ear of Beatrix revealed to her that the minstrel was he to whom her young heart had been wholly given, not beneath the mean shelter of deceit or secrecy, but with her father's perfect approbation. Alas! for the strange conflicting influences that warred so fiercely with their happiness. A hasty and nearly groundless quarrel with the Milanese powers, and as sudden a reconciliation with his old enemy de Foix, had changed the views of the Count d'Armaignac, and his daughter was expected to transfer her regards with about the same facility that she might reasonably have exercised, had the objects in question been garments of different colours. Remonstrance and entreaties were unavailing; while education—custom, which, though it might have warped her mind, strengthened her resolution, and a nobler feeling, the consciousness

that it was in her power to establish peace between the rival factions, all inclined her to obedience; and though her heart might break at the sacrifice, she determined it should be made. Man, however, is the creature of action, and woman of endurance; and her lover had shown less apparent resignation than the Damsel of Armaignac; and now that many a wild scheme had failed, he had sought one more, it might be a last, interview with Beatrix. Maddened at hearing the protection she was under, he had followed her to Navarre, and with no little risk to himself, had assumed a disguise which we have seen answered the desired end.

Some bitterness of feeling, born it might be of doubt or distrust, mingled with his deep and fervent love; but as Beatrix suffered her hand to remain in his, and leant from the window till her long dark hair touched his upturned face, he met those tearful eyes, he read the long and anxious suffering expressed in her countenance; the cloud of doubt passed rapidly away, and he saw and understood once more the truthfulness and nobility of her character. There are periods of existence, often brief ones, into whose narrow compass are crowded the emotions of a whole life of ordinary outward action; these are "the land marks of memory:" and such an one to both was that parting hour of Beatrix and her lover. Neither asked for a renewal of acknowledgments of faith and affection, but the young noble poured out the passionate eloquence his heart dictated, and Beatrix, in yielding many a tender confession, relaxed not her firm resolves. Had she

been resolute, but cold, the interview would have been shorter, and the parting more full of anguish; but the perfect confidence which reigned between them took from that hour, which could hardly be called all sadness, its most bitter sting. Nature, too, seemed kindly to have thrown her hallowing charm over the scene. The leaves stirred softly in the faint breeze, which brought on its breath the odour of many a flower; the stars came struggling forth in bright clusters, and the pale moon seemed like some pitying spirit to keep watch above. It was an hour in which the gushing feelings seem especially impelled into the channel of devotion, and the one in which it is the least difficult to bend with due submission to that Supreme Will whose wisdom often thwarts our own purposes and desires.

"Would," said Beatrix, after a pause that was more eloquent than words,—"would that I might devote myself to the cloister's haven of protection, rather than wed this poor boy, whom I pity rather than scorn: for he is young, and to meet with a true heart to rest on, is a heritage which youth expects. I shall be true to him, indeed, save it may be in those rebel thoughts which come unsummoned;—but oh! how worthless is the shattered heart that has been all another's! But the cloister's peaceful shade would answer not the purpose for which my sacrifice is decreed. And you,—you," she continued with emotion, "in the busy change and struggle of a soldier's life, I do not ask you to forget me, but think of me sometimes, as a bright and cherished thing that *has*

been — as a sister spirit that awaits in patience your coming in the realms of peace beyond this dark blue ether, which yet the eye of faith can already pierce. And if you wed, as you must and will, may it be one who loves you as well as—"

The young noble finished the sentence, but it was to pledge his faith to the memory even of his blighted love. Again Beatrix leaned forth from the window,—again those rich curls touched his cheeks, and gathering them together in one heavy mass, he just succeeded in bringing it to his lips, as he passionately kissed the perfumed tresses. He would have severed one with the dagger that rested in his girdle; but as Beatrix drew back, a new thought seemed to strike him:

"Not so!" he exclaimed; "shrined as thou art in my soul's inmost sanctuary, I will have no idol, however precious, to share in my devotion to the pure essence that I worship. Farewell!—we shall meet above, if not on earth again."—But yet he lingered, and only at last with desperate resolution, did he find courage to depart.

Had Beatrix been asked if she desired the young Vicomte to mourn their final separation, she would unhesitatingly have answered, "No—let me suffer alone; and may he be happy!" Or, had a fairy wand been given her, by which she could command for him peace of mind, and oblivion of all that disturbed it, probably she would have been sufficiently heroic and unselfish to use the charm; and yet, in her heart of hearts, did she know that perfect faith in his love, and the consciousness that his anguish at losing her was,

if possible, greater than her own, were the greatest, or, in fact, the only consolations her own mind could receive. There was something, too, in the manner in which he rejected a memorial of her, which he might so easily have taken, that impressed her deeply. It was a fanciful thought truly, but one which sparkled up from a deep spring of feeling; and an incident which occurred a few hours afterwards, trifling in itself, yet involving most important results, engraved it yet more indelibly on her memory.

The morning which followed that eventful night beamed brightly, and the Lady Beatrix arose with a more serene countenance than she had worn for many a day. A hawking excursion had been proposed, and the whole party were mounted, or preparing to mount, when a messenger arrived from Foix, requiring the immediate return of Gaston. Vexed and disappointed, yet not daring to disobey, the youth was making preparations for his almost instant departure, when his uncle requested a private and farewell audience with him. At first young Gaston seemed anxious to render the interview a brief one; for he wished to pass the few minutes he could claim by the side of the Lady Beatrix. But his uncle's discourse, whatever it might be, interested and chained him; and when, at the expiration of half-an-hour, he rejoined the party, who were waiting anxiously for his leave-taking, his countenance bore evident signs of some pleasurable emotion. Beatrix was mounted on a cream-coloured palfrey, decked more gaily, if less richly than its beautiful

rider. In a minute Gaston was by her side, while the noble creature tossed its head, and pawed the ground, as if proud of its lovely burthen. Perhaps, as Beatrix a little stooped to catch some low and farewell words of Gaston, she might have contrasted his face with one upturned in a not dissimilar position only a few brief hours before. However this might be, never had she spoken more kindly to her stripling lover; for in truth she never before had read so legibly on his fair and handsome countenance that bright hope and expectation,—that "heritage of youth," to blight which, she feared, was in some measure her destiny. Never had she "pitied" him so much; and as she, at his timid request, bent down her head, and pressed a kiss upon his brow, she felt that he might be to her as a dear and younger brother, and rejoiced that since he was, alas! a mere instrument for the purposes of others, destiny had not given her to one that she need hate. While they were speaking, a little packet dropped from his vest; and as he, in some haste and confusion, recovered it, Beatrix said with a smile,

"Is it a charm or a love-token?—Nay, I am not jealous, even if it be the gift of some lady fair;—to prove which," she continued, after a moment's pause, "I will give you this, with which to fasten it more securely for the future."

As she spoke, she untwisted a streamer of pale blue ribbon, several of which adorned her horse's mane, and giving it into Gaston's hand, he with evident delight placed it round his neck, linked the mysterious packet securely to it, and hid both from sight beneath his

vest. She looked at him with a faint smile, and understood that *he* did not despise the "idol worship" another had rejected.

III.

The scene is again at the lordly castle of Foix, where the banquet is now spread in honour of the young heir's return. The Count had listened with a scornful smile to the reiteration of excuses and messages of which Gaston was the bearer; and though he had been impatient for his son's return, he seemed to welcome him but coldly. However, as the wine passed round, the conversation became more cheerful and animated, and Gaston related many of the sports he had witnessed at Navarre, and among others a new trick in wrestling, which he had seen practised successfully. Iobaim seemed to doubt its efficacy; and when Gaston somewhat boldly challenged him to a trial of strength or skill, Iobaim rose with an air in which contempt and scorn were but ill concealed. Their outer garments were laid aside, and they prepared for the encounter; though to the lookers-on, the athletic form of Iobaim gave him so decided an advantage, that there appeared almost an absurdity in the contest.

To the beholders the brothers appeared on terms of the best fellowship, and their encounter was evidently one of playful sport;—yet the reader knows the fierce contending passions which raged in the bosom of one, and it is possible that the recollection of many a taunt implied, if not avowed, and, above all, the unlucky

blow which had fallen on the poor hound immediately preceding his departure, might have warmed Gaston's naturally gentle feelings to something approaching anger. However this might be, after a severe struggle, the "new trick" succeeded, and Iobaim was thrown to the ground with considerable violence. The victory once decided, Gaston held out his hand, and would have raised his fallen antagonist, but the offer was ungraciously declined, and it was evident that the vexation and resentment of Iobaim were with difficulty kept within due bounds. His pent up rage, however, found but too soon an opportunity of bursting forth.

The youths were side by side, leisurely resuming the garments they had cast off, when Iobaim was attracted by the blue ribbon which hung round Gaston's neck. Nay, he claimed it as his own, maintaining, with angry words and fierce gestures, that its hue and texture were too familiar to be mistaken. Gaston persisted in asserting his right to the object of their dispute, and even refused to yield it to his brother's nearer inspection. But this time he was as a reed in that brother's hands; for Iobaim grasped his throat with a strength almost supernatural, and snatched from him the prize, before the bystanders, if inclined to do so, could have interfered. Yet when the ribbon, broken in the struggle, remained in his grasp, he stood for a moment motionless and spell-bound, while Gaston reeled half fainting to the nearest seat. After all, it was not the cherished band Iobaim had believed it to be, but one precisely similar, though securely fastened

to a small bag of a thick material, containing a few grains of some dark powder. Even while he gazed in mute astonishment, an attendant raised from the ground its very fellow—the ribbon which Iobaim had stolen months before from the palfrey of Beatrix.

Gaston trembled. Some mystery was evidently connected with the prize that had been thus forcibly wrested from him; and Iobaim determined at once to refer the matter to their father. The Count insisted on an instant explanation, and Gaston told his story with the boldness of truth. He told how his heart had mourned at his parent's alienation, and how bitter his disappointment was that his own efforts at a reconciliation had been unavailing. He expressed himself eloquently—too eloquently perhaps, while relating the kindness that had been shown him at Navarre, and he pointed to the rich presents he had brought home, and had already scattered around. But that which he prized most highly was the little bag, consecrated and charmed, though, alas! he feared its power had now departed. Strewed *secretly* on some viand of which the Count should partake, his uncle had assured him that this mysterious powder would have the power of restoring his mother to the entire confidence and affection of her lord. For this purpose had he guarded it carefully about his person, and had only waited an opportunity to prove its efficacy.

Iobaim laughed outright at this recital, and taunted Gaston with his weak credulity. "Nay, brother," replied the latter with an air of mock respect, "*you*

believe that the stars have power to influence graver matters even than that in dispute,—though to my poor judgment they seem to shine much the same whether a prince or a beggar is born ;—do let me, who am less aspiring, believe that the herbs of the field may more surely be bent to our purposes." Poor Gaston!—he could not have chosen a more ill-timed reproach. The wrath of Iobaim, however, was faint compared to that of the Count of Foix, who knew the King of Navarre, his treachery, and double dealings too well, to believe that he could entertain one friendly feeling towards himself. So far was he right, but in his blind rage he confounded the innocent with the guilty. With that rapidity of thought which has no comparison, he felt convinced that the drug was some deadly poison, and saw at a glance the consequences that would have resulted from a train thus artfully laid ;—his own death, and his youthful heir a mere tool in the hands of the King of Navarre. The Count gave utterance to this belief in passionate and broken exclamations, and, horror-stricken at the charge, yet startled into something like belief of the fearful truth, Gaston turned pale with dread,—a sign interpreted as full confirmation of his own guilt.

Then, with a composure more awful than his previous rage, the Count de Foix took the little bag from Iobaim and mixing its contents with some remains of the banquet, called Chéri, the favourite hound, to his side. The obedient creature swallowed the tempting morsel, and returned to its master ; but scarcely had it reached Gas-

ton's caressing hand, when, uttering a cry of anguish, the poor animal sank lifeless at his feet. All was horror and dismay; but Gaston, dreaming not that *he* should be accused of guilty intentions, suffered a lesser sorrow to engross him, and stooping to the ground, raised his dead favourite in his arms, and absolutely wept over it. Perhaps the exhibition of these feelings added to the anger of the enraged Count,—perhaps his wrath was already excited to the highest pitch;—however this might be, he struck Gaston, in his wild passion, a fearful blow. The youth staggered, and the horrible truth flashed across his mind;—he now understood that he was suspected of participating in the vile plot. Though almost fainting from the effects of the stinging blow, he raised his hands, exclaiming, in accents that should have proclaimed their truth, "Father! father! believe that I am innocent, by all that is most"——

But his speech was cut short by another and more fatal blow, for this time some sharp instrument, which the Count chanced to hold in his hand, inflicted a deep wound in poor Gaston's throat; and he sank upon the ground, while the red tide flowed fast away. Attendants gathered round, and raising the insensible form, conveyed it to his chamber.

The wound was carefully dressed, but the heir of Foix was, by his father's commands, to be considered as a prisoner. By the same cruel orders he was left alone; and oh! how wearily in anguish of mind, and in bodily suffering, must the lagging hours have passed. No mother's gentle touch, or soothing voice,

was near; no Beatrix, whose presence was sunshine, and whose accents were music; no father, that he might have loved, had he feared him less; not even poor Chéri, whose sparkling eye had so often beamed with almost more than brute intelligence, and whose silent yet most eloquent attachment had been the solace of many cheerless moments! Yet if Gaston shed scalding tears, and experienced bitter anguish, there was one in the castle of Foix that night, whose sufferings, though springing from such different sources, at least matched his own.

Iobaim's nature was not one to seek relief in the puerile display of emotions. Even had the cause for it been known, few would have guessed how wildly sharp-fanged remorse had seized his heart. But he sought not rest; and when midnight approached, and the inmates of the castle were wrapped in slumber, his troubled spirit led him to the loftiest rampart, and there did he pace for hours in the contemplation of those mysterious orbs which he believed had exerted so sanguinary an influence. A superstitious dread at first assailed him, and he trembled almost at his own shadow; but after a while, this gave place to a calmer and holier feeling, though the omnipresence of a spiritual power seemed still as perceptible to his mind. Whether these emotions suggested an atonement, or with what intentions he sought the chamber of Gaston, destiny has not developed;—enough, that in the silence of night he bent his steps in that direction.

Softly withdrawing a massive bolt which fastened

the outside of the door, Iobaim entered. The flickering of a feeble lamp was almost overpowered by the flood of moonlight that streamed into the chamber, and shed its pale rays exactly across the bed on which Gaston lay. At first the intruder thought he slept; but, approaching nearer, an indescribable feeling of horror possessed him. Gaston was stretched on one side of the pallet, which was placed a few inches from the wall, and his right hand hung down lifelessly till it almost touched the floor. One finger was deeply crimsoned, and on the wall above were these words, traced in the red stream that had ebbed away, "Father! I am inno"—— The dictating will, or the feeble hand, had refused to complete the sentence. In his sad solitude, poor Gaston's wound had broken out afresh, and there rested all that earth could claim of him on whom the last sun had risen full of hope and joy;—there he lay, his rich fair hair clotted with crimson stains, "his silver skin laced with his golden blood!"

In looking back on deeds like this, which history has faithfully recorded, we do not always make sufficient allowance for the barbarous customs of the age; we do not consider how lightly human life was thought of, or how commonly all the finer sensibilities were checked. The Count de Foix was human, and must have felt some horror at the result of his own wild passion; but to tell that the manner of his son's death —a son whom he had never greatly loved—made any lasting impression on his mind, would only be to mislead. The breach between himself and the Countess

became yet wider, and was never entirely healed; while history tells us that he did succeed in procuring the acknowledgment of Iobaim for his heir, although on his decease fierce struggles ensued, and Iobaim was obliged to yield both title and inheritance to the legitimate successor and cousin of the Count, the Lord of Castellon.

Of Iobaim a few words must be said; though whether he eased his conscience by a confession of the share *he believed* he had had in Gaston's fate, to his father, or to a priest, is uncertain; but the latter supposition is the more in accordance with the spirit of the age and his own peculiar circumstances. As he had foreseen, overtures were shortly made for the hand of the Lady Beatrix; but either the Lord of Armaignac felt some misgivings as to Iobaim's true position, or was less anxious to preserve the amicable understanding which prevailed: certain it is his proposals were declined. Possibly the father—however unusual a proceeding—might have listened to his child's entreaties, or probably his hasty quarrel with the Milanese was as hastily healed. Once more the lovers were united, and they who had parted in such anguish, and had passed through such bitter ordeals, met to be no more severed. It must not however be supposed that Iobaim submitted quietly to his rejection, for his passionate heart, and his proud spirit, alike rebelled at the decree. At last, though all hope of winning her had faded away, he demanded a private interview with the Lady Beatrix, and though startled by the

request, the Count of Armaignac granted it, for he was little inclined to sow yet more thickly the seeds of dissension.

Beatrix was seated at her embroidery, listening to the same minstrel, and perhaps to the same lay that had attracted her attention at Navarre on a well remembered night, when he who was now called the heir of Foix arrived at her father's castle, with all the pomp and retinue of rank and state. He came for the interview which had been almost as strangely sought as ceded. The Vicomte of Milan rose with a smile, and Beatrix yielding herself for a moment to his fond embrace, he left the chamber almost at the moment that Iobaim entered by a different door.

Why had he sought her? Himself perhaps could hardly tell: and certainly he stood for many minutes almost speechless before her. But words, though perhaps some of them unbidden, came at last, the strong eloquence of deep feeling, and he painted, as such words even can do but feebly, the whole career of his love. Beatrix was moved, for she had little suspected the intensity of his attachment, and utterly despairing as he did, compassion *from her* was consolation.—The hour-glass had been turned, and yet he lingered, when a tear, truly one of sorrow and pity, in the eye of Beatrix, emboldened him to take her hand. It was not withdrawn, though so completely had the better feelings of his nature been touched by his manner, that he knew himself a very slave before her. He felt the moment of parting had arrived, and he made a

movement as if to wreathe one daring arm around her waist. Only feebly did Beatrix repulse him,—but she answered, "This very morning another has clasped me."

The arm was withdrawn, and then he asked one first, and last, and only time, to touch her lips; and she answered, "Would you value a kiss from lips that yet tremble from another's pressure?"

Iobaim was subdued—stooping he kissed some portion of her garments, and left the room with hasty and unequal steps. They never met again; but the young Vicomte of Milan, who in another week was the husband of Beatrix, once in after years received a signal service at his hands. For Iobaim's future career, the old chronicles tell us, that after being compelled to yield all claim to the heritage of Foix, he entered the service of Charles the Sixth of France, where he held several offices of trust about the court, and was distinguished by many acts of bravery. He met his death on that disastrous occasion, the fright attending which caused the fatal imbecility of Charles.

TO GENEVIEVE.

BY THOMAS HENRY STONE.

"'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life,
A tale of silent suffering hardly clothed
In bodily form."

WORDSWORTH.

How many years, dear Genevieve, have I
  Uplifted solemn offerings to thee?
How many hopes with which my heart beat high
  For thy dear sake have ever haunted me?
Thou knew'st it not, perchance, thou couldst not know
The secret of the breast that loved thee so, —
The doubts, the fears,—the agonies which threw
Into its inmost depths a troubled hue,
Such as the troubled shadows which deform
The ocean's bosom when it heaves with storm!
Thou knew'st it not! or pity's holiest ray,
Had smiling chased the gathering spell away;
But now—alas! how many years have pass'd—
On what bleak rock of anguish is he cast!

Behold—'tis Autumn! every mountain height,
Is crimsoned with her own exceeding light;

The forest-boughs are shrouded with sere leaves,
'Midst which the wind in dirge-like murmur grieves,
Wafting with every sigh of its unrest
A withered leaflet to the earth's cold breast!
The sun too sinks! It is an hour of gloom
Prophetic of a soul's impassioned doom,
Which soared its own dim destiny above,
Daring a mortal for a seraph's love!
He walked that hour, dear Genevieve, with thee,
And the great spirit of the scene set free
The tempest of his soul!—His quivering lips
Soon lost their utterance, as in blank eclipse
The sun its light! He could not—dared not brook
The tender feeling in thy downcast look;
What didst thou say? "Oh! do not idly deem
That proud affection's deeply moving stream
Will, aye, recurve one wave; or find perforce
A deeper channel—or a happier course!"
Again she speaks—his throbbing heart beats fast—
Hath some new grief its painful shadow cast
Beneath his steps?—"*Inconstant*"—"Lady, how
May that reproof be fingered on his brow?
Hath he not worn, as other men, his chain
With all its links of weariness and pain?
Have not the clouds of this disastrous life
In storms swept past him, heeding not their strife?
Whilst thou above them wert the only star
He watched, he hailed, he worshipped from afar!
Oh! with what deep intensity of pain
Hath thy dear image flitted through his brain!

His be the torture—thine the just regret;
He loved thee ever,—and will love thee yet!"

The sun still sinks, and as they walk along,
The winter's herald, the sweet robin's song,
And vesper note of many an unknown bird
Unseen among the boughs are blithely heard!
The path-way narrows; now her azure eye
Uplifts its radiant beauty to the sky;
How doth his bosom inly vainly bleed!
She murmurs forth he holds an impious creed;
And human souls, if destined to unite,
Must blend like rays into one flood of light,
Hold but one faith, in one high temple make
The same atonement for dear Jesus' sake;
Their hearts, when kneeling at the altar stair,
Be as one fountain pouring forth one prayer,
And when subsides life's fastly ebbing wave,
Their very dust be mingled in one grave!
So the same bark, when life's rude storm is o'er,
Will bear them onward to a happier shore,
Which angels robed in dazzling beauty tread,
"The once beloved in life—the glory of the dead!"
Alas! dear Genevieve, and dost thou think
He reels a maniac on destruction's brink?
That the fond breast which doats on thee is left
A chasm of every holy ray bereft—
A gloom-encompassed sceptic's hollow cell,
Where doubt's annihilations dimly dwell?

How can his breaking heart or lips attest
The faith which thine so tenderly confessed?
"So dear to all who joy in Christian birth,"
The only light which sanctifies the earth!
Her words have fallen like a fatal blight
On flowers half blown! A sudden fearful night
Hath darkened on his soul! A heart is crushed
Whose life-blood for her sake had joyous gushed!
He paused—the tear-drop trembled in her eye;
—But further now he deigned not a reply!

In twilight shade they lingered yet awhile,
Then parted—with a melancholy smile—
But, oh! the torture of his inmost breast!
The wintry wind may rave itself to rest,
The ocean cease its murmurs—ere the tide
Of that strong passion in his heart subside.
How hath he loved thee! Yea, will love thee still!
Affections bow not to the human will.
They are the Heaven within us! They control
Our being's wanderings to its final goal;
They are of subtle essence, and pervade
The inmost forms wherein we are arrayed
Here and hereafter!—Therefore marvel not
They over-rule mortality's frail lot
With such omnipotence of pain, and make
The darkening stream of our existence take
A course impetuous as the torrent swift,
Whose foam-lit locks the raging tempests lift

In mockery to the skies! Ah! woe are we!
But Heaven's protecting hand avert from thee,
All pain, and grief, and inward misery!
May never tear bedim thy bright blue eye;
And when thou liftest up thy prayers on high,
May all thou askest from above be shed,
With grace and blessing down on thy dear head! —
May health's soft luxuries for ever bless,
With all its glowing hues, thy loveliness, —
And when thy beauty lies reposed in sleep,
May sweetest visions round its breathings sweep,
As moonlight with a soft and holy power
Circles the beauty of a sleeping flower!

SIMILES.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Even as a lake o'er whose calm glossy breast
Soft shadows flit, nor leave a transient trace,
Is mind, when in it thoughts but briefly rest,
And a new image doth the last efface;
Or like bright sunshine on the dewy earth,
O'er which faint fleeting shadows idly pass,
Of birds and butterflies, in summer mirth,
Floating in air athwart the verdant grass,
As passing objects show within a glass.



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SING AWAY!

(FOR MUSIC.)

Sing! sing!—there is nothing like singing!
The stars sing above us, the ocean below;
The trees in delight their old branches are swinging,
As through them the squalling winds go.

Sing! sing!—there is nothing like music
In weal or in wo to shorten the day;
Are you merry or sad? are you well, or are you sick?
The plan is the same,—sing away!

Sing! sing!—and ne'er in the middle stick,
Nature herself is a grand medley song,
The stream and the pebble are fiddle and fiddle stick—
All things to music belong.

The heart of a young girl is but a piano,
For Love with his magical fingers to play;
Mar not the beautiful strain, naughty man O!
But sing!—sing away! sing away!

LEITCH RITCHIE.

THE DEPARTED.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

The beautiful hath vanished! Like the flower
Tended through storm and shine with kindliest care,
Which had survived the winter's dreariest hour,
And faded when its hues the loveliest were:—
In the glad Spring-time's morn,
When the warm sunbeam kissed its beauty mild,
Then, from its soil uptorn,
Lay cold and crushed that human flower, our Child,
And hope was changed to grief.

That bitter grief no wild lament need say—
Noiseless and calm the deepest waters flow—
And ours is measureless; for, day by day,
More strong and sad its bitterness doth grow.
Our hope of hopes is gone!
Vanished from heart and home is one dear light:
The best of life is done,
For on its sunshine hath descended night,
Starless, and murk, and cold.

Not now, with bounding spirit, do we drain
Hope's charmed chalice as we did of yore;
Nor, questioning the Future, strive to gain
Knowledge of all the good she had in store.
The past—the past alone
Holds in her cells the treasures which we prize;
The memory of the gone—
The smile—the glance—whate'er the grave denies,
It yields them all again.

Not where the light jest speeds, where smilers come,
Breathe we thy name, departed Child of Earth;
But in the unwonted silence of our home—
That home once joyous with thy heartful mirth,
When, on thy vacant chair
Sadly we look and miss thee from thy place—
Miss thy high forehead fair,—
Thy full, dark eyes—thy curls—thy radiant face—
Thy laugh, like mirthful music.

Like a bright dream thy sojourn seems to be—
A brilliancy no sooner here than past.
We miss thy quick, light step,—thy glance of glee,—
Thy graceful form,—all, all too fair to last.
We miss thy thought-crowned brow,
Thy cheerful converse and thy gentlest voice,
Like far-off music, low;
Yet such as made even strangers' hearts rejoice—
Sadly we miss them now.

Often, in summer-gloaming, hand in and,
We sit together where thy smiles have been,—
Sometimes in silence, sometimes in a bland
And mournful converse suited to the scene,
We talk of days gone by,
Filled with bright promise of the coming years,
When thou, fair child, wert nigh—
And, talking thus, our eyes are filled with tears,
Whose fount is in the heart.

Thou wert a child in years, oh, daughter mine!
But thy young mind was ripe before its time,
For thou didst love to read, in lore divine,
High expiation for all human crime.
With earnest thought and look
Didst thou explore the treasures of the Word,
And, from His blessed Book,
Thy spirit drew its commune with the Lord—
Hast thou not such above?

Surely, oh earthly flower, thou art with him!
Surely, beloved child, thou art in heaven;
Before whose light the joys of life grow dim!
For faith and hope to thee were early given.
Surely there is a time,
When *this* life faileth and *this* sight grows dull,
When, in that sphere sublime,
The hearts that mourn will join their beautiful,
Never to part again.

We grieve,—but we repine not. On the stem
Which bore thy fragrance yet remains one flower,
Our last of living hopes,—and oh! from them
Fain do we pray that we retain *this* dower.
The youngest born hath fled
From earth's affliction to the better sphere;
One brother of the Dead,
Bearing her semblance, yet doth linger here.
Lord, spare him unto us!

SONNET,

ON BURNING A PARCEL OF OLD MSS.

Wrecks of forgotten thought, or disapproved,
Farewell!—And as your smouldering flames ascend,
Read me a parting lesson! As the friend
Familiar once, but since less fondly loved,
(Dire spite of earthly chance!) and wide removed,
(With earthquake of the heart!) has ceased to blend
Warmth with my warmth, and sympathies extend
Where mine are linked and locked!—Had I but proved
Earlier your weakness!—Yet not all in vain
Do I receive your warning. On I hie
All unrepressed, though cautious, nor complain
Of faint essays in tottering infancy.
Enough, if, cleansed at last from earthly stain,
My homeward march be firm, and pure my evening sky.

J. F. W. H.

THE TEACHER OF TEKKATHO.

COMMUNICATED BY COLONEL BURNEY.

[The following is translated from a small volume of stories in the Burmese language, compiled for the amusement of a King of Ava, Mendaragyee, when he was Prince of Badoun, the same person to whom Colonel Symes was deputed, and whose Burmese title signifies, "Great Lord of Righteousness." The scene is laid in Central India, the scene of the sacred histories of Boodh, and it is possible that the Sanscrit scholar may trace some of these stories in works in that language.

The original was presented to Colonel Burney by *Mekkhara Mentha*, or the Prince of Mekkhara, a very remarkable personage, who is styled by the English officers "the philosopher-prince," from the advancement he has made in literature and science. His knowledge of English is considerable, in which language he possesses Rees' Cyclopedia and other works; but he is more especially given to the study of the exact sciences]

The conversation and actions of all men correspond with their lineage and their natural habits; and I will give you instances shewing how to recognize the lineage and natural habits of men from hearing their conversation and seeing their actions.

Four men, the sons of a king, a Bramin, a merchant, and a rich man, having completed their studies in the city of Tekkatho, were returning home together. On arriving at a city called Adattapoora, the rich man's son admired most the man who sought after wealth by means of his own exertions; the merchant's son preferred him who sought after wealth by means of trade; the Bramin's son extolled the man who was filled with

learning and wisdom; and the king's son held forth in praise of fortresses, elephants, horses, and bodies of armed men. Thus, each was pleased with that which was suitable to his lineage or extraction, and this is an instance showing that the tastes of individuals correspond with their lineage.

A Bramin's son from Meitthila, a ship-captain's son from Kauthambee, a physician's son from Kaleinga, and a prince's son from Kaleingareet, having completed their studies under the Teacher of Tekkatho, made their obeisance to him, and informed him of their desire to return home. The teacher said, "My sons, do each of you select and take with you that which you like best among my property." The Bramin's son selected a *chank* shell opening to the right. The ship captain's son the book called *Tha-moudareet Kyan* (relating to the sea and navigation.) The physician's son selected the *Beindhau Kyan* (a work on medicine, describing the ninety-four diseases to which the human frame, according to the Burmese, is subject, and the remedies for each.) The prince's son selected the *Thenenga-bhyooha Kyan* (a book on the art of war.) Thus, each of these four men liked that which was suitable to his birth and natural habits, and this is an instance shewing how to recognize the birth and natural habits of men.

A washerman's son who worked in the city of Anouradha, after some time had a son born, from the date of whose birth the washerman's wealth and property increased, and he became a rich man. As soon

as the son attained a suitable age he was married to the daughter of a man of large fortune, and became the father of a little girl. This little girl, as soon as she was able to walk, amused herself by picking up dirty rags, and rubbing and washing them upon a log of wood. This is an instance showing how to recognize lineage and natural habits from modes of amusement.

As four young men, after they had completed their studies under the teacher of Tekkatho, were returning home, they met a woman who was walking with her arms and body much agitated, and who looked kindly at the four young men. One of them observed, "This woman has been turned out by her husband, and she is coming to seek our protection." On being asked why she was coming, she replied, "My husband has turned me out." One of the young men remarked, "But you have a son, and cannot he supply the place of your husband?" she asked, "How do you know that I have a son?" He answered, "Because your body inclines to the left, and your right leg does not move with the rest of your body." (A physiological fancy of the Burmese.) She then attended to the advice of those four young men, and returned home.

The four men, soon after, met with another woman, whose countenance was overcast, the veins in her body swelled, and her hair not dressed. One of the young men said, "This woman is angry with her husband, and is returning to the house of her parents." The other three men went up to her good humouredly, and

said, "Sister, why are you coming away so angry, for one or two words only?" She replied, "It is not for one or two words, but for a great many that I am coming away." The young men advised her, and persuaded her to return home. They then met with a woman, who, on seeing them, retired into the thick jungle. They followed to see who she was, but one of them stopped and said, "On consideration, I think she is a runaway slave, and before long we shall meet the rich man's servant in pursuit of her; he will ask us whether we met her, and if we say we are students returning from Tekkatho, and have not seen her, he will return home." Shortly after, the pursuer met them, and on hearing their answer, went back.

They next saw a woman who had quarrelled with her husband, and was sitting under a tree with her head covered up, and crying. One of the young men said, "This woman is come here dissatisfied with the husband to whom her parents have married her; before long we shall meet her husband, who will ask us if we have seen her, and on our describing her situation he will go and take her home." It happened as the man had said,—they met the husband, who, on learning where his wife was, went and took her home. These are instances, shewing how to know who women are on seeing their actions.

Four young men, the sons of rich men, went with money from the city of Bhahoodana to study under the Teacher of Tekkatho; and having completed their studies, made their obeisance to the teacher, and set

out to return home together. On the road they saw the tracks of an elephant's feet, and one of the young men observed, "The elephant which passed over this ground will pursue a wild dog and fall down a precipice." Shortly after, they saw the elephant pursue a wild dog, and fall down a precipice. On advancing further they saw in a woody spot the tracks of another elephant's feet. The same man observed, "This elephant has a tusk in the right side only, and none on the left, and he is blind of his right eye;" and on coming up with the animal, they found him as had been described by that man.

On continuing their route, they saw a Paddy bird flying towards them; the young man before mentioned observed, "We shall eat something white to-day, and it will not be altogether fresh;" and as they reached the city of Wèthalee just as some boiled rice and milk were being served out to the priests, they obtained a portion. The other three young men then said, "We all studied together under the same teacher; but one of us excels, which must be owing to the teacher having taught him more; let us go back and learn as much as he knows." They enquired for the shortest road from Wèthalee to Tekkatho, and all set off together to return to their teacher. On the road they observed a Braminy goose flying with a stalk of paddy in its beak. The three men said, "We shall get through our journey quickly;" but the fourth young man said, "I think, my friends, we shall suffer from hunger and thirst." They travelled eighty or ninety miles without

meeting with a drop of water to drink. At last they heard the croaking of a frog, when the last-mentioned young man observed, "We shall now get some water to drink." The other three men said, "Where shall we find water in such a thick jungle as this?" The young man, however, went to the spot from which the sound of the croaking of the frog issued, and on examination discovered a well fifty cubits deep, and the mouth ten cubits in diameter, from which they all drank water. Journeying on, they heard the cooing of a dove; the young man said, "The village is near, and we shall now get something to eat;" but the other three men would not believe him. On advancing further, however, they came to a village where they obtained something to eat. After leaving that village, they reached the house of the Teacher of Tekkatho, who asked the cause of their returning to him; they said, "We all four studied together under you; but as one of us excels in knowledge, we are dissatisfied, and have come back to you." The teacher asked, "In what manner does one of you know more than the other?" The three men said, "We cannot foretell events correctly; but this young man can." And they then repeated to the teacher all that had passed. The teacher asked the young man how he came to know that the elephant would follow a wild dog, and in the pursuit fall over a precipice? He answered, "Because I saw the wild dog coming towards us, turn, and run up the side of a hill, and I supposed that the elephant was pursuing, and that it would fall over on

the other side." On being asked how he knew, on seeing the track of the other elephant, that it had but one tusk, that on the right side, and but one eye, that on its left side? He answered, "Because the impressions of the feet of an elephant that is not blind are all alike; but of one that is blind on the right side, the impressions of his feet on that side are soft or shallow, whilst those of his feet on the side on which he can see, are deep; and it is the nature of elephants to exercise more force on the left than on the right side; and as I saw that the animal had been picking up the leaves and branches of trees with his right tusk, I supposed that he had that tusk only."

When asked how he knew, on seeing a paddy bird, that they should have something white to eat? he answered, "I said so because the animal was white; and because its feet were dark-coloured, I said that what we should get to eat would not be altogether fresh."

When asked how he knew, on seeing a Braminy goose flying with a stalk of paddy, that they should suffer from thirst and hunger? he answered, "Because I saw the animal carrying off the food of man." When asked how he knew, on hearing the croaking of a frog, that they were going to have some water to drink? he answered, "Because a frog is naturally attached to water, and usually lives near it." When asked, how he knew, on hearing the cooing of a dove, that they were near a village, and would get something to eat? he answered, "Because it is the nature of doves to live on the same food as man." The young man thus ex-

plained, that he had observed and reflected on every thing with judgment and wisdom, and he received the praises of the Teacher, who said, "My son, you are full of observation, and reflection and judgment."

The Teacher then delivered a sum of money, and a new earthen pot to each of the four rich men's sons, and gave them a commission to go and buy the pot full of oil, and ten betel nuts, with five ticals weight of betel leaves, to rub some of the oil on their heads, and eat some of the betel nuts and betel leaf, and yet bring him the pot completely full of oil, and the betel nut and betel leaves complete in number and weight.

The clever man, after getting his earthen pot filled with oil, pretended that it was not genuine sesamum oil, and poured it back into the seller's jar. Some of the oil was thus absorbed by the pot, and some he rubbed off and applied to his head. He then had the earthen pot filled again. The other three men purchased their oil at once, and could take none to rub on their heads, nor did their pots keep full. The clever man, when buying the betel, put up separately the inferior leaves, and shook all the water out, and after making his purchase, he soaked the leaves again in water, and with the inferior leaves, that he had put up separately, he ate some pieces of betel-nut, which he pared off from the upper surface of the ten betel-nuts.

The other three men bought their betel-leaf without shaking out the water, and ate some of the leaf with a portion of the betel-nut, which they cut in pieces.

When they returned to the Teacher, and he ex-

amined their purchases, he said, "I sent you all at the same time; but one man, being full of judgment and reflection, has his pot full of oil without any deficiency, and betel-nut and betel-leaf, complete in weight and number. He has applied some oil to his head also, and has eaten some of the betel-leaf and betel-nut; but the other three men, from possessing no judgment or reflection, have not their purchases complete in weight and number, nor have they applied any oil to their heads. I taught wisdom and learning to all of you equally; but because this man wisely considers, and reflects before he foretells events, his predictions prove correct.

The three men not being satisfied, the Teacher sent them all again with another commission. He gave to each of them ten betel-nuts, and a betel-nut cutter, tied up in a handkerchief, and desired them to go and make a religious offering of some of the nut, give some to their parents, present some to the king, and eat some themselves, and then return with the same nuts, undiminished in number.

The four men went and did as the Teacher directed; but the clever man, in order to preserve the number of his nuts complete, used only the outer surface, which he pared off; whilst the other three men having cut and divided their betel-nuts into pieces, diminished their number. On returning to the Teacher, and delivering their respective handkerchiefs, the Teacher pointed out the difference, and observed, "I taught you all equally, and now gave you the same commis-

sion. Three of you could not do as I required, one of you only has done so."

The three men being still dissatisfied, the Teacher sent them again with another commission. He gave to each of them the same sum of money, and desired them to go to the bazaar before noon, just before his dinner-hour, and buy some ducks' eggs, and bring them in time for him to eat them with his dinner.

The clever man having bought the ducks' eggs, procured a pot and some unslacked lime, and having put the eggs and lime into the pot, poured some water in, and tying a string round the pot, brought the whole together. On the road the slacking of the lime boiled the eggs, which reached the Teacher at his dinner-time, and were eaten by him.

The other three men having gone to a village to boil the eggs, did not arrive until afternoon. The Teacher pointed out the difference, and observed again, "I taught you all in the same proportion; but three of you do not possess reflection or judgment, and one of you being replete in such qualities, whatever he foretells or observes is true and correct. I have not taught him more." Having given them a good deal of instruction in this manner, the three men were satisfied, and they all set out to return home together.

On their return, the three men consulted among themselves, and observed, "We shall be ridiculed and censured by all men, when we get back to the city, because this man excels us; and although we all went and studied at the same time, we were unable to learn

as much as he knows. Let us therefore put him to death." The clever man observing that the other three did not share with him whatever they procured on the road, but ate it by themselves, and that they acted in an unfriendly manner, never speaking to him, was satisfied that they entertained some evil design against him, and that he had better not accompany them. He fell behind, and hid himself in the jungle, and afterwards went back to the Teacher. The other three men searched for him, and not finding him, proceeded on their journey, finding fault with each other until they reached the city of Anooroudah. The clever man remained a whole year with the Teacher, and having acquired a great variety of additional knowledge and information, returned to the village where his parents dwelt, and attained much wealth and happiness, and became eminent in good works.

This story is worthy of the notice of clever men. Although these three men possessed learning, they did not exert themselves suitably to the occasion, and hence their learning was of no use, and they failed. Therefore men possessing learning and information, ought to exert themselves according to the circumstances observed by them, and then there will be advantage, and no blame in whatever they do.

The above is an instance of persons failing from the circumstance of their not having exerted themselves in conformity with what they saw and observed.

H. B.

Ava, January 30, 1834.

THE PEARL-WEARER.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

[It is recorded of a pearl-diver, that he died (from over-exertion or some other cause) immediately after he had reached the land or boat from which he had plunged; and that, amongst the shells which he brought up, was one that contained a pearl of surpassing size and beauty.]

WITHIN the midnight of her hair,
Half-hidden in its deepest deeps,
A single peerless, priceless pearl,
(All filmy-eyed,) for ever sleeps.
Without the diamond's sparkling eyes,
The ruby's blushes,—there it lies,
Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil 's withdrawn,
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale!
Yet,—what doth all avail?
All its beauty, all its grace?
All the honours of its place?
He who plucked it from its bed
In the far blue Indian ocean,
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthy dwelling,—dead!
And his children, one by one,
When they look upon the sun,

Curse the toil, by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

Gentle bride, no longer wear,
In thy night-black odorous hair,
Such a spoil. It is not fit
That a tender soul should sit
Under such accursed gem!
What need'st *thou* a diadem?—
Thou, within whose eastern eyes,
Thought (a starry Genius!) lies?—
Thou, whom Beauty has arrayed?—
Thou, whom Love and Truth have made
Beautiful,—in whom we trace
Woman's softness—angel's grace—
All we hope for,—all that streams
Upon us, in our haunted dreams?

O sweet Lady! cast aside,
With a gentle, noble pride,
All to sin or pain allied!
Let the wild-eyed conqueror wear
The bloody laurel in his hair!
Let the black and snaky vine
'Round the drinker's temples twine!
Let the slave-begotten gold
Weigh on bosoms hard and cold!
But be Thou for ever known
By thy natural light alone!

DANTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND,
BY L. J. BERNAYS.

Was it but a gate of Florence?
Seemed it not a gate of Heaven,
Whence upon a sunbright morning,
Forth a festive throng was given?
Children fair as purest angels,
O'er their brows the bright flowers glancing,
To the vale of roses hasted,
To the glad and festive dancing.
'Neath a laurel tree stood Dante,
Summers nine had o'er him fleeted;
In the loveliest of the maidens,
He his destined angel greeted.
Rustled not that leafy laurel,
By the summer breezes shaken?
When the breath of love thrilled through him,
Did not his young soul awaken?
Yes! that moment from his bosom
Forth the tide of song was pouring,

And in canzonets and sonnets,
High his early love was soaring.
When in blooming womanhood
Once again he meets that maiden,
High his muse hath reared her head,
Like a tree with blossoms laden.
From the gates of Florence now,
Lo! in sorrow unavailing,
Moves a train with footsteps tardy,
To the sound of grief and wailing.
Underneath yon gloomy pall,
Crowned with wreaths of purest white,
Borne along is Beatrice:
Death too soon hath quenched her light.
In his chamber lone sat Dante,
Day's last beams around him languish,
Heard the death-bell's sullen voice,—
Veiled his head in speechless anguish:
To the forest's deepest shades,
Sad the noble bard descended;
Henceforth sounds of death-bells tolling
With his songs for ever blended.
But amid the wildest deserts
Where he wandered broken-hearted,
Came a message-bearing angel,
Sent him by the blest departed;
Who with faithful guiding hand
Through hell's deep abysses led him,
Where the accursed ones beholding,
All his earthly sorrows fled him.

Then from out those gloomy regions,
Up he rose to light immortal;
There his lost one flew to meet him
From the sky's eternal portal;
High in air they soared together
Where Heaven's glorious light was blazing,
She with glances fixed, undazzled
On the Sun of suns was gazing:
He with eyes on her directed,
Following still her course supernal,
Viewed the rays from her reflected,—
Thus beheld the light eternal:
And in one divinest poem,
All these wonders he hath written,
Like the lines by lightning graven
On a rock its might hath smitten.
Rightly then, thou glorious bard,
Was thy lofty title* given,
Dante, thou whose earthly love
Thus was sanctified in Heaven.

* "The Divine."

A LEGEND OF CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

Gentle reader! have you ever looked on a family portrait, till you began to take an indescribable interest in the individual represented? Did you ever gaze on the fixed eyes, till you have fancied that they returned your glance? Did you ever watch the calm set smile, till it seemed instinct with life, expression, and intelligence? If you can answer "yes" to this string of interrogatories, read my story,—if *not*, you are too matter-of-fact a being for me: go, and stuff your pericranium with the "Bridgewater Treatises." There was once upon a time hung up in a certain library, a certain portrait, not particularly well painted, but particularly interesting to me. It was the likeness of an auld-world captain in the navy, accoutred in a queerly fashioned blue coat, trimmed with gold lace, a prodigiously long waistcoat, and a cravat tied in the neatest style — a sort of Sir Charles Grandison of the quarter-deck—polite, handsome, and courteous-looking. The calm expanse of a noble forehead, the mild, well opened, hazel eyes, the regularly arched brows, the delicate, and accurately chiselled lips, the faint smile, half affectionate, half melancholy, the nose bordering

on the aristocratic aquiline,—combined to form a face of peculiar beauty and attraction. This brave, but gentle-hearted man died of a broken heart. Our ancestors had emigrated with some of the Fairfax family (to whom they were nearly related) in Charles the First's time, to America, and when that country threw off her allegiance, my grandfather, who was in the British navy, was rendered so miserable by the unnatural contest, that though still unalterably attached to his monarch, he proved also his love for the land of his birth—he died for her! Now we never hear of a thick iron bar breaking suddenly in twain, so we may conclude that, to use a vulgar nautical phrase, Captain Danvers would never have set the "Thames on fire,"—in short, that though an accomplished, chivalrous and amiable being, my poor grandfather was by no means gifted with strong sense, or great abilities; he was, in fact, a mild sailor, benevolent, and superstitious, full of tenderness and sensibility:—so having introduced you, kind reader, to the old man, I will just beg you to fancy, or *pretend,* as children say, that you are looking upon two equestrians proceeding from Cowes to Carisbrooke Castle, then the occasional residence of the governor of the Isle of Wight, the Duke of Bolton,—those mounted gentlemen, you must also bear in mind, are the two Danverses—my grandfather, and his eldest son.

It was one of those cold bleak mornings, when the grey hue of an all-clouded sky casts a sombre reflection on the dry, crisp earth; not a breath of air curdled the lead-coloured surface of the listless sea, as it lay

stretched and motionless between the lovely island, and the opposite coast of Hampshire, like a dead snake coiled round the huge trunk of some gigantic tree : a marine fog had dropped a heavy curtain over the gently-swelling downs, as if the firmament partook of the benumbed languor of the frost-chained planet beneath ; all was silent, dull, and gloomy, save when a sea-bird winged her solitary way far over-head, and screamed with harsh discordant tones, as if to awaken the winds from their lethargic slumbers. The sails of the small fishing vessels in Cowes harbour, were either bound round their slender, reed-like masts, or were lazily flapping from side to side, the very image of inactive negligence ; while the noble squadron anchored at Spithead, looked like an immense forest of bulky, and enormous spears, so completely was every majestic ship denuded of every appearance of canvass. Towards the north, the flat though wooded banks of Hampshire were partially enveloped in a thick scarf of mist ; but occasionally bursts of country were so distinctly visible, that it seemed as if each shore had approached within speaking distance of the other, or as if a bridge of moderate dimensions could easily have united the riven coasts. *My* father involuntarily whistled,—*his* gravely rebuked so rash an expedient for beguiling the tedium of the road and hour,—" The storm will come soon enough, boy," remarked the experienced seaman, in allusion to a wild superstition prevalent in the navy ; " the storm will come soon enough, without your piping for it; look at the deep red glow in the east,

gradually spreading over the horizon, as if the dark faggotty clouds were in a state of conflagration: 'tis the nest of the lightning: where the sun should be visible, there is a regular chain-work of shower letting down from a dull mass of marbly vapour. Hark! do not you hear a distant growling as of an angry giant awakening from feverish sleep?—'tis thunder! Listen, how it rolls and rattles along the sky like a car laden with ordnance; the wild fowl are startled at the summons, which may be well called the declaration of elemental war; they shriek aloud when aroused from torpor, and their shrill clamour is like the fierce clang of a trumpet. See you not long battalions of geese, and widgeon, hanging out in cottony skeins across the lurid atmosphere? And there comes a sound from the distant shingles, as if breakers were boiling over and around them, and tearing up the sands near which they are sweeping in resistless energy. There is plenty of yeast too, brewing yonder beneath those treacherous waves, heaving towards Gurnet Bay. The smooth hypocrites! Who, unlearned in the sights and sounds peculiar to a marine life, would conceive that they are about to lash themselves into the very insanity of wrath?—Spur your horse, Edward,—gallop—gallop!"

Now Captain Danvers had about as much notion of riding as a Polar bear of blowing the flute, or an Esquimaux of dancing the Mazourka; and his son confessed that few spectacles could be more ludicrous than the one offered by his revered parent on the back of a

spirited courser. An aristocratic, graceful looking person at other times, every mark of birth or breeding disappeared the moment his foot was placed in the stirrup; he could not have guided the quietest roadster over Salisbury Plain, without looking like a drayman fainting from exertion; his visage acquired an eagerness of expression totally at variance with its usual benignity; his legs dangled loosely in stirrups always too short or long for the existing fashion; his arms were spread out like the wings of a hen over a brood of some dozen chickens, and his head was stretched far beyond the neck of the animal so strangely bestridden, thereby giving to his *tout ensemble* the air of a crane peeping over a precipice. He dreaded each bush that obstructed his path, yet pertinaciously careered across all such impediments,—why, was never ascertained with precision; but probably his conduct was the result of the same mysterious principle, which induces rogues to talk of their integrity, bullies of their courage, and ladies of their philosophical indifference; for alas! many people love to assert their claims to a quality, of which they do not possess a particle. The sequel of such hectoring horsemanship in this instance was an overthrow. Luckily, the fall occurred close to the village. My grandfather was conveyed to the "castle," bled by the apothecary, consigned to bed in the best chamber of the Governor's mansion, and moreover was informed with unnecessary exactitude that the said chamber was specially patronized by the Princess Elizabeth; for here that unhappy girl had

died, a short time after the murder of Charles I., and here, it was reported, did the royal ghost delight to moan, wander, and terrify every solitary individual out of his senses.

The night arrived, and never was a more noisy gale heard to sob and howl round the wild ruins and creaking casements of this lingering relic of feudal glory. An invalid, listening in all the gloom of solitude to the deep diapason of a mighty wind, is always a pitiable creature; for the wild, peculiar noises, which form a running accompaniment to the stern bass, or fife-like shriek of the infuriated elements, necessarily excite and torture the shattered nerves, rendered morbidly sensitive by fever and opiates: but when these anomalous sounds are heard from within the mysterious precincts of a haunted chamber, I openly confess my belief that there are few people but would be apt to peer around them with a certain feeling very different from a daylight curiosity. My poor grandfather was left alone, late at night, ill in body, nervous in mind, and fevered by the expectation of seeing something very unaccountable and peculiarly unpleasant. *Now* he fancied that his midnight visitor might appear either in the shape of Charles or Elizabeth, and anon visions of headless horses and huge black dogs sorely discomfited the son of Neptune, whose spirit would not have quailed when ploughing the billows of a stormy or unknown sea, or his cheek turned pale if his frigate had been grappling with a French three-decker.

"It *is* the crimson damask bedchamber," muttered the crest-fallen hero, "flanked by the small oratory of the Princess, who seems to have left as a legacy all her cast-off petticoats to furnish the curtains of this gloomy niche of a room. If I were not afraid of discovery, I would either ring for a lamp, or go in search of Edward; but then I must walk through other apartments, and pass that long dreary vestibule to boot; moreover, endure to be sneered at in the morning by every impertinent puppy at the Duke's breakfast-table. I wish I were in my grave, instead of this castle; I should be quiet there, at any rate."

A shrill whistling wind through a variety of key-holes, chinks, and crannies, added strength to this unreasonable desire, and my grandfather could not be easy till he had taken the candle in his shaking hand, unlocked all the closet-doors in the two rooms, and peered into the oddly-shaped cabinets and carved commodes, as if he had expected to find a ghost's paraphernalia coiled up at the bottom of every drawer in the vicinity. He then fastened the entrance of his chamber, and deemed himself to be at least safe from the imposition of any nefarious trick. Everything was quiet, save the howlings of the pitiless storm, "not a mouse was stirring;" the heavy wood-work of the window-frames loosely jangled in the chill breeze, and Captain Danvers thought he discerned a face peeping out between the bed-curtains. Of course his candle burnt in the socket, so he went towards the casement

to admit the rays of the moon. In this he was decidedly wrong: total darkness is less appalling to a superstitious and easily excited imagination, than a faint glimmering of light,—just as the certainty of the death of a beloved object is preferable to witnessing his constant agony. A portrait of Charles I. insensibly attracted his observation, and the grave serious eye of the ill-fated prince seemed to watch his movements, as he crossed the carpet to gaze on the ruinous prospect without; although he instinctively turned his back to the iron bars, which reminded him of the royal victim's agonizing disappointment. My grandfather shuddered as he looked with the excursive, flitting, investigating eye of watchful apprehension, in every direction but that of the north. The stump of an ungainly tree assumed, in that dreamy, shadowy radiance, the appearance of a man with a fantastically slouched hat, while the quivering ivy on the summit of a spiral-shaped piece of masonry, bore a still more striking resemblance to a figure bending forwards deprived of its head. There was, in short, no end of all the freaks of his fanciful superstition, or the fantastic vagaries to which the visionary light gave birth; even the placid moon, encircled by a dark cloud-wreath, made the Captain's thoughts revert to the pale face of a sailor's corpse, enveloped in his dreadnought great coat. It was no longer to be borne; that sombre view and mournful sky were absolutely awful to contemplate. He crept on tip-toe back to the crimson damask bed, and jumped upon the coverlid with the agility of a

thief escaping from a constable. Strange to say, fatigue and fear acted upon a debilitated frame as opiates, and he fell asleep. It was but the relief of a few minutes: he felt that something, he knew not what, awakened him from his brief repose, and as he opened his eyes, the deep-toned clock was striking one, the moon was playing at hide-and-seek with a portentous cloud, and the red embers of a once noble fire were finishing the game of "parson and clerk." At this moment the rustling of drapery marvellously added to my grandfather's nervous trepidation. He tried to consider the noise as proceeding from the loosened tapestry adorning the walls; but *no*, that was impossible,—the sound was not stationary, and one never heard of perambulating hangings; besides, the noise resembled the rustling of thick lutestring petticoats, walking hither and thither with singular rapidity. Twice did the sound approach and recede from the bed; my grandfather, the third time, sensibly felt the concussed air fan his feverish cheek, and in the desperation of alarm he was about to cover his head with the bedclothes, when a deep, solemn sigh smote upon his ear. There was no mistaking that sign of agony; it must have proceeded from a broken heart. The gasp of despair cannot be imitated; it is so hollow, so catching,—so slowly, so awfully distinct. Compassion vanquished fear, and Captain Danvers, feeling that the moon shone upon his eyes, opened them to gaze upon a slight shadowy figure, habited in the costume of one of Vandyke's portraits; long black hair streamed

round the spectre's swanlike throat, through which the cold clear light beamed as a lamp within an alabaster vase. Large, dark, melancholy eyes were fixed upon the ruins of the apartment where the martyred Charles had been immured, and every pale and accurately chiselled lineament proclaimed the daughter of that hapless King. There was something so sad, so inextinguishably wretched in the phantom's countenance,—there was so mournful an immortality of sorrow stamped on the young beauty of the open brow, that the old man gathered courage to demand whence the spirit came, and for what mysterious purpose?

The apparition glided with the noiseless precipitation of a thought from the ivied casement, close to the bed, lifted one transparent hand towards the portrait of the murdered monarch, and pressed the other on her broken heart, as if to express that *despair* is *guilt*, and that impatience under the chastisements of an all-wise Creator is punished in another world.

The shadow vanished!—at least, my grandfather fainted,—and my tale is come to a conclusion. In three years after this incident, Captain Danvers died of the same malady as that which had terminated the life of the interesting Princess.—Was the apparition a warning? No! I believe it to have been a trick; for the Duke loved a joke.

TO THE

MEMORY OF ONE MUCH LAMENTED,

WHO DIED FIVE MONTHS AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

BY ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

"Ah! weep for the living, weep not for the dead!"
L. E. L.

Bring flowers to deck the young bride's corse,
The sweetest flowers of spring;
The lily and the primrose pale
Shall be my offering.

A life, bright, brief, and beautiful,
To them, fair things, is given;
They meekly yield their forms to earth,
Their incense mounts to heaven.

Bring violets, you will find them there,
By yonder river-side;
Bring blossoms from the orange bough,
Meet to adorn a bride.

The wreath that crown'd her brow erewhile,
Can scarce have lost its bloom,
The flowers that decked her for the church
May deck her for the tomb!

Weep not for her, the happy one!
Who passed away at morn,
Before the roses on her path
Revealed a single thorn.

Weep not for her! Oh, rather bless
Her sweet untroubled sleep!
But weep for him whom death hath spared—
Weep for the bridegroom! Weep!

Weep for the widowed, and for him
Who weeps his first fair child!
Weep for the sister-band, who miss
The face that with them smiled!

Weep *not* for her, the sainted one,
Called thus so quickly home;
But weep for those who mourn above
The young bride's early tomb!

THE HILLS OF CARRARA.*

I.

Amidst a vale of springing leaves,
  Where spreads the vine its wandering root,
And cumbrous fall the autumnal sheaves,
  And olives shed their sable fruit,
And gentle winds, and waters never mute
  Make of young boughs and pebbles pure
One universal lute,
  And bright birds, through the myrtle copse obscure,
Pierce with quick notes, and plumage dipped in dew,
The silence and the shade of each lulled avenue,—

II.

Far in the depths of voiceless skies,
  Where calm and cold the stars are strewed,
The peaks of pale Carrara rise.
  Nor sound of storm, nor whirlwind rude,

* The mountains of Carrara, from which nearly all the marble now used in sculpture is derived, form by far the finest piece of hill scenery I know in Italy. They rise out of valleys of exquisite richness, being themselves singularly desolate, magnificent in form, and noble in elevation; but without forest on their flanks, and without one blade of grass on their summits.

Can break their chill of marble solitude ;
The crimson lightnings round their crest
May hold their fiery feud—
They hear not, nor reply ; their chasmèd rest
No flowret decks, nor herbage green, nor breath
Of moving thing can change their atmosphere of death.

III.

But far beneath, in folded sleep,
Faint forms of heavenly life are laid,
With pale brows and soft eyes, that keep
Sweet peace of unawakened shade,
Whose wreathed limbs, in robes of rock arrayed,
Fall like white waves on human thought,
In fitful dreams displayed ;
Deep through their secret homes of slumber sought,
They rise immortal, children of the day,
Gleaming with godlike forms on earth, and her decay.

IV.

Yes, where the bud hath brightest germ,
And broad the golden blossoms glow,
There glides the snake, and works the worm,
And black the earth is laid below.
Ah ! think not thou the souls of men to know,
By outward smiles in wildness worn ;
The words that jest at woe
Spring not less lightly, though the heart be torn—
The mocking heart, that scarcely dares confess
Even to itself, the strength of its own bitterness.

v.

Nor deem that they, whose words are cold,
Whose brows are dark, have hearts of steel;
The couchant strength, untraced, untold,
Of thoughts they keep, and throbs they feel,
May need an answering music to unseal;
Who knows what waves may stir the silent sea,
Beneath the low appeal
From distant shores, of winds unfelt by thee?
What sounds may wake within the winding shell,
Responsive to the charm of those who touch it well!

Christ Church, Oxford. J. R.



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THE CONVICT.

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THE CONVENT DOOR.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

Where—where is peace?—How oft the breast,
Ere stilled in death's untroubled rest,
Breathes forth the words!—how oft a sigh
Is all that echoes in reply!
Where—where is peace? Can wealth or gain,
The yearn'd-for, sought-for boon obtain?
Will glory—fame—ambition—power,
If won, confer the priceless dower?
Dwells it with love's seductive wile,
Or pleasure's bright and sunny smile?
Oh not with these, for all betray,
And own the taint of earth,—decay.
Religion only can impart
Peace to the wrung—the aching heart;
And she, who, crush'd 'neath sorrow's weight,
Is kneeling at the convent gate,
Its blessed promise comes to share,
And cheer with light her soul's despair.

And can it be, alas! we trace
Care's shadow on Ianthe's face?
So late with radiant starry glance,
And step the blythest in the dance,
And cheek whose bloom could e'en outvie
Her clime's rich sunset's gorgeous dye;
And now her rapture, changed to fears,
Her eyes' sweet lustre, dimm'd with tears—
Alas! one moment can destroy
The fragile links of human joy!
Morn saw her happy—buoyant—gay:
Noon came—her bliss had pass'd away!
It brought the fatal scroll to tell,
That he, her husband, lov'd so well,
Lay wounded on the battle plain,
Without her voice to soothe his pain.
Uncow'd by fear of warfare's strife,
She only felt she was his wife!—
That, let or weal or woe betide,
Her place was by her Guido's side.
But first that holy man she sought,
Whose precepts sage her childhood taught,
To ask a blessing and a prayer,
And to his gentle pious care
Her fair and treasur'd boy confide;
Implore his youthful steps to guide,
Should fate decree the kiss, which now
She prints upon his baby brow,
The last—and he be doom'd to know
The lonely orphan's bitter woe!

The trust accepted—blessing breathed,
Ianthe's clasping arms enwreath'd
Around her precious child once more,
She rushes from the convent door!

LINES,

BY MARGUERITE POWER.

When first we met, that rosy lip
A kindly welcome smiled upon me;
But yet 'twas not that sunny smile,
Though bright as opening day, that won me.

When first we parted, on thy lid
I saw a glistening tear-drop quiver;
It formed within my heart a spring
Of love, that flows to thee for ever!

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we sleep, and when we wake!
MILTON.

I.

IT was a scene of unrivalled beauty; yet might some marvel, wherefore it was thus created, so far removed from mortal ken, so severed from the habitations of sin and death, that foot of man had never sullied the pure fresh green of the velvet grass; mortal hand had never culled the brilliant flowers, gemming each silvery stream; corporeal sense had never been regaled by their fragrant breath, or lulled by the sweet music of the waters. The leafy branches of the ancient trees stretched forth their deep green shadows, and hill and stream, and valley, each clothed in its own peculiar beauty, derived fresh charms, as the seasons softly and silently sped by, leaving bright tokens as they sped. The stars still smiled at their own sparkling rays, gleaming up from the gushing water, the pensive moon still touched the glossy leaves with her diamond pencil, still lingered on the verdant mount, leaving rich sha-

dows on the luxuriant vales; the sun still sent forth his bright beams, to revive and cherish the glistening flowers, to whisper of his unfailing love: still did he bid them drink up the dew-drops, which, trembling beneath his earnest gaze, yet sprung up from their homes at his first call, eager to lose themselves in him. Day, in his mirth and light, gave place to silent and shadowy night; and night again to day. Yet man was not there, and wherefore had such loveliness birth?—wherefore was it so continually renewed?

Man would joy in the contemplation of beauty, such as this scene presented; yet his imperfect vision would see no further than mount and vale, and trees and shrubs, and streams and flowers; he would hear nought but the rustle of the leaf, the murmur of the breeze, the music of the brook. The luscious scents floating on the breeze, would be but indistinctly distinguished, and his fancy perchance yearn towards them, and long for perfume more defined, even as we sometimes seek to unite into sweet melody, the thrilling notes, which one by one, at dreamy intervals, linger on the distant air; and these things he would hear, and feel, and see, and dream not there were sights and sounds hovering around him, too pure, too spiritual for earthly sense.

There were glorious spirits—angelic beings floating on the ambient air, and lingering beside the waters, and sporting with the jewelled buds. There were rich tones lingering on the breeze—sweet thrilling voices mingling with golden harps, and silvery flutes; there

were luscious scents ascending to the arching heaven; even, as if guided by ministering spirits, each floweret sent up her grateful incense to the throne of her Creator. As the dazzling flash of the diamond, the softer gleam of the emerald, the radiant beam of the sapphire, the intense rays of the ruby; so shone these beautiful beings, as they fleeted to and fro on their respective tasks. Some replenishing the brooks with living waters from vases which seemed moulded from precious gems; some tending the flowers, inhaling and bestowing fragrance, or whispering those sweet memories, with which man ever finds the flowers of the desert filled. Some lingering in groups upon the mount, crowning its flowery brow as with a circlet of living rays. Some flying downwards, agitating the valley with soft delicious winds, and others freshening the rich tints of the far-spreading foliage; and far and near, their voices sounded in one rich hymn of praise, whose theme was love; and the golden harps prolonged the hallelujahs, sounding up through the blue realms of space, till they mingled with the deeper, mightier harmonies around the Eternal's throne; bearing along its thrilling echo, joined by innumerable voices, till the whole air seemed filled with song, and still that song was Love!

Beautiful as were these celestial spirits—beautiful and blessed above all conception of finite man; yet they were not of the highest class of angels.

Incapable of sin, unconscious of pain or sorrow, but not yet admitted to hover over the dwelling of man,

to minister unto the afflicted, to tend the couch of the dying; to whisper of rest to the weary, hope to the desponding, joy to the mourner.

Sensible of the Eternal's presence, their bliss made perfect in His glory, their task was to watch and tend inanimate creation;—to sing His praises amidst the glorious shrines of nature, till His works proclaimed him unto man.

Activity and obedience were the sole virtues demanded of these celestial beings in the tasks above enumerated, and when these had been sufficiently exercised, they graduated to a higher order of angels, nearer the Eternal's throne, who were permitted to receive His will and make it known to man. The desire to obtain this privilege was lively in all, but far removed from that grosser passion, known to man, as ambition. In them it did but add zest to enjoyment; give energy to love, inspiration to obedience. Faith, they needed not; for to them the Eternal was revealed. Anticipation was lost in fulfilment —hope in completion. Their nature was *not* susceptible of a deeper sense of bliss; but as they ascended higher and higher in the scale of angels, the deeper, fuller, more glorious blessedness, was met by a nature yet more purified, spiritualized, exalted, fitted for its reception, and strengthened to retain it.

II.

Reposing on a sunbeam, lingering on the brow of a hill, a spirit lay, apart from his fellows. His brow

was wreathed with the opal emerald and ruby; so blending their several rays, that they seemed but as a circlet of ever-changing light. His long flowing hair shone as if each clustering ringlet had been bathed in the liquid diamond. His downy wings, woven of every shade, gently waved in air, wafting the richest perfume, and dyeing the sunbeam on which he lay, in every brilliant tint. A light mist enveloped his angelic form,—softening, not lessening, his resplendent loveliness. His eye shone as the midnight star; a bloom, softer, lovelier, purer than the earliest rose, played on his cheek; sparkling smiles wreathed his lips. He spoke, and his voice was music,—though his golden harp lay silent by his side.

"Love! love!" he murmured; "Hallelujah to the Lord of love! Let the full choirs of heaven chaunt forth the immortal theme; proclaim, proclaim Him Love! Earth! air! ocean! shout with your hundred tongues, send up your echo to the voice of heaven! Man, art thou insensible?—Hearest thou not these living tones?—Can doubt be thine, as I have heard whispered in the celestial courts? Created by Love, —placed in a world of love,—distant as thou art, yet cherished, and beloved by Love, destined for immortal union with the Love that gave thee being!—canst thou be faithless, canst thou be senseless?—when above, below, around, within, soundeth the deep, eternal voice of Love! Oh insensates, if such things be! Immortal glory, bliss unfading, can it be for ye?"

Awhile he paused. A slight shadow passed athwart

the brilliant rays with which he was encircled. He folded his wings around him, and laid his brow upon them.

"My thought has been rebuked," he said; "I have done ill.—Enough for me, the consciousness of love. Wherefore should I condemn, as yet unworthy to look on man? Let the hallelujahs sound forth again. Glory to the Eternal!—His works are wisdom, His thoughts are love!"

He swept his hand across his harp,—the shadow had departed from his wings;—his chaplet shot forth again its living light. Celestial music flowed forth from his voice and hand:—the spirit smiled once more. Suddenly the hallelujahs ceased. To the eye of man twilight had descended; the stars began to light up the dark blue heavens. Mortal vision might trace the semblance of a falling meteor of unwonted brilliance, dropping into space. The purified orbs of the seraph crowd knew that one of the highest class of angels was departing from his resplendent seat, and winging his flight towards them. Instantly they rose up from their several resting places, forming in files, of unutterable brilliance. Increased happiness shed a new lustre on their brows, and heightened the glowing iris of their wings. One alone felt penetrated with an awe which slightly lessened the feelings of joy, which the visit of an angel ever caused. He feared it was to him the celestial mission came: that his condemnation of beings, whose nature and whose trials he knew not, had exposed him to censure, perhaps, to a longer

banishment from the higher spheres of glory; and while his brother spirits thronged round the favoured minister, to bask in the resplendent brightness of his smiles, to list to the words of melody flowing from his lips, to gaze on the mild yet thrilling softness of his celestial features, Zephon stood aloof, for the first time shrinking from the glance and voice he loved. He saw not that the glittering helm and dazzling sword were laid aside, that his brow was wreathed with the softly gleaming pearl, his shining wings glistening through silvery radiance, bespeaking tenderness and mercy, and not now the wrath and chastisement of which, at his Maker's will, he was at times the minister.

His voice, melodious and thrilling as the silver trumpets of the empyreal heavens, sounded through space as it called "Zephon!" The seraph paused not a moment, but darting through the incensed air, prostrated himself at the archangel's feet.

"Arise! and fear not, youthful brother," spake the messenger of the Eternal, departing not from the grave majesty of his demeanour, but smiling with such ineffable sweetness, the seraph felt its reviving influence, and spread forth his silken pinions rejoicingly again. "I come, the harbinger of peace and love. Thine impassioned zeal was checked ere it became a fault,—checked ere it led thee to desire forbidden knowledge. Charged with a message of love and mercy from the Most High, I have besought and obtained permission to take thee, as my companion. To thine imperfect vision, it seemeth strange that man, so especially the

beloved, the cherished of the Eternal, framed to display, to uphold His stupendous power, to proclaim His might,—His love,—should ever fail either in obedience or adoration. Thou hast heard that such has been; for where sin hath so fearfully prevailed, that an immortal spirit has been excluded from these glorious realms, a dim shadow hath spread over Heaven's resplendent courts, and the celestial spirits of every rank have prostrated themselves before the invisible, yet terrible Presence, adoring justice, while they supplicated mercy. Zephon! not yet may be revealed to thee the glorious mystery of the Eternal's secret ways. Thou mayst gaze with me on the earthly beings I have charge to tend; but it is forbidden thee to ask or seek the wherefore of what thou seest. Thou wilt behold, even in this limited glance, enough to prove, that even if the human heart refuseth to send up its thrilling echo to the theme of Love, which thy zeal demandeth, the unfathomable love of its benignant Creator will receive and bless its faintest sigh; for to Him, and to Him alone, is known the *extent* of its trial,—the bitterness of its grief,—the difficulty of its belief in an ever-acting love. Zephon! if still thou wilt, thou shalt look on the human heart: yet pause awhile;—is thy love sufficiently strong to uphold thee in the contemplation of decrees, whose motives thou art not yet permitted to conceive? In thy blissful dwelling, thou hast no need of Faith; thou knowest not even its name; but if with me thou goest, Faith must be thy safeguard. Here thine eye seeth, thine ear heareth,

nought but love; there it may be darkly hidden from thee. Yet if thy faith or thy love should fail, if thou demandest the wherefore of what thou seest, it is our Father's will, that thou shalt be banished unto earth—banished from this glorious abode, condemned to struggle with the ills and sorrows of mortality, till pure and perfect faith shine forth, and fit thee once again for heaven. Speak, then, my brother: wilt thou depart with me, or still linger here? The choice is now thine own."

Awhile the seraph paused: the face of the archangel beamed on him with compassionating tenderness and redoubled love. The looks of his brother spirits, the soft fluttering of their wings, seemed to woo him to remain, to intreat him not to tempt the fate threatened if his love should fail, and therefore did he pause.

"No! no! wherefore should I fear?" he cried; "I will go with thee, minister of love. I will look upon my Father's dearest work, and despite of mystery and gloom,—of sorrow—of pain, I will love and bless Him still!"

A fuller, richer burst of melody filled the realms of air; thousands and thousands of voices swelled forth in triumphant harmony. A starry cloud descended, and, folded in its spangled robe, the departing spirits vanished into space.

III.

"Thy wish is fulfilled; the peculiar treasure of our Father is revealed. Zephon, behold!" the angel

spake, as the shrouding cloud rolled away towards the fields of ether, and the celestial spirits hovered over the abode of man. A sudden, an indescribable consciousness of increased powers, of heightened intellect, shot from the starry eyes of the youthful seraph. Man in his majesty, his beauty,—bearing in his every movement, his exquisitely formed frame, his complicated economy of being, yet more impressive, more startling evidence of the might, the wisdom, the benevolence of his glorious Maker, than even the source of the river, the structure of the flower, the growth of the tree, over which the seraph had presided, finding even in such things ample scope for the soaring intellect which characterized his race. Man, proceeding from, destined for, immortality,—the beloved, the peculiar care and treasure of the Eternal, — man, beautiful man, stood revealed before him. Yet amidst the thronging multitude on which he gazed, but *one* HEART, in all its varied impulses, its hidden throbs and incongruous thoughts and ever-changing fancies — but one beautiful intellect, in all its secret powers and extent, was open to his inspection: and lovely, even to the eyes of a spirit, was the being in whom such glorious things were shrined.

She was a young and noble maiden, perfect in form and face; her virtues, scarce sullied by a stain of earth, although from the spirit of Poetry, the living fount of Genius, dwelling within, open to grief and trial, even from the faintest breath too rudely jarring on the heavenly strung chords with which her

heart was filled. — A deep, lowly, clinging piety, was ever ready to check the first impulse of impatience, to turn to the sweet joys of sympathy and universal love, the too vivid sense of sorrow, either for herself or others. Humility was there, to lift up that young spirit in thankfulness to its Creator, and to devote that powerful intellect, ever seeming to bear all difficulties before it, to His service in the good of her fellow-creatures.

Zephon saw that the praise of man was a source of pure inspiring pleasure; but instead of filling her soul with pride, it ever bore it up in increased devotion to its God. He marked her graceful form, sporting to and fro amid the stately domains of her lordly ancestors. He marked the love of parents, brothers, friends that ever thronged around her, and the fulness of joy that love bestowed. He saw, too, the impassioned longings for yet stronger love, the yearnings for fame; appreciation, not alone from the noble and the gay, but from the gifted and the good: the desire to awake, by the magic touch of Genius, the same thrilling chords in other hearts, as the spell of others had revealed in hers.

The seraph looked long and earnestly. Suddenly he saw her standing in the centre of a lordly room, and loving and admiring friends around her; her lip, her eye, her heart breathed joy, well nigh as full and shadowless as the blessedness of heaven. After awhile the angel spake:

"There is nought here to call for Faith," he said.

"Yon favored child of genius but awakens deeper, yet more adoring love. Her lot *is* blessedness; her heart so pure, earth hath scarce power to stain that bliss.—But now look yonder, Zephon. Seest thou amidst the multitude a being equally, though differently lovely,—equally powerful in intellect, equally the child of genius, as richly gifted, alike in wisdom as in virtue, as fully susceptible of joy and sorrow; the same feelings, the same desires, the same deep yearnings for love on which to rest, for appreciation, fame; the same strung heart, thrilling to melody as keenly as to neglect. Mark well, young brother, and thou wilt trace these things."

Anxiously the seraph gazed, and again he was conscious of sufficient power to read the human heart. Again, amidst the multitude, one gentle being stood unveiled before him; and, save for the difference in form and face, he had thought perchance it was the same on whom he had gazed before, so similar were their virtues, powers, temperament, and genius;—similar in all things save that the sense of bliss in the one already appeared, more chastened, more timid, than in the other. He looked, then turned enquiringly towards his companion.

"The will of the Eternal," he said in answer, "produced at the same instant these lovely beings, and breathed into both the spirit which thou seest. Their souls are TWIN-BORN—twin-born in sensation, in power, in beauty, formed of the highest, most ethereal essence, and thus creating that which earth

terms genius; destined at the same moment to animate the beautiful habitation formed for each, and at the same moment depart from it. Until now, their fate hath been, with little variation, the same, differing only according to their station: the one standing amidst the highest and noblest of her land, findeth fit companions for that nobleness and refinement, indivisible from genius; the other already feeleth there is that within her incomprehensible to those around her; yet is the consciousness of little moment, for freely and joyously she roams amid the varied scenes of nature. She mingles but with those eager and anxious to enhance her innocent pleasures,—to give to her exalted mind and gentle virtues the homage naturally their due. She looks on the world from a distance, and hath peopled it with all things fond, and bright, and beautiful, which take their exquisite colouring from her own lovely and loving mind. She yearns for appreciation, as thou seest—for the praise of the multitude won by her talents, but she asks not to mingle with them. She seeks but the love of one, and the proud consciousness of doing good to many. She demands not a statelier home, a prouder station. Thus, then, thou seest the earthly fate of these twin-born spirits hath rolled on the same;—but now it is the will of the All-wise, All-merciful, All-just, that a shadowy change should pass over the one, and bliss, fuller, dearer, perfect as earth may feel, be dawning for the other. Thou hast marked the quick throb of joy, now playing on the

heart of the noble child of genius. She beholds her first triumph in the book she clasps. The thoughts that breathe, the words that burn, have found their echo in the multitude, and loving friends throng around to proclaim her dawning fame. There are tears in those lovely eyes; but 'tis a mother's voice of love, of tenderness, that calls them there. See, clasped to a parent's bosom, the swelling fulness of the spirit finds vent in tears, for joy, that pure, stainless joy, which is sent as the dim whisperings of heaven, ever turns to pain on earth, and had it not relief in tears, would bear the soul away to that world of which it speaks. She hath flown from the detaining throng, and hark!—hearest thou not the hymn of thanksgiving ascending upon high, till the tumultuous joy subsides, and peace is gained once more."

He ceased; a brighter radiance passed over his benignant brow, and the voice of the seraph spontaneously flowed forth in kindred harmony with the hymn of earth, bearing it on the wings of melody to the realms of song. 'Twas hushed, and the Hierarch again spake.

"Behold!" he said, the music of his voice subdued and softened, "Behold, yet murmur not! It is the will of the Eternal, and therefore it is well."

The seraph gazed on a changed and darkened scene. —As deep, as full, as was the bliss from which his eye had that moment turned, so deep, so intense was the anguish he now beheld. The gentle being in whom

that twin-born spirit breathed, knelt beside the couch of the dead. He marked the wrung and bleeding heart; he read its utter loneliness, its agonized despair; he read, it was a mother's loss she mourned,—a more than mother, for by her, by her alone, her child's ethereal soul, her fond imaginings, her strong affections, had been known, and loved, and fostered: to her, her beautiful had ever come, to seek and find that sympathy which she found not in another,—and she was gone, and the dark troubled strivings of that desolate heart not yet could deem it love.

"She weeps, and shall we condemn, young brother, that not yet her voice may join in the universal hymn? She weeps, yet knows not all her woe. The stability, the honour, the strength of her father were derived from the mild councils, the gentle unobtrusive virtues of her mother: in him they have no stay. That moral evil, too darkly prevalent on earth, once more will gain dominion, and the joys of the innocent, the helpless, are blighted 'neath its poison. On earth she stands alone—Yet hark! What means that burst of triumph in the skies?"

Ineffably brilliant was the smile on the countenance of the angel; and Zephon, startled, yet entranced, looked again on that bleeding heart. The dark and troubled waves within were stilled; there was no voice, — no sign; but the lamp of faith was lit; her soul had murmured Love! and bowed, adoring and resigned.

IV.

Again did the youthful spirit gaze down on earthly joy, chastened in its fulness yet ecstatic in its nature. Love, pure, perfect, faithful love, had twined around that fair and gifted child of earth, and filled the blank which yet remained; though fame, appreciation, triumph, sympathy, affection, all were hers. She had found a kindred soul, round which to weave the clinging tendrils of her own; virtues to revere, piety to support, uphold, and cherish the soarings of her own. She had found one whose praise might still those passionate yearnings, the which to satisfy, she had vainly looked to fame;—one, from whose lips, how sweet became the praise of the world;—one to give new zest to her exalted genius; for by him it was most valued, most beloved. Zephon looked on the beautiful blossoming of genius, the expansion of intellect, the flowering of every budding hope; and he saw, too, the chastened humility, the unwavering love, which traced these rich gifts to their source, and lifted up her heart in universal love and grateful adoration; and again his voice joined hers in thanksgiving.

Once more, at the voice of the archangel, he sought and found the kindred essence, and love was on that heart, deep, mighty, whelming love, bearing before it for awhile even the sere and withered leaves, with which its depths were strewed. He looked on the wreck of that which he had seen so lovely,—the wreck of all, save the gentle virtues, the meek submission which had characterized her youth; the rosy dreams,

the glowing visions, presented but a crushed and broken mass; their bright fragments seeking ever to unite, but ever rudely severed. Genius, in its deep wild burnings, its impassioned breathing, feeding as a smothered fire upon her own young heart, seeking ever to find a vent, an echo,—to be known, acknowledged, loved; but falling back with every effort, till even genius seemed increase of sorrow,—and hope yet glimmered there, pale, sickly, shadowy, in its faint rays emitting but increase of light, to be immersed in deeper gloom. And love was there, intense, all-mighty, yet it brought no joy.

"She loves—she was beloved," again spake the angelic voice; "but the sin of the father is visited upon the child. A little while he appeared devoted unto her, and to the memory of the departed; and though he led her from the scenes she loved to mingle more closely with the world, his affection soothed, his hopes inspired; but he knew not the ethereal nature of that soul, and the scenes which earth terms gay and joyous, touched no answering chord in *her*, and led *him* once again astray. Yet for a brief while, happiness was hers, banishing those vain yearnings, ever proceeding from a soul too sensitive for earth; but the same hour which awoke her to a consciousness of love, given and returned, turned back that fountain of bliss upon her seared and withered heart, and changed it into gall. The child of a dishonoured parent, was no fit mate for nobleness and honour, and earth is lone once more."

Tears, the sweet bright tears, that angels weep, bedewed the eyes of the seraph; yet rivetted their gaze on that one sad child of earth, as if in its dark and troubled chaos, there were yet more to read. He saw, too, the slight and beautiful shell in which that spirit was enshrined, quivering beneath the tempest, till at length it lay prostrate, and unhinged, and intense bodily suffering heightened mental ill.

"'Tis the struggle for submission and resignation, that hath done this," continued the angel. "Seest thou, no dream of unbelief, no murmur of complaint hath entered that heart; anguish may wither up the swelling hymn; may check the voice of love; but faith is *there!* and mark! though in His unquestionable wisdom, the Eternal's will is to afflict, though in impenetrable darkness, save to those beside His throne, He hideth the secret wherefore of that will. Invisibly His ministers are charged to hover round His favoured child, to comfort and sustain, though lone and desolate on earth. Behold!"

Bright, beautiful spirits robed in light and glory, hovered round the couch of sorrow; yet, earth hid them from their kindred essence. She saw them not: felt not the mild reviving influence of their spiritual presence, save that gradually and slowly the chains which bound those beautiful limbs were loosed. The whirlwind sweeping over that heart, subsided into partial calm; and strength was given her to struggle on and live.

Zephon looked on the child of sorrow, and a faint

shadow stole over the brilliant iris of his wings; the living rays on his brow grew dim.

v.

Again did the seraph look down on earth, again did he gaze on the favoured child of joy. The ecstatic sense of bliss, he had marked before, had subsided into happiness as full, as pure, as thrilling, yet chastened in its fulness. There were young, and lovely forms around her; a mother's love had added its unutterable sweetness to her lot. He looked on her heart, and marked how sweetly and beautifully its every dream, its every hope, had bloomed to full maturity. How softly the night cares were soothed by sympathy, and love on earth, and trust and hope in Heaven; how earnestly it sought to pour back its every gift into the gracious hand from which it sprung, and lead her children as herself, to the threshold of Eternal joy. He looked on that unveiled heart, as, wandering with those she loved, amid the glorious shrines of nature, she found in every leaf and stream, and bird, and flower, somewhat to bid her children love, and add to the inexhaustible spring of poesie and genius, which rested still within, and gave new zest, new brightness to her simplest joy.

He gazed on her alone, amidst the books she loved, the studies her genius craved; he read the deep, pure, shadowless joy: it was to feel, that gift had done its work, and sent its pure and lucid flame amidst the unthinking crowd, and carried blessings with it; that its

rich music had left its impression on many a thoughtless heart; had shed sweet balm over hours of sad, lonely sickness; had spoken its soft sympathy to the diseased and sorrowing mind, and sent new, brighter, purer joyance to the young, eager, and imaginative soul. It had done these things, and was it marvel she rejoiced!

Zephon gazed; but the shadow passed not from his wings, and hastily and silently he turned once more to seek the kindred essence. The whelming woe had given place to a strangely complicated mass, of crossed and twisted strings, which tightly fettered down each glorious gift, each cherished hope, each fond aspiring; yet gave them space to throb, and live and whisper still. The bright undying flame of genius never seemed to burn with more o'er-sweeping power; yet, the flashes that it sent but scorched the heart that held them. Hope still was there sending forth her lovely blossoms; but to be nipped and blighted 'neath the close and icy strings that stretched above them. There were chains upon that spirit, binding it to earth, when most it longed to spring on high. And the shell, the lovely shell which held it, was dwindling 'neath its withering spell. The seraph marked the tension of each vein and nerve, and pulse, till it seemed as if the very next breath of emotion, however faint, would snap them in twain; the painful effort to restrain the irritation of bodily and mental suffering, the agony of remorse, which the slightest ebullition of impatience caused.

He beheld her hour by hour, the centre of a noisy group of children, possessing not one attribute to call forth that torrent of love and tenderness, with which her soul was filled. He marked the starting of each nerve, the bounding of each pulse, at every shout of rude and noisy revelry, the inward fever attending every effort to restrain and instruct. He saw her, when midnight enwrapt the earth, alone for a brief space, in a poor and comfortless room; the bright visions of genius thronging tumultuously on mind and brain; incongruous and wild, from their having been so long pent up in darkness and woe. He beheld the effort to give the burning fancies vent; the utter failing of the mortal frame; the prostration of all power, save that which yet would lift up heart and hands in the low cry: "Father, it is thy will; I know not wherefore; yet, oh! yet, if Thou willest it, it is, it must be well!" And he heard unnumbered harps bear up that voice of Faith, in melody overpowering in its deep rich tones. He marked the spirits of light and loveliness, still hovering around, moulding those burning tears into precious gems, changing each quivering sigh to songs of glory. Yet still his sight seemed strangely dim, the shadow passed not from his wings.

"And man, her brother man, hath he no love, no tenderness, no thoughts for sorrow such as hers?" the seraph asked; "knows he not of the precious gifts, the gentle virtues that frail shell enfolds? Wherefore is she thus lone?—hath man no answering chord?"

"Man sees not the interior of that heart, as thou

dost," rejoined the Hierarch. "When through disobedience sin entered yon beautiful world, man's eyes became darkened towards his fellows, and but too often his rebellious and perverted mind wilfully refuses knowledge of his brother; lest sympathy should bid him share the griefs of others. In some, envy, foul envy, the base passion which first darkened earth with death, wilfully blinds, lest the genius and the virtue of the *poor* should be exalted above the rich; in others it is ignorance, contempt, neglect, springing from that rank poison—selfishness, or the loathsome weed indifference, which flings a thick veil over others' woe, and so confines the gaze, it sees no farther than itself. To mortal vision yon gentle being is composed and calm. Man marks but the outward frame; love alone might trace the decline of strength, the failing of bodily power; but there is none near to love. Poverty hath flung those chains upon the heart, confining the ethereal spirit, dragging it down to earth; yet deadening not its power. Poverty, privation, have thrown her amongst those whose grosser, more material natures, are incapable of appreciating the heavenly rays of genius; of comprehending its effect upon the temperament and the frame. They deem her lot a happy one, for they cannot know how much more she needs,—what cause she has for sorrow. They would laugh in bitter scorn at those griefs which have their birth in *feeling*, whose intensity, whose depth of suffering, are to them utterly unknown. No! man may not alleviate woes like hers. In the dark circle her fate is fixed; earth, mortal fading

earth is all; they have no time for dreams and thoughts of Heaven. A spirit like to hers, bearing on its brow a stamp of glory not its own. Alas! my brother, man will not mark such things. Sin, foul sin hath dimmed its gaze."

The seraph folded his beautiful wings around him. There was a strange dim sense of pain upon him, undefined, yet sad, as the first clouding of mortal vision unto man, ere sight departs for ever. When he looked forth again, the scene was changed, and it was bright and beautiful, though death was there.

The blessed, the loved, the cherished!—she lay there, calm, yet rejoicing,—though the loved around her wept. Recalled to its native home, ere age or sorrow dimmed the spirit's glory; joyfully, willingly, she heard the call, for death had no pang for her. She knew she parted from her beloved to meet again, "where never sounds farewell." She knew she was departing to that blissful bourne, whose glorious light had beamed so softly and beautifully on her earthly course, gilding MORTAL happiness with IMMORTAL glory; to that goal, where each bright gift would be made perfect, her finite wisdom find completion in infinity. Still, still the comfort of her voice consoled the hearts that wept around; her lip yet sent forth gentle words to soothe and bless when she was gone; the mind, the beautiful mind, yet shone in all its living light. Death had no power to dim its lustre; brighter and brighter, gleamed the departing soul; and thoughts, sweet thoughts, came thronging

on that heart, of duties done, of life that sought but good, of universal love, benevolence, and peace. And blessings of the poor, the needy, and the sorrowing, hovered round her as angels robed in light. Joy! joy! Oh, still was that gentle spirit wreathed in joy,—the grave had lost its sting, and death was swallowed up in victory!

Irresistibly and rapidly the seraph sought the twin-born spirit,—which, at the same hour, was to wing her flight from earth. There were none to weep around her couch of loneliness and pain; but one, a kind and lowly hireling, was near to mark that spirit's parting pang,—to smooth the pillow, and whisper of repose. No sign of luxury was there, no gentle hand with luscious fruit or cooling draught, to tempt the fevered lip, the parched and tasteless tongue. Dark, close, confined, the chamber of the dying—but a few pale flowers, children of field and brook alone stood beside her, to whisper 'twas a poet's dying home. Save that, perchance, the treasured volumes still around, disclosed that the mind was bright, and strong, and lovely still. Her thin hand still clasped a book, her eyes lit up as they gazed upon the page, and for a brief space, her cheek shone with a bloom that scarce could seem of death. Zephon looked within the heart and started. Hope gleamed up amidst its crushed and broken chords; hope, ay, and one bright flash of joy darting forth as a sunbeam midst the shrouding mass of clouds, and momentary, coeval with that joy, the wish, fond wish to live.

"Start not, my brother!"—the thrilling accents of the angel once more spake. "She gazes on her own fond dreams, her own pure visions,—she clasps their record in the volume that she holds. Acknowledged, sought, appreciated; her genius has burst through the veil of obscurity and woe; and fame, undying fame, hath wreathed his laurels to adorn the dead. Man will weep upon her grave, will wreath her name with glory, will reverence too late the genius that hath gone,—and therefore would she live. It is the last struggle, the last pang,—the spirit is too pure, too free, to fold too long the chain which earth holds forth, even though its links are joy. Behold!"

The seraph looked once more. There had been a struggle—a brief and anguished pang; joy and hope lay crushed for ever, beneath the sickening consciousness 'twas all too late, and she must die! There came one murmuring doubt, one paining question—wherefore she was thus called away, when earth gave promise of such sweet reviving flowers? And darkness spread forth her pall, and shrouded up that heart; but speedily it passed; a soft and mellowed light gleamed up; the blackened shade rolled up and fled; the ruin and its chains were gone, and PEACE, and FAITH, and JOY, twined hand in hand together.

VI.

Zephon looked not on the abodes of man. The Hierarch alone stood before him, surrounded by a blaze of glory. Ineffable brilliance shone forth from

his brow and wings; yet softened into compassionating tenderness, was his radiant look, his thrilling voice. A trembling awe spread over the seraph, and involuntarily he bowed before him.

"Thy will is accomplished, youthful brother, thou hast glanced on man," spake the angelic voice; "yet know, that which thou hast seen is but as a single grain amid the spreading sands of the boundless desert; as a single spark of earthly fire amid the countless stars and blazing suns of Heaven, compared with the scenes of woe yon world of beauty holds. When Sin entered, Joy fled trembling up to the Heaven whence he came. Twined as he was with purity and innocence, without them, earth could have for him no stay, no resting;—man reaps the fruit he sows,—for not in a guilty world, may the Eternal mark the distinction between the righteous and the wicked. In that which thou hast seen there was no guilt, no sin. Twinborn in purity as in their high ethereal essence, yet from the imperfection of earth, so widely severed their mortal fates, so strangely parted, if such things are, is't marvel that the hymn of love, of praise, from lips of man should be so faint and weak? Zephon! thou hast looked on earth; thou hast marked the dealings of our Father with His children. Speak then, my brother! oh, speak! will the song of joy—of adoration, still flow from thy lips, still, still canst thou proclaim Him Love?"

The harps of Heaven were stilled. The invisible choirs hushed their full tide of song. Darker and

darker, for a brief space, became the shadow around the youthful seraph; and his radiant brow was buried in its shrouding folds. Deep, awful was that momentary pause, for it seemed as if the hosts of Heaven themselves were hushed in sympathy and dread.

A sudden flood of dazzling effulgence burst through the gloomy shade, dispersing it as a thin vapour on either side. Beams of living lustre illumined that glorious brow, and in liquid music his voice flowed forth.

"Shall I be less than mortal—I, who serve my Father amidst His chosen choirs, who knew Him, unobstructed by the veil of earth? Let the full song burst forth; let the bright seraphim strike the bold harps again; let the rich hymn swell out in deeper glory; Hallelujah to our Father and our King! His ways are dark, but His will is love! Praise Him, ye myriads of angels; praise Him, ye Heaven of Heavens; proclaim, proclaim Him Love! His ways are pleasantness, His paths are peace.—Praise Him ye glorious hosts—Hallelujah, He is Love!"

VII.

There was rejoicing amidst the heavenly choirs, rejoicing amidst the seraph band; for a bright and beautiful spirit, whose lot, even on earth, was joy, released from mortal chains, had joined their glittering files. Wafted from earth amidst strains of glory, lifting up her voice with theirs in thanksgiving, and consummating in the centre of that glorious

band, the hymn of beauty and of love commenced on earth.

There was rejoicing amid the angelic choirs, beside the shrouding veil, which softened even from their purified orbs, the transcendent glory of their Father's throne—rejoicing amidst the archangelic choirs; for a bright and beautiful spirit, whose earthly doom had been shrouded in the impenetrable mists of darkness and woe, was wafted towards them on a golden cloud, amid a rich burst of glad triumphant harmony, rejoicing!—for mystery and gloom were removed from a child of God, and unsealed for her, the secret of his ways.

There was rejoicing in the angelic hosts,—rejoicing through the central choirs,—for a youthful seraph, springing upon the bright wings of faith and love, had joined their glittering files, and songs of joy and melody encircled him, rejoicing!—above, below, within, till each resplendent court of Heaven darted forth rays of inexpressible brilliance, and the whole universe of space, peopled with its myriads of angelic and archangelic spirits, sent forth its mighty depths of harmony, its thrilling voice of song; and still, oh still, its theme was Love!—Eternal, changeless, unfathomable Love!

THE GREENLANDER.

BY H. B. MACDONALD.

We bore him away from his own wild home,
His snowy hills and his ocean foam;
We bore him far away
Across the deep, and we touched the strand
Of a summer shore, and a pleasant land,
Where green trees fringed the bay.

He gazed on our sky, and our emerald hills,
While a calm surprise his bright eye fills —
For what were they to him,
Who had seen the borealis skies,
And the icy mountains' sunset dyes,
Though wan, and cold, and dim?

Spire, fane, and tower, he passed them by
With the calm cold wonder in his eye—
They were not like his own,
Beside the shore of the icebound bay,
Where the tents of his people far away
Were rising rude and lone.

He passed them by, thinking the while
Of his brethren's love, and his sister's smile ;
And his eye grew very dim
When he thought that above our English ground,
Mid the happy hearts that beat around,
There was no love for him.

They bade him look on the crowded sea,
Where the flags and the gallant vessels be—
But he turned him sad away
To dream of his own light frail canoe,
That with him once so gaily flew
Like a sea-bird mid the spray.

When he heard the cannon's joyous shout,
Over the broad wave bursting out,
He did question scornfully,
" If it was one of our ocean wonders,
Or the iceberg's crashing thunders,
That made his boyhood's glee ?"

And the southern wind, upon his cheek
Did play, to make him wan and weak,
And he drooped his withering head,
Like a scorched flower, that had nurtured been
By the breath of the mountain breezes, keen,
When that breath of life hath fled.

They brought him forth abroad to view,
The fiery stars of our heaven blue ;
But they were pale to him !

And he asked—"if all things withered here?"
For his spirit's bloom was waxen sere,
And his vision growing dim.

The winter came, and he pined away,
For his ocean spoil and the feathery spray;
And with his dreaming eye,
Gazing toward that constant star,
Which looked on his northern home afar—
He laid him down to die.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Gazing on childhood's careless face,
  Traced on the page by beauty's fingers;
Marking the soft, the smiling grace,
  That o'er each gentle feature lingers.

The cloudless brow, the radiant eye,
  The glow that is itself a treasure;
The breast, unconscious of a sigh,
  That holds a heart known but to pleasure—

These, by thy pencil's power portrayed,
  Recall an age, unknown to sorrow;
When hope, by no cold chill delayed,
  Was blest to-day, nor feared to-morrow.

The doves he holds, fit emblems seem
  Of joys that round young childhood hover:
Alas! that joy should be a dream
  Which, waking, we can ne'er recover.

For storms arise—the ties that bound
  Those blessings to the heart are broken;
And breaks the heart,—for false are found
  The whisperings lying hope had spoken.

NEELA.

A Tale of the Jews in England.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORESSES OF "THE ROMANCE OF JEWISH HISTORY."

I.

"Aye, aye, the old story—rapine, cruelty, and oppression! Could not Henry of England find a fitter instrument to execute his arbitrary decrees than old Richard Falkner?" And the knight threw down the king's warrant with a look of contempt which argued little for his loyalty.

The speaker was a blunt soldier, who had spent the greater part of his life in the camp or on the battle field. Full of the prejudices of his age and country, he nevertheless possessed many high and honourable feelings. He had witnessed with indignation the meanness and injustice which characterized the conduct of Henry the Third towards the unfortunate wanderers of Israel. Detesting them as a sect, Sir Richard Falkner pitied them as victims; and his personal knowledge of

one of the proscribed race, had gone far towards dissipating the rancour engendered by bigotry.

An Israelite had been many years settled in the village of Chesterton, about a mile from Sir Richard's domain; and, protected by its powerful baron, he had escaped in a great degree the persecutions which had ground his less fortunate brethren to the dust. A skilful physician, Rabbi Ephraim was the friend and benefactor of all who needed his assistance; and his benevolent character had gained him the name of the good Jew of Chesterton. He had one daughter, the only surviving child of a numerous family; and the sternest fanatic forgot to curse when he beheld the graceful form of Neela, the Jewess, supporting the feeble steps of her sickly and aged mother. But Rabbi Ephraim was no longer to be spared; for Sir Richard's exclamation had been called forth by an order from King Henry, to demand of the Jew one thousand silver marks before the first of November, to which it wanted but two days.

At some distance from the village of Chesterton, and close to the sea, which in stormy weather washed its walls, stood the house of Ephraim; its plain but massive front looking out upon the expanse of waters, studded here and there with the white sails of some fishing-boat, looking like a sea-bird's wing in the distance. At the back of the house was an extensive garden, in which some of the latest flowers of the season were still blooming; and when Sir Richard arrived on his disagreeable mission, he reined in his

horse to admire the beauty and neatness with which it was arranged. He had sat some minutes gazing when he was startled from his reverie by the re-appearance of the page whom he had sent forward to announce his coming to Ephraim: in answer to his question, the boy informed him that the house was closed, and no living soul was to be seen.

Falkner galloped hastily round to the front entrance, and knocked loudly at the door with the hilt of his sword; and after some delay it was opened by an aged female, whose eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

In answer to his request to see the Rabbi, she informed him that Ephraim had been dead three weeks. They had received intelligence only last evening of his death and burial in Italy, whither he had gone to arrange concerning his daughter's nuptials with the father of her affianced husband.

"Peace to his soul!" said the good knight, crossing himself, and forgetting in his sorrow at the tidings, that he had breathed a prayer for a heretic. He was about to turn his horse's head homeward, when he was arrested by the sound of what appeared to be a rapidly approaching multitude, whose approach was announced by cries resembling the whoops of savages.

"Down with the murdering Jews! Down with the sorcerers!—remember Hugh of Lincoln!—fire their house!—down with them!" Such were the exclamations of the crowd; and when Sir Richard turned to address the woman, she had already fled, apprehending that this was one of the popular tumults against the un-

fortunate Israelites, which at that time so often disgraced the people of England. Determined not to abandon the defenceless inmates of the dwelling to the fury of a mob who spared neither sex nor age, Falkner drew his sword, and giving his horse to the page, bade him ride over to the castle for assistance while he himself remained to protect the family of Ephraim.

Meanwhile the infuriate rabble were within sight, and to his surprise Falkner recognized in the thickest of the throng, and apparently leading them on, Sir Leslie Gower, brother to the Baron of Chesterton. At the sight of Sir Richard, the multitude halted for a moment, and Leslie Gower rode forward to his side.

"Well met, gallant Sir Richard," said he, extending his mailed hand to his brother in arms; "Thou art here in good time to assist in punishing the vilest deed that hath ever disgraced the kingdom since Hugh of Lincoln was basely done to death."

"What mean ye?" demanded Falkner. "Why bring ye an armed mob against a house which contains only helpless and sorrowing women?"

"My brother's child—" said Gower, averting his face as if to conceal some powerful emotion.

"What of him?—what of the fair boy? I trust, no evil!"

"He is dead — murdered!" exclaimed Gower, hoarsely; and for a moment Sir Richard himself, looked, like a man who had been struck by the blow of an assassin.

"Who hath done this?" said the old man, in an un-

steady voice; "Who hath wrung a mother's heart, and destroyed a father's hope? Who could raise a hand against that lovely child?"

"Who murdered Hugh of Lincoln?" answered Leslie: "Who hath shed the blood of hundreds of Christian children? Who, but the accursed Jews! Art thou with us, Sir Richard Falkner, in the cry for vengeance?"

"Had my own brother raised his arm against Eugene Gower's son, I would have sheathed my blade in his heart! But are ye certain ye act not rashly in this business—have ye proof?"

"Unquestionable;—but while we tarry here they will escape. Forward, my men, and death to the Jews!" Again the crowd began to rush forward, filling the air with yells of fury, and forgetting in their excitement all the benefits Ephraim and his gentle child had heaped upon them for years. They only remembered they were of the proscribed race; they only thought of the murder of their master's son; and they thirsted for vengeance.

Horror-struck as Falkner had been by the news thus suddenly brought to him, he wished to prevent, if possible, the excesses which he knew would follow the entrance of the excited populace, headed as they were by one who had so much cause of hatred; and he hurriedly entreated Gower to enter the house with him alone.

"We are both armed," he said, "and with such numbers at hand, we can have no cause for fear." Gower smiled disdainfully at the mention of fear; but ad-

dressing a few words to his followers, he dismounted, and entered the house with Sir Richard.

There was no sound or sign of human being in the rooms through which they passed, and neither was in a mood to notice the splendour of their decoration. At length they opened the door of an apartment in which they heard murmured sounds, as if some one within were praying. The words that reached their ears were in a strange tongue, yet they sounded like words of sorrow. The room was lofty, and richly furnished in the oriental style. Splendid hangings, rich carpets, mirrors, all that taste or luxury could devise, was there displayed, with a profusion such as England's King could not at that period command. Yet, withal it bore a desolate aspect. Embroidery work and female ornaments, were scattered about as if death or misfortune had arrested the hand of the fair owner in the midst of her employment. The room had been purposely darkened; and in one corner, standing on the ground, was a small silver lamp filled with oil, which shed a dim sepulchral light around. And near it, on low cushions, sat two females, both so much absorbed in their occupation, as not to perceive the entrance of the strangers.

The younger lady was reading in a sweet but solemn tone, a portion of the Hebrew prayers; and there was something so touching in the expression of her pale but beautiful countenance, and sad resignation of look and attitude, that Sir Richard was moved almost to tears, as he thought of her probable fate. The supposition

that so fair and delicate a creature could be a participator in the shedding of blood, seemed too monstrous to be entertained. She did not appear to be more than seventeen; although her full rounded figure and sunny complexion betrayed her Eastern origin. There was no tinge of colour on her cheek; but the ripe red lip contrasted beautifully with her white teeth. Her eyes were of the darkest shade of blue, and their long black lashes gave them a thoughtful and pensive expression. Her hair, of a glossy jet, was thrown carelessly back from her face, and fell in thick tresses almost to her feet; the pearl chaplet with which she usually bound them lying neglected on a marble table near. Her dress, of violet coloured silk, made in the oriental style, was without ornament of any kind, and a white embroidered veil thrown over the back of her head, formed a graceful drapery round her fair shoulders. Still there was an air of negligence in her attire, rich as it was, which showed the heart of the wearer to be too full of sorrow for womanly vanity. The other female still bore traces of the beauty which had distinguished her early years; but sickness and sorrow had worn her to a shadow, and seemed hurrying her to an untimely grave.

Gower slowly and silently advanced till he stood by the side of the younger female, then laying his hand on her shoulder, said in a loud voice—"I arrest you, Neela, daughter of Ephraim, commonly called the Jew of Chesterton, in the name of our Lord the King, for committing, or aiding in, the murder of Eugene, only

son of Baron Gower, of Chesterton. It is my business also, to arrest the aforesaid Ephraim, and Naomi his wife, as participators in the same foul crime; and I demand that you instantly discover the place of his concealment."

Neela had arisen at the first sound of Gower's voice, and stood before him as pale as marble, yet betraying no sign of fear; but when he concluded, she said in a voice, trembling with emotion, "My father is beyond thy reach: he rests in a peaceful grave on the distant shores of Italy."

"Woman, I am not to be deceived by a feigned tale of death!" answered Gower, sternly. "The torture and the prison, perchance, may draw forth the truth;—thou and thine ancient accomplice must go forth with me."

"Nazarene!" replied Neela, her lip curling with scorn, as she spoke, "it is for thee, and those of thy creed to speak falsely. What truth can be expected from men, who, professing a religion of peace and love, tear from their houses and altars, and punish by a shameful death, those whose only crime is that they worship God according to the rites of their fathers?"

"A less scornful tone would suit thy situation better," said Gower; and then he added in a lower voice, which reached only the ear of Neela: "It is my turn to triumph now!" The maiden did not answer; for her aged mother stood beside her, gazing anxiously into her face as if she wished to read there the meaning of this intrusion on their solitude. Neela threw her

arms around her parent, exclaiming in tones of agony, "Oh, my mother, why hast thou lived to see this day?"

"What meanest thou, my beloved child? Why are the rude eyes of strangers gazing on our sorrows?"

"Mother," said Neela, firmly, "that man hath spoken of a fearful crime—of the murder of the fair young child whom we loved so well; and he hath spoken darkly too of our being implicated in the deed. More I know not, save that he has come hither to drag us to the prison cell,—perhaps to death!"

"But we are innocent, my child."

"Alas, what will that avail us?—to be accused is to be condemned; for when did Nazarene show justice or mercy to the Hebrew?"

Sir Richard Falkner had stood a pained and unwilling listener, without uttering a word; but he narrowly watched the countenance of Gower, and a dark suspicion entered his mind, which, however, he chased away the next moment, as something too detestable for belief. In the meantime, the crowd without were growing impatient; they thirsted to begin their terrible drama; and as the moments flew by, and Gower came not forth, their impatience could no longer be restrained.

"The witches will escape us—why do we tarry here?"—said one, giving vent at length to his long smothered fury. "Let us fire the building and burn them in their den!" Fortunately, however, there was no fire near enough to carry the project into effect;

and, disappointed in their search, some of the most desperate rushed into the house with loud outcries.

Neela folded her arms still more closely around her mother in that moment of dread. Fierce faces were now filling up the doorway; but the sight of those helpless women made the crowd pause for an instant. They gazed in silence upon the lovely countenance of the Hebrew girl; but it did not suit the purpose of Leslie Gower to allow the calm to continue.

"Behold," he cried aloud; "behold the sorceress who has destroyed your master's child; not from hatred to that fair boy, but in mockery of the sufferings of the Crucified, whose name is too holy to breathe in her presence! The blood of my brother's son cries out from the earth. Men of Chesterton, shall it cry in vain? Has the accursed one cast a spell upon ye?—Smite, smite in the name of the Lord!" This appeal had the desired effect. They sprang like tigers towards their victims; and one unmanly villain, seizing a silver branch from the table, was about to fling it at the defenceless girl, when a powerful arm dashed him to the earth, and the giant form of Sir Richard Falkner stood between the crowd and the object of their wrath. While waving his sword above his head, he shouted aloud, "He who attempts violence to these women must reach them through my heart!" The assailants paused and seemed irresolute; but again the voice of Gower was heard urging them on.

"They have bewitched the good knight by their spells," he cried; "but heed him not,"—and suiting

the action to the word, he thrust furiously at Sir Richard. Leslie Gower was young and vigorous; and although Falkner fought well and long, he was at length overpowered. During the conflict, a band of ruffians had forcibly separated the mother and child, and while one trampled on the senseless form of Naomi, another had wound his hand in the long tresses of her daughter, and, despite of her struggles, was tearing her away from her bleeding parent, when the crowd around the door suddenly gave way, and a faint cry of "The Baron! the Baron!" broke upon the ear of Neela.

"My God! thou hast not yet forsaken us!" she exclaimed, in a tone of deep thankfulness. It was indeed the Baron of Chesterton, who, accompanied by several armed followers, now entered the scene of violence, and well nigh of murder.

The sword dropped from the hand of Leslie Gower, while the discomfited vassals, judging from the frown on the Baron's brow how little he was pleased by their barbarous zeal, hastily retreated, and the sobs of Neela, as she bent over the inanimate and bleeding form of her mother, was all that broke the silence.

Sir Richard Falkner, pale, wounded, and exhausted, leaned on his broken sword, his manly face crimsoned with the shame of defeat; while Leslie Gower, disappointed even in the moment of triumph, stood gazing with a look of rage on the brother who through life had defeated his dearest hopes. From childhood his had been an envious and repining spirit. The

second son of a powerful and wealthy Baron, he hated the elder, who stood between him and the inheritance, and cursed the fate which had made him younger. Possessing strong passions, and incapable of noble or generous feeling, he yet had sufficient craft to veil his real character from those with whom he came in contact, and succeeded in gaining the hearts of his father's vassals by his specious manners. One thing had seemed to favour his hopes: his elder brother grew sickly and feeble, and his death was looked to by the aspiring Leslie as a thing not only probable, but certain. In the dark recesses of his heart he rejoiced, although he outwardly seemed to mourn over his decay, and all were blinded by his pretended affection, with the exception of Eugene, the young Baron. Endowed by nature with keen penetration, and the reverse of his brother in character and feelings, he alone pierced the veil that shrouded the soul of Leslie; but he concealed his knowledge, for he knew it was essential to his own safety not to appear to doubt.

Unwilling to await at home the slow progress of what he deemed certain decay, Leslie demanded and obtained permission of his father to proceed to the Holy Land, and join the crusaders in the war against the Saracens. He had scarcely been in Palestine a year, when tidings reached him that his brother had been perfectly restored to health by the skill of a Jewish physician, and was wedded to the daughter of a neighbouring baron. Shortly after, he learned that his father was dead, and this determined him to return

home; for he did not yet despair, by fair means or foul, of getting rid of his brother. On his journey he was taken prisoner, and, after seven years' captivity, reached Chesterton in time to celebrate the sixth birthday of his brother's son. It needed all his self-command to repress the demon at his heart, as Eugene proudly showed him the lovely boy, and secretly cursing both, he vowed yet to be Baron of Chesterton.

He sought out the Jewish doctor who had restored his brother to health, and offered him immense wealth to destroy both father and son by poison; but Ephraim rejected his proposals with scorn, and Gower swore vengeance. Previously to this, he had seen Neela, and, dazzled by her beauty, had wooed her as a noble of England only could woo one of the outcasts of Judah. Her indignant rejection of his proposals was another motive for revenge.

It was a common thing in those days to accuse the Jews of crucifying Christian children; and only the year before, eighteen had been executed on a charge equally monstrous and absurd, of sacrificing in this manner a child called Hugh of Lincoln. To interested and fanatical judges, such things were not hard to prove, and Leslie, who knew neither pity nor remorse, eagerly seized upon the vulgar prejudice to work out his own dark schemes. It was easy to get rid of the Baron's child, and accuse the Jew and his daughter of the crime; and, aided by a single accomplice, who had been his own attendant from infancy, he set about accomplishing his purposes.

Eugene had been made acquainted by Ephraim, before his departure from England, with his brother's baseness; and he rejoiced when Leslie departed for the court of King Henry.

Secure, as he imagined, in his absence, the Baron had gone over to the neighbouring town of Southampton, with his lady, for a day; and, on his return, was horrified by the intelligence that the nurse had suddenly disappeared with his child. That evening, while the distracted parents were searching for the lost one, Leslie Gower returned from the Court, then held at Winchester, and at once pointed suspicion towards the house of Ephraim. Then some one remembered having seen the nurse and her charge upon the beach, near the Jew's house, where all traces were lost. The rest has been told. The Baron no sooner heard of the danger which threatened Neela and her mother, than he hastened to prevent the fatal results which, but for his timely arrival, must have ensued.

"Thou art pale and terrified, poor girl!" said he, turning to the agitated Neela, who was attempting to raise her unconscious parent, "and art more in need of assistance than enabled to afford it.—Behold thy work!" he continued, as he raised the bleeding form of Naomi, and laid her on a couch, while he gazed sternly at his brother. "Did it not suffice that *one* murder should blacken thy soul?—I had forgotten thee, my brave friend," he added, turning to Sir Richard. "But forgive me, for sorrow presses heavily on my head!"

Falkner grasped the Baron's hand warmly, as the latter bent his head to hide the tears that rolled down his cheeks.

II.

It was a dark and stormy evening, and Neela sat in the little chamber in the castle to which she and her mother had been removed by the Baron to secure them from fresh attempts on the part of Leslie, watching the feverish and unquiet slumbers of her dying parent. She was alone, for not all the commands of the Baron could induce any of his lady's attendants to afford assistance to the unfortunate Jewesses. They considered his interposition as the effect of witchcraft, and expected to see Neela and Naomi carried away by the Evil One before the dawn of day.

As the wind shook the little casement, it awakened the sleeper, and she feebly murmured her daughter's name, when in a moment the anxious watcher was by her side. The mother partly raised herself, and with a trembling hand put back the hair from Neela's white brow, while she addressed her thus:—

"I would bless thee, my Neela, for my moments are numbered, and the death-dews are already on my brow. Fain would I linger a little longer for thy sake in this world of suffering; but the decree of the Highest hath gone forth, and it may not be. It is sad to see thee thus, my fair child, alone with thy dying parent,—none to cheer thee in the hour of affliction,—

none to whisper hope amid thy sorrowing. But there is one who is the Father of the fatherless, who watches over the orphan's fate, and to him I consign thee! I had hoped to see the bridal veil upon thine head, my best beloved,—to have supported thy trembling form beneath the nuptial canopy; and, in resigning thee to one who hath loved thee well and long, I could have gone down to the grave without a sigh. But His will be done! This is a bitter and unlooked-for trial for thee, my child, and thy lot will be lonely when I am gone;—but there thou wilt find consolation,"—pointing to the prayer-book which lay on the table—"pray with me, my child, that though I die far from my kindred and my people, the last sound that greets my ear may be the praise of the Lord!" Repressing by a strong effort all outward signs of emotion, Neela opened the book, and commenced reading, in a faltering voice, the prayer for the dying.

Naomi's lips moved, but she spake not, and the poor girl read on, though her eyes were filled with tears, and she could scarcely see the words. Gradually, however, her anguish mastered her resolution, and the book fell from her hand. At that moment a flash of lightning illuminated the little apartment, and its blue light played around the features — of the dead.

It is an awful thing to gaze upon the glazed eye, the blue lips and stiffening limbs, when no tie of consanguinity attaches us to the departed; but how much more so must it be to the orphan who watches alone at the midnight hour, and by the lightning's glare, the

corpse of a beloved mother! She whose faith forbade her to look upon the dead of her kin, was now the only watcher by the corpse of her nearest relative.

Long and wildly Neela wept, but her tears were rather the lava stream that burns, than the gentle shower that refreshes. Gradually too, a sickening feeling of terror crept over her; horrible visions crowded on her brain, and she who had so loved her mother while living, feared to look upon her when dead. The very stillness made the blood creep coldly in her veins, and she would have given worlds to hear the sound of a human voice. In her despair she again had recourse to prayer.

Neela was calmer when she had concluded, and printing one warm kiss on the cold face of the dead, she covered it with a veil, and returned to her seat. She had sat about a quarter of an hour, musing on her desolate situation, when a slight noise aroused her, and raising her head with a start, her eye fell on the stern countenance of Leslie Gower. She would have shrieked, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and she was unable to utter a sound.

"Fear not, maiden," said Leslie, as he took her cold hand in his, "I came not to injure thee;" but his touch aroused all her dormant faculties, and she uttered a wild cry for help.

"Repeat that cry," said Leslie, drawing a dagger from his vest, "and ere one step can advance to aid thee, this blade shall drink thine heart's blood. Why

shouldst thou fear me, trembling fool? My purpose is to protect thee."

"Does the wolf protect the lamb, or the vulture the dove? I know thee too well to trust thy faithless promises."

"As thou wilt, fair Neela," and a bitter sneer curled his lip: "thy trust is in the promise of my high-souled brother, and art secure in his powerful protection. But know, proud Jewess, the rising of to-morrow's sun will be the signal of doom to thee. Already the monks are preparing to drag thee from thine asylum, on a charge of sorcery, and the Baron of Chesterton dares not resist the power of the Church. I alone can save thee. Even now a boat waits on the beach. Follow me silently, and ere the day dawns, it shall convey thee far beyond the reach of danger."

"Whither?" said Neela faintly.

"Whithersoever thou wilt; and when some urgent affairs which demand my presence here are adjusted, I will follow thee, and devote my future life to thine happiness."

"Come hither," said Neela, in a tone of unnatural calmness; "I have something to show to thee ere I answer."

Leslie arose, still retaining his hold of the dagger. Slowly she removed the covering she had laid on the face of her mother; and as he bent forward to gaze, a shudder passed through his iron frame, and he felt a momentary thrill of horror.

"I had forgotten thy mother," he said, turning to

the pale girl beside him; "but it is better thus; she would but have proved an incumbrance in thy flight, and the hand of cruelty cannot hurt the dead. Neela, I will be father, mother, lover, everything to thee;" and he was about to press his lip to her pure cheek, when with the strength of despair she flew to the door; but he followed her with the swiftness of thought, and drew her back ere she could attain her purpose. "Remember," he said, touching the hilt of the dagger, "one cry, and thy fate is sealed."

"Monster! cannot the hallowed presence of the dead restrain thine unholy passion? Begone! the vilest of deaths is preferable to thine abhorred touch!"

"Bravely spoken!" and he laughed a bitter laugh. "But hast thou considered, gentle Neela, what the death will be of which thou hast spoken so calmly? Canst thou, whose youth and beauty have been guarded like a well-prized jewel or delicate flower, bear the rude gaze—the execrations of an insulting crowd? Are those lovely limbs fitted for the torture and the flame? Trust me, thou wilt think better of this, and repent when repentance is too late." But Neela heard him not, for, exhausted by previous terror and excitement, she had fainted.

"So!" he exclaimed, "fortune favours me. The disappearance of the girl, and the death of the mother, will confirm the popular belief in their guilt; and then Eugene may doubt if he will. Yes! I shall yet be Baron of Chesterton!" Raising Neela from the ground, he wrapped her veil around her, and bore her swiftly

through the secret passages, with which he was well acquainted, to the sea shore, where he found the boat which he had ordered to be in readiness. Laying her gently on the sands, he approached the vessel to give some necessary directions to the boatmen.

The fresh air, playing upon her face, revived Neela's senses; and by the grey light of dawn she beheld a large boat filled with men, silently but swiftly approaching the beach. Her heart beat, and her brain whirled at the expectation of succour; but she did not stir, for she saw that neither Gower nor his accomplices perceived it.

Having finished his directions, Leslie Gower approached to raise his victim; but Neela had watched her moment, and springing up as he came near to her, she fled towards the strange boat, the crew of which had now landed. In a moment, with his sword drawn, Gower was at her side.

"On your peril," he said, "I command ye not to interfere. She is a king's prisoner."

"It is false! it is false!" shrieked Neela: "he has torn me from my mother's corse,—from the shelter of my friends, and is forcing me away against my will."

"Is this true?" said the foremost of the party, turning to Gower. But at the sound of that voice, Neela sprang to his side, exclaiming, "My God! my God! thou hast not forsaken the orphan." The stranger was her betrothed lover, and in an instant she was clasped in his arms.

"Thy blood be upon thine own head!" cried Gower,

as he aimed a blow at the unarmed youth, which, had it taken effect, would have deprived Neela of her last hope: but the sword was dashed aside by one who had already perilled life and limb for her sake; and Sir Richard Falkner, drawn by her shrieks to the spot, once more saved her from her dreaded foe.

"Shame on thee, thou disgrace to knighthood!" said the old warrior; "thou, who, on winning thy golden spurs, swore to protect the innocent and oppressed, art violating without remorse, that sacred covenant." Gower did not answer, and the sword fell from his powerless hand, for his eyes were fixed on an object which palsied his daring spirit: yet there was nothing fearful in the sight he beheld.

"Can the sea give up its dead?" he murmured hoarsely, "or does the murdered return to earth, as priests have told, to detect and punish their destroyers? No! no!—it cannot be; my senses deceive me:—yet it is there—still there!" and the strong man, the scoffer, who had railed at religion and virtue as chimeras of the heated brain, overcome by the consciousness of guilt and superstitious terror, fainted. But none heeded him: Sir Richard Falkner and Neela had recognized the Baron's lost child in the object of his dread.

The sequel is soon told. Leslie Gower had bribed the accomplice already named, to persuade the nurse, who was much attached to him, to meet him in a lonely part of the beach, during the Baron's absence, with her young charge.

Gilbert had agreed to murder both nurse and child; but his heart misgave him in the moment of trial: moved by the woman's eager entreaties, yet dreading both to lose the bribe and meet the vengeance of Gower, he chose a medium course, and forcing her and the child into a boat, cut the moorings and set them adrift on the wide waters without food. He then returned to his master, and informed him that all was over. That Providence, however, which watches over the helpless, suffered them not to perish; and after a day and night of terror, they were picked up by the vessel which was bearing to England the affianced husband of Neela.

When the funeral of her mother was over, and the first month of mourning passed, Neela became the bride of Ezra; and leaving the now desolate home of her childhood, returned with him to Italy. The Baron and Baroness blessed her when they bade her farewell, and even dropped a tear as they beheld the bounding bark that bore her away from the shores of England for ever.

Of Leslie Gower, from the moment the Baron's heir reappeared, nothing more was heard. Whether he returned to the Holy Land, and had fallen in honourable combat against the Infidel, or spent the remainder of his life in atonement beneath the cowl of the monk, for the sins of his youth, Eugene could never ascertain.

CELIA MOSS.

A MATCH OF AFFECTION.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Well, my daughter is married, the popular prints
  Are full of her blushes, her blonde, and her beauty,
And my intimate friends drop me delicate hints,
  That my poor timid girl is a victim to duty:
They talk about interest, mammon, and pride,
  And the evils attending a worldly connexion;
How little they know the warm heart of the bride!
  She always was bent on a Match of Affection.

Dear girl, when implored her fond lover to hear,
  At the mention of settlements how was she troubled!
Sir Nicholas offered two thousand a-year,
  But she would not say yes, till the income was doubled:
Still she clung to her home, still her eye-lids were wet,
  But the sight of the diamonds removed her dejection;
They were brilliant in lustre, and stylishly set,
  And she sighed her consent to a Match of Affection.

I really want language the goods to set forth,
That my love-stricken Emma has gained by her marriage,—
A mansion in London, a seat in the North,
A service of plate, and a separate carriage:
On her visiting list countless fashionists stand;
Her wardrobe may challenge Parisian inspection;
A box at the opera waits her command,—
What comforts abound in a Match of Affection!

Some thought Captain Courtley had won her young heart;
He certainly haunted our parties last season:
Encouragement, also, she seemed to impart,
But sober and quiet esteem was the reason;
When wooed to become a rich Baronet's wife,
The Captain received a decided rejection,
"She should hope as a friend to retain him through life,
But she just had agreed to a Match of Affection."

Some say that Sir Nicholas owns to three-score,
That he only exists amidst quarrels and clamour;
That he lets his five sisters live friendless and poor,
That he never hears reason, and never speaks grammar;
But wild are the freaks of the little blind god,
His arrows oft fly in a slanting direction;
And dear Emma, though many her taste may deem odd,
Would have died had we thwarted her Match of Affection.



Painted by T. M. Richardson.

Engraved by E. Hall junr.

BELLAGIO
LAKE OF COMO.

LAGO DI COMO.

If there's a spot to bid the heart forsake
The memories of the past, and there to make
The spirit bask in beauty, till she bless
So sweet a Lethe of forgetfulness,
'Tis Como's sunlit wave! whose ripples dance
As if rejoicing in their radiance.
It is bright summer, at the close of day,
Ere from the lake one beam has passed away;
While mount, and grass, and dell, and trellis fair,
Gleam in the glory of the sunny air.
Each feathery tree seems dipt in golden light;
The marble vase shines yet more purely white;
And lofty towers, that point to yon bright sky,
Flash forth beneath their azure canopy;
While the still air, as if each breath were spent,
Makes the soft silence yet more eloquent.
Oh! scenes remembered!—fairest still ye seem!
Like the regretted vision of a dream
Ye cross my memory! My heart forsakes
The weary world's dull paths; again it takes
Its flight o'er years long gone, and on thy shore,
Fair, peerless Como, rests awhile; once more
I hear the murmur of the lake's calm flow,
Beneath the walls of dear Beleggio!

Anna Savage.

TO A LADY ON THE BIRTH OF AN INFANT.

BY MRS. BRAY.

A DAUGHTER to thy hopes is given
In all her infant charms:
A gift, the dearest gift, of Heaven
Lies cradled in thine arms.

'Tis thine to gaze upon her face,
To press a mother's kiss,
And, in thy fondest fancies, trace
Her path of promised bliss.

How calm the course of infant hours!
In all their changes blest,
Babes wake in smiles, and sleep like flowers
That "fold themselves to rest."

O! may this gift of Heavenly love—
For children share its grace—
Be watched by angels from above,
Who see their Father's face.

AN EVENING AT DR. KITCHENER'S.

BY MRS. WALKER.

NEVER shall I forget the pleasure, some fourteen years since, with which I accepted the offer of a friend to take me to a *soirée* at the late Dr. Kitchener's, and give me a special introduction, to the dear, eccentric, pleasant, clever Doctor himself. I was very young, and had all youth's awe of genius, and possessed, besides, an implicit belief in the utter infallibility of any man or woman who had written a book! And many such were to be present, I learned, on the evening in question. I am sure, that had I been about to behold all the masculine and feminine potentates of the earth congregated together, I should not have felt half the curiosity and fear I did on this occasion. The evening arrived, and in due time the carriage set us down at the good Doctor's residence, situated in Warren Street, Fitzroy Square. The drawing-room, into which we were ushered, was quite full; and our host was bustling about in all the excitement of restless pleasure.

Before I proceed to speak of the guests, let me introduce the Doctor, to those who are too young to remember him. Dr. Kitchener had, I believe, been

educated for a physician, and for some years followed the profession; but dislike to the pursuit, as some state, or, (the truth I believe) the acquisition of property sufficient to secure independence, without the exercise of the Esculapian art, made him abandon it. At the time I speak of, except as an *amateur*, he certainly did not practise. Literature was the avocation, as well as pleasure, of his life. He had just published his famous "Cook's Oracle," and was revelling in the celebrity, and the profits, which were large, which the work procured for him. But besides literature—besides gastronomy and physic, he was an amateur musician, and composer; an astronomer, though not quite equal to Herschell; and a *pseudo* professor of optics. He assuredly was a singular man, and if not a first-rate genius, possessed a vast deal of general and useful talent, which he made available for the amusement and advantage of others.

It is only recording the truth of him to say, that a man more ready to assist with his services, often with his purse, those who needed either, never existed. True, he had a large *bump* of the organ of self-esteem, whose development frequently exposed him to ridicule; but for myself, I was so much amused by his entertaining gossip of the prose and poetry he had written—of the music he had composed—the sauces he had concocted—the philosophical and astronomical instruments he had invented, that I forgot in my pleasure, how very often the little pronoun "I" commenced each sentence. He was a very early riser, and employed all the morn-

ing till eleven in writing. He then took a substantial lunch, and was for the rest of the day "at the service of his friends." And I really believe he passed the time, except during the hours stated, in perambulating, or driving through the streets on missions of real or fancied benefit to others. In person he was tall, and a sort of singular twist about his body, added to his costume — a blue or black coat of the most extraordinary cut, black small-clothes, and silk stockings, — gave to his appearance an oddity, which made him, once seen, to be easily remembered. A paralytic stroke, I believe, had deprived him of the use of one eye; to conceal which defect, he wore glasses, of course of his own invention. There was intellect in his countenance; but nevertheless, an expression almost amounting to cunning blended with it. He was an incessant talker, (unless sunk in one of the fits of deep dejection, to which he was subject,) and as I was a patient and most admiring listener, I soon established myself in his good graces.

And now for a glance at the assembled guests.— Alas! alas! of the throng that night, how many hath death swept away, or circumstances scattered over the face of the earth! My first eager inquiry was, "Which is Miss Landon?" For I knew she was to be there. When pointed out, I was never weary of gazing at the sweetest poetess England ever boasted. Not that she possessed any peculiar personal charms: for she was a common-place, undistinguished looking girl in appearance. But the halo of genius encircled her,

and gave, in my eyes, beauty to her face and form—music to her voice. Poor, ever lamented, gifted "L.E.L.!" in many a bosom, the sigh is not yet hushed which thy early and mysterious death called forth! I soon got into conversation with her, and was not a little staggered at hearing her say "she hated the country, and hoped she never should go further than the limits of a hackney coach drive." Poor girl! how little did she deem, that destiny ordained she should traverse thousands of miles to find—a grave! I asked her if she was fond of music? "No, whenever she went to the Opera, she put her hands to her ears!"—Was the sea an object of inspiration and delight? "No, the melancholy monotony of the waves so oppressed her, that whenever she was within hearing of them, she tried to sleep all day!" Whether these were her real sentiments, or only uttered to puzzle her hearers, I know not. But I do know that to many others, at subsequent periods, she reiterated the same declaration. Her spirits were that night exuberant; one could hardly imagine a saddened image ever had crossed her mind. Sitting near her, and in strong contrast with her vivacity, from the extreme repose of her face and attitude, reclined the gentle, feminine, lady-like Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelly, looking the very image of Miss O'Neil's portraits, which she greatly resembles, with her long fair silken ringlets, and seeming by her soft voice and placid smile, and calm demeanour, just the very last person one would have guessed to be the creator of "Frankenstein" and its "Monster." By the way,

there was a poet stalking through the rooms, who, one of the ladies remarked to Mrs. Shelly, must have suggested the idea of the Monster in question. The excellent, unselfish, single-minded Miss Benger, authoress of several clever works, was also another "Blue Lioness," to whom I was presented. She, too, is now no more, and died too soon for herself and others. There were several poets—Alaric Watts, Croly, &c. &c. And last, not least, the handsome author of the "Tower of London," and—that I should be compelled to add!—of "Jack Sheppard,"—then very young, and but a poetaster, and little perhaps thinking of the fame that awaited him some fourteen years later. Conspicuous amongst the many, by his aristocratic and noble bearing, was the late Lord Dillon, (first cousin to the Marquis of Normanby,) pouring forth a torrent of words on the merits of his own last new novel, "Rosaline de Vere," and absolutely outrivalling our host himself, in the happy estimate he affixed to his own productions. But who would not pardon this weakness, when, as in Lord Dillon's instance, so many high, noble, and chivalrous qualities counterbalanced it? His lordship, when first pointed out, was in eager converse with poor Graham (shot a few months subsequently in a duel in America;) but then editing a London journal of some repute. He had promised in it a favourable notice of Lord Dillon's novel, and the noble author was pointing out what passages he thought most deserving of attention. Graham, with his remarkable *insouciance* of manner, was in strong opposition to his impassioned

companion. This *insouciance* he did not even lay aside, when afterwards conversing with the young lady whom his talents had captivated, and who, a short time afterwards, in a fit of despair at his indifference, took laudanum, and cut her throat in a hackney-coach! *He* sleeps in death, and *she* is now well and happily married—such is human life!

The pauses in conversation were filled up by music; some of the first London vocalists being present. Braham, with his handsome wife, commenced with the Lord's Prayer, set to music by the Doctor, and so exquisitely did he execute it, that its repetition was demanded three times in the evening, to the Doctor's unbounded delight, who thought the compliment all his own. Sinclair, also, sung a composition of our host's; but languidly, the recent death of a beloved child preying on him. "To preserve its existence," (I heard him say,) "he would gladly have walked a blind beggar through the world all the rest of his life." The dear old Doctor, who liked to be the one object of attention, after listening for the third time to his "Lord's Prayer," summoned those who liked to accompany him to his observatory, to try the power of an immense telescope, constructed under his superintendence. It was a delicious night in July, and many of us were glad to escape from the heat of the crowded rooms to enjoy the external air, and take a peep at the lady moon shining in meridian splendour above. Oh! the bustling delight of the Doctor, while bringing the telescope to its proper focus, and calling us one by one

to inspect the moon and starry skies! And when, in truth or courtesy, we declared we had never seen the shadows on the moon's disk so distinctly, no one's triumph could be greater than his—"Of course you never did; you never looked before through *such* a telescope," replied he, chuckling and rubbing his hands. When all had gazed their last, we descended to supper, where some of his gastronomic treasures were served, and where every thing was of the best quality. Supper discussed, we ascended to the drawing-room. It was now near twelve, and it was understood by all, that beyond that hour, no one was permitted to linger. "God! save the King," the solo parts beautifully sung by Braham, Sinclair, and Miss Cubitt, and the chorus by the company, the Doctor amongst the rest, concluded the evening—one of the pleasantest I ever passed, and which commenced an acquaintance with Dr. Kitchener, to be terminated only by his lamented death.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

BY CHARLES LEWIS.

Blest traveller! to yon fair and cloudless realms
  Of light and life eternal, now thy home,
What load of fearful solitude o'erwhelms
  My widow'd soul, unable to o'ercome
  This last bereavement—still compell'd to roam
This world of woe, and mingle with the throngs
  Of earthly disputants? Oh! wearisome
Is life, and all that doth to life belong,
Since *thou* no more art found earth's joyless haunts among.

No more for thee the festive board we spread,
  No more the votive cup to thee we fill;
Silence and sorrow now are ours instead,
  And grief, which life destroys, yet doth not kill.—
  On vacancy we gaze, and tears distil
From eyes all wont to brighten in thy sight;
  Thy glance no more shall bid to leap and thrill
The heart thy presence filled with such delight—
Oh! day of grief more sad, darker than deepest night.

The sunbeams rest upon thy lowly bed,
And from its sod, flowers bright and sweet are springing;
While, as in contrast to the silent dead,
On every spray the birds are blithely singing,—
Soaring o'er all, the lark his flight is winging,
Spurning the earth, and making heaven his own.
Why to that earth in sad existence clinging,
Still is it mine to wander forth alone,
When all that life endeared for evermore is flown?

For what to me is now the sun's bright beam,
Or yon sweet flowers with all their beauteous dyes?
Can they my drooping soul from grief redeem,
Or wake again the heart's dead sympathies?—
Still, not in vain their gleam,—they bid arise
Sweet memories of all that thou wert here:
Thy beauteous smile, thy love-inspiring eyes,
Thy speech, than song of birds more sweet, more clear,
Till from the grave my lov'd, my lost doth reappear.

And there is joy still mingled with our grief,
That thou from earthly suffering art set free;
And sorrow draws from love its best relief,
Glorying in all that is a gain to thee.
Thy God in mercy issued the decree
That called thee hence, and bade us part awhile;
Nor may our woe, all-poignant though it be,
Obscure that brighter faith, which can beguile
The mourner of his tears with sweet celestial smile.

I weep, but not as one of hope bereft,
Who sees beyond the grave no brighter shore;
Thy mourned departure hath this comfort left,
That mine own sojourn here will soon be o'er,
And we shall meet in happiness once more.
Not e'en the tomb can love annihilate.
He who hath taken, can He not restore?
Or did he in man's soul such hope create
To bid him sink at last, bereft and desolate?

Yes, we shall meet again!—again shall bow
In holy union before God's high throne;
Grief shall not find my soul a recreant now
To that pure faith which here we made our own.
E'en 'mid my tears I am not all alone;
Thou still art near me, spirit true and fond!
Love conquers death; and when this race is done,
And I at length am free from life's sad bond,
Mine thou shalt be again, the grave's dark bourne beyond!

THE SONG OF THE CANTATRICE.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

The flowers are not so rich and fair,
And the sky is dim and cold,
And friends are not so dear to me
As those I loved of old;
The tones I hear are not so sweet
That greet me in my glee,
As those that I remember well
In our sunny Italy.

Home! home!—*my* home! Oh! never more
Methinks 'twill meet mine eye,
And never shall I see again
Mine own bright glorious sky;
And ne'er will Arno's banks resound
With echoes of our mirth,
For voices that once woke them there
Are silent now on earth.

Our cottage, 'neath the linden tree,
Was overhung with vine,
Which clustered in the gracefu wreaths
No hand had taught to twine;

The myrtle's silver blossoms, too,
So delicately fair,
And a thousand lovely flowers bloomed
In gay luxuriance there.

Since last beneath that roof I dwelt,
And roved those scenes among,
My heart has learned a bitter task—
Strange words are on my tongue;—
And many an upbraiding look
My wounded pride has bowed,
While flashed mine eye with bitter scorn,
I dared not breathe aloud.

Oh! well do I remember, when
The vintage task was done,
How gaily there we often met
Ere day's last beam was gone,
And danced around the linden tree,
In many a careless band,
For sorrow seemed to shun our path,
In mine own happy land.

And *if* perchance one shade of grief
Passed lightly o'er my brow,
How many hearts were there to soothe,—
But I am lonely *now*;
And now my merry mandolin
Hangs silent on the wall;
My name—that once familiar name—
None answers to the call.

Yet many a hand is linked with hand,
Around the linden tree—
O do they miss me in their sport,
And do they speak of me?
My sister, does she love me still,—
My mother weep me yet?
Or do they learn the wanderer
In absence to forget?

But here the sky is dim and cold,
And flowers are not so fair,
And sad and chilling are the hearts,
And cold the looks they wear:
Then can you wonder if a tear
Will sometimes dim mine eye,
And all my thoughts should yearn towards
Another, purer sky?

And oh! the song that once I trilled,
In all my maiden glee,
Whilst mooring oft our little skiff
In our bright Italy,—
To listening crowds I breathe *that* song,
In mimic trappings drest,
As if no tear had filled mine eye,
Or misery my breast.

And when some well-remembered scene
Comes stealing o'er my mind,
And stifled sobs half choak my voice,
And tears my vision blind—

They deem it but the actress' skill,
And call me forth to smile,
In answer to the lavish praise
That wrings my heart the while!

The richest gems and costly robes,
Bedeck my form, and now
They clasp with glittering bands my arms,
And bind with gems my brow:
They do not guess beneath it all,
How much of grief is there;
The prisoned bird will sing, although
His last song were—despair.

They give me praise, they give me gold,
With lavish lip and hand;
And think they thus repay me for
My own dear native land!
They offer gems, they offer love,
A love they weigh with gold;
But what is that to one kind smile,
From those I loved of old!

And *one* who loved me then so well,
Unchanged through grief and pain,
My hand has severed that fond link,
Which ne'er unites again:
Speak not of him—for saddest thoughts
Rush wildly o'er my brain,
And all I've loved, and all I've lost,
Return to me again.

The happy days of girlhood, too,
With all its store of flowers,
Return in smiling mockery,
With thoughts of by-gone hours.
Then do not, do not chide me,
Nor bid me to be glad;
Nor ask again in word or look,
The reason I am sad.

FRENCH SONG.

"Qui te connait connaitra la tendresse."

Thee but to know, is tenderness to feel,
Who sees thine eyes their witchery will prove,
Through Wisdom's veins the subtle poison steal,
And frigid Reason own the pulse of love.

By Reason's power I thought to break the charm,
And Wisdom would preserve from flame unholy;
But Reason's voice unites my breast to warm,
And, urged by Wisdom, thee I love to folly.

Henry Jones.

THE SMUGGLER'S WIFE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

I.

"Two persons may have the same idea, only Shakspeare thought of it first:"—yes, in his mind's mint, stamped it as his own most royal coinage;—linked it for ever to his deathless memory;—embalmed it in the undecaying records of his supreme genius! And applying the trite adage to the lesser luminaries which have since arisen—like stars after sunset—how often does the poor scribbler bewail his hard fate; one moment regretting, in the pride either of his real or imagined power, that he was not born three hundred years ago, and the next, confessing in his heart of hearts that it is very difficult to distinguish between memory and creation. And yet I do believe there are as many pages in nature's book, for the real philosopher and true poet, "white and unwritten still," as any that they have crowded: but it is the "master spirits" which must arise to fill them.

And now, kind reader, you will ask, what has all this to do with the story I am going to tell you?—Much. I want to describe a lovers' trysting place, as lovely a spot as any on the banks of the Thames, where

a smooth lawn slopes gently down to the rippling tide, in which graceful willows lave their drooping branches. The time too was summer—real, dear, beautiful summer, when the roses and lilies and jessamine mingle their rich odours; when one envies more than ever the free birds which rove about all day in the sunshine, or in the shade which the sunshine makes pleasant, and feels disposed to emulate their out-of-door enjoyment, for a few days at least, without the fear of sore throat or catarrh constantly before one's eyes. It was night too, gorgeous night, that was "*not* sent for slumber;" and the moon *did* shine coldly, calmly bright, like a lovely, lonely queen; and the stars came clustering forth around, but not quite near, as if to guard and guide her. But who dares attempt to describe such a scene without involuntary plagiarism, or open honest borrowing? I fear, not I; and so I would rather leave to my readers' imagination the task of filling up the picture.

I have said it was night, in fact nearly midnight, and Dudley Raymond, choosing the partial shade afforded by two or three large trees, had waited with anxious heart for more than an hour. At last the house door was gently opened, and as stealthily closed; a light figure tripped noiselessly over the lawn, and in another minute Margaret Seymour was in his arms. They had been separated for three years,—a long absence, chequered only by a very imperfect correspondence. Yet there was neither doubt nor distrust on either side, and they met with mutual faith as unshaken as if their vows had been pledged but yesterday.

Many were the broken, passionate exclamations, which passed between them; and many the foolish honey words (which yet have their own sweet wisdom) ere Margaret raised her head from her lover's shoulder; and as Dudley gathered back the mass of rich brown hair which had streamed over her face, he started and exclaimed, "You have been ill, Margaret!—You are paler,—thinner!"

"I am *older*," she replied gravely.

"Very aged;—something more than one-and-twenty; but I do not perceive either wrinkles or grey hairs yet." And Dudley was cheated of a smile, though his heart was too full for mirth.

"I am serious," she continued: "grief has a maturing hand; and that is a foolish reckoning which measures time by the even flight of weeks, and months, and years. You left me a mere girl,—neither very obedient nor very tractable, I believe, but still with something of the pliability of youth. I might have been moulded to good or evil; but it is too late now. I have had neither friend nor counsellor; my mind has been its own instructor, and I have grown into a resolute determined woman. I wonder can you love me as well?"

"You do *not* wonder."

"Yes!—listen to me; I have felt sometimes,—not often,—but I *have* felt that I could not always, in all things, bend even to you."

"I will not ask it."

"Perhaps not. But indeed I am altered; you will

judge how much, when I tell you the manner in which I have passed my time since my father's death. Abhorring my step-mother, and feeling certain it was through her influence he left me dependent on her will, I have, though dwelling under the same roof, shunned her presence as much as possible. I have absolutely refused to visit with her, and rarely have I mixed with visitors at home. My poor father's study has been tacitly given up to me, for no one else cared to enter it; and there have I passed the greater portion of my time. From your recollection of his favourite pursuits, you may judge that my studies have not been those precisely common to young ladies. Astronomy, astrology,—do not laugh, Dudley,—I am superstitious, that is one of the changes in myself which I acknowledge,—and chemistry. From the last I have won, what I once felt to be a treasure, for it gave me power over my own destiny at a time when I felt life to be almost insupportable. See! I have worn it ever since attached to the chain of your hair!" and she drew forth a little golden box, which had formerly contained aromatic vinegar, but was now applied to a very different purpose; the inner compartment had been entirely removed, and in its place, embedded in soft cotton, lay a globule, containing a few drops of some transparent fluid. Dudley seemed scarcely to understand her, but as she closed the box, Margaret whispered, "Broken in the mouth, it would destroy life in a few seconds."

Dudley snatched it from her, and hurled it towards

the river. "Why did you do so?"—she exclaimed. "But it matters not, I shall not want it now. I would have swallowed it at the altar, had they forced me there, rather than have been *his*. She first tried to bribe, and then threatened me; for the alliance would have strengthened the ambitious hopes she entertains for her brainless brat,—and I believe my hand was to have been the price of his influence. But you tremble, Dudley."

"Margaret! in your letters, you never told me all this!"

"Why should I have distressed you?—but listen now, for there is no pain to either of us in talking of Lord Lovel while your arms are round me. At first, I appealed to his generosity. I told him that I loved"—

"The son of the ruined merchant!"

"Yes; I told him no power on earth should induce me to wed another. But he only smiled,—his bitter smile;—and said he would wait till I had outgrown my girlish fancy. Soon afterwards he began cautiously and artfully, to traduce you to me; but I saw through his design in a moment, and told him our mutual confidence was too secure to be shaken by evil report. And as my last resource, I tried to make him understand how completely I scorned and loathed him;—he turned pale with anger, but yet he smiled,—and though he left the room, threatening vengeance in terms I could not clearly comprehend,—in less than a week, I heard he had left England."

"And he has kept his vow. Margaret, you have much to learn, before I ask you to share the fortunes of a desperate man. Do not start when I tell you I am no longer in the navy. I am dismissed—disgraced;—and it is Lord Lovel who has worked my ruin! You know that he is high in the service, and a few months since, he contrived that I should be appointed to a ship he commanded. I knew him, Margaret, as your rejected lover,—but I knew him not till afterwards, as a disgrace to the name of British peer, or British sailor. Cannot you guess the rest? How he first goaded me on by petty insults, then entrapped me into a seeming neglect of duty, and finally played the double traitor, by slandering you. Driven almost to madness, in a moment of fury, I struck him. My accumulated offences admitted of no extenuation;—I was dismissed the service with ignominy."

Margaret was silent for a few moments, but then she spoke with firmness. "I should have gloried in your fame, and the world's high report; but I will be only the woman now, and rejoice that we need not again be so long and so widely separated."

He did not answer; but as he drew her yet nearer, and looked down into those large, lustrous, tearless eyes, he read in one long and earnest gaze, the perfect faith of woman's untiring and unselfish love. Whatever undefined self-sacrificing plans Dudley might previously have cherished, they were that moment banished for ever; and he broke the silence by exclaiming. "We cannot part!"

And then he asked her if she would share perils and care, disgrace, and possible poverty; if she would leave kindred and friends, home, luxury, and station? And she answered—*as women always answer.* Then he whispered a few more words in her ear, at which she started; and after a while he asked her, almost in a tone of dissuasion, if she would *yet* be his wife? And she answered—as women, *with unsettled principles*, always answer!

Meanwhile the tide had risen, and the boat in which Dudley had rowed himself thither, had drifted to within a few feet;—it seemed like a signal that they must separate. Indeed they had lingered till the grey of early morning warned them of the flight of time;—but as at last he stepped into his boat, Margaret promised that the next time it glided beneath the dripping branches of the willows, it should bear her away for ever.

She watched the first few strokes of the oar, but as she turned from the water's edge, she was attracted by something glittering at her feet. In a moment she recognised the little box Dudley had snatched from her hand, and as she raised, and once more fastened it to the chain at her neck, she murmured—"It is an omen; but I have decided."

II.

Greyford is an inconsiderable town on the coast of Hampshire, and a few years ago the curiosity of the inquisitive portion of its inhabitants—a large majority—was strongly excited touching the parentage,

former life, and present vocation of a couple—the dwellers in a certain cottage, which had long been tenantless, and which was situated very near the sea-shore, and about a quarter of a mile beyond their last new terrace. The lady was young, and without being strictly handsome, every one acknowledged—notwithstanding her extreme simplicity, almost homeliness of attire—that her appearance was prepossessing and distinguished. Her husband was a fine-looking man, seemingly not more than a year or two older than herself, and unquestionably with the deportment of a gentleman. Of course, as they paid rent and taxes with laudable punctuality, and discharged debts on delivery of their purchases, they were voted—respectable; as they evidently declined all visiting, they were declared—proud; and as they did not attempt to advertise any account of themselves, they were called—mysterious. The last circumstance was most defective policy, and a proof that they had never before dwelt in or near a small country town. The apothecary's wife had adventured a call—probably she would not so have done, had not a new practitioner just started, and the report of her reception, and the interior of their dwelling only sharpened curiosity.

The room into which she was ushered, though small, was fitted up in a style somewhat between a gentleman's study and a lady's boudoir. Well-stored book-shelves extended on one side from floor to ceiling; while, on the other, a large pair of globes contrasted with a harp and guitar. Various articles of taste and luxury were

scattered about, and a fine Newfoundland dog was stretched at full length on the hearth-rug. Mr. and Mrs. Rawlins—so they were called—had evidently just finished luncheon, or an early dinner, and on the table were two or three sorts of French wines, and several kinds of very rare foreign and dried fruits.

Although the lady had been courteously received, her visit was never returned, nor did it lead to any further intimacy. Months passed on, and the town's-people's curiosity remained ungratified. Though not extinct, it became for a little while dormant, as an elopement, a stage-coach accident, and two robberies, had lately afforded abundant matter of interest and speculation.

III.

The scene is again the interior of the cottage. It was a winter's night; thick curtains excluded the cold wind, but the roaring of the sea was perfectly audible. Margaret and her husband had drawn near a bright fire, and she sat on a low ottoman almost at his feet; one hand was clasped in hers, while the other rested carelessly on her shoulder. They were alone in their dwelling, for their only domestic had never been permitted to sleep under that roof.

"It is a dreadful night!" said Margaret, but without raising her eyes.

"Yet I have braved much worse," replied Dudley; "and besides, the wind may lull when the tide turns. It yet wants three hours to midnight. What! weeping —trembling! Oh! dearest, this unmans me!"

"I have a presentiment of evil, which I cannot shake off."

"Foolish girl!"

"Listen to me, Dudley! Within the last hour, by a *spontaneous* effort of memory, the whole of my past life has passed in rapid review before me, more vividly, more distinctly, than my *will* could have commanded. A strange and momentary flash revealed to me, by, *I* believe, a supernatural power—the future. Into that moment was condensed a life's share of agony and strife; and then came a white blank, like Eternity to the mind's conception. Stay!—I know you will tell me, it is only a fevered imagination; but if so, will you not bear with me?"

"I would rather reason with you."

"I must—I will tell you. Dudley, I have seen Lord Lovel to-day!"

Dudley started, and an exclamation of horror escaped him. "Margaret!" he cried, "did he see—did he recognize you?"

"Yes, and appeared not in the least surprised at the meeting. It was in a narrow street, and he took off his hat, stood still, and remained uncovered while I passed. I looked not in his countenance to see if his withering smile were there or not."

"This is dreadful news. If he, of all men, have the clue, the worst will happen. The cellars are, at this moment, full of contraband goods, and a valuable cargo is to be landed to-night."

"I know it, and the weak fit has passed: I am again

the smuggler's wife. I must get out the night-glass, and load your pistols; and then I will shew you the miniature of my dear husband, which I finished this morning,—and then we will play a game at chess;—or shall I sing to you?"

A few minutes before midnight, the smuggler left his cottage, to meet his companions on the beach. Margaret unfastened and refastened the door with a tolerably steady hand, but as she turned back to the cheerful fire-side to keep her solitary watch, again she burst into tears. To know, might be a profitable lesson,—but who can tell the thoughts which rushed through the chaos of her mind, the mind of one destitute of religious principles, and yet not altogether an unbeliever,—during the following hour?

At the expiration of that time, a low tap was heard at the door, and Margaret, obedient to the signal, hastened to admit her husband. He entered, followed by two others, all heavily laden; but when the door was nearly closed, it was flung back violently, and an officer belonging to the Preventive Service, Lord Lovel, and half a dozen men, armed with cutlasses and pistols, sprang into the passage. Resistance would have been unavailing against such overpowering numbers, and so far from Dudley attempting it, he dashed the upraised weapon from the hand of one of his companions. But when he recognised Lord Lovel, the flush of anger mounted to his face, and then subsided to the deadly paleness of hatred and suppressed passion.

Lord Lovel, who was half intoxicated, could not con-

ceal his triumph; but as he alone knew Dudley's real name, and former station, but few of his taunts were understood, save by those who felt them only too keenly. Margaret stood cold and statue-like, until an attempt to handcuff her husband, seemed to arouse her faculties. "No—no!" she exclaimed, in a voice which none who heard ever forgot; and clasping her hands together, she fell at the feet of the man, who was in truth, yet more degraded than his erring rival. Dudley, in the grasp of two powerful men, attempted to spring forward, but in vain; and after a moment, she rose with her petition unanswered. It was then, Lord Lovel, as a crowning insult, threw his arm round her waist, and attempted to bring his lips near her face:—a scream escaped her, and the same instant Dudley's captors, either involuntarily slackening their hold, or he, by some giant effort, breaking from them, he snatched a pistol from his bosom, and Margaret's scream had scarcely died on the ear, when, after springing in the air till his head touched the ceiling, Lord Lovel lay a corpse at their feet!

IV.

It would be tedious and unavailing to carry the reader's attention to a court of justice, where, however evenly the scales are held, it should never be forgotten, that men, raised for the most part above their kind by high intellect, coldly and calmly meet to judge of crimes, almost ever committed in the frenzy of some overpowering passion. Enough that

the smuggler, known as David Rawlins, was convicted of the wilful murder of Viscount Lovel. It was in the days when extenuating circumstances were less thought of, than happily they are at present;—it was when human life must have been deemed of less value than now. Unfortunately, also, smuggling had recently been carried on to an alarming extent; and as in several affrays, the gang had fought most desperately, it was considered a proper opportunity to make an example of Lord Lovel's murderer.

Margaret was allowed to visit her husband in prison, and all wondered at her seemingly marvellous composure. They must have forgotten that it is "the silent griefs which cut the heart strings," or they did not understand how a spirit like her's might control emotion, for the sake of one far dearer than self or life.

It was the morning preceding that which was to be Dudley's last:—Margaret was with him; and the jailor, prompted by curiosity, listened to their conversation, at least, so he reluctantly confessed some days afterwards. He could however only collect a few detached sentences. From his account, the prisoner was urging her to communicate with her friends, which she positively refused to do, and on his entreating her to declare her intentions for the future, she whispered something which seemed to shock and startle him. He implored her to forego her purpose whatever it was, but she was deaf to his entreaties, declaring, "*It* had been reserved for her."

"Not for you, Margaret, but for me!" he exclaimed, in a tone of thrilling energy, and drawing her towards him, murmured, "You will save me from this horror of horrors?"

"They search me narrowly every time I enter," she replied. And then there was more whispering, which the listener could not catch, heart-wrung tears on both sides, and a parting,—the last but one.

That night Margaret was again admitted, and as usual carefully searched, lest she should convey any implement of self-destruction to the prisoner. She remained longer, far longer than the allotted time, and the jailor drew near, (he had never lost sight of them) to remind her she must withdraw. It was an agonizing scene, even to him, accustomed as he was to misery. Margaret clung to the prisoner, who clasped her wildly in his arms, but as he bent his lips towards hers to take the last—last kiss, she turned her head away, with a movement resembling the coyness of a bashful girl. He spoke but one word,—it was her name, uttered in a clear low voice, which seemed to recal—scarcely so much tenderness as—energy. His lips touched hers, and Margaret sank back from their last pressure, almost in a state of insensibility.

The scaffold was cheated of its victim, and the crowd who were drawn together from an unnatural craving for the horrible, dispersed with their degrading appetite unsatisfied. The prisoner was found, at day break, dead in his cell, and it was declared, from some strong poison.

Suspicion fell on the widow, though the jailor maintained it was impossible she could have been the bearer of any drug. They sought her, and found — a raving lunatic! Some kind and charitable individuals procured her admission into an asylum for the insane, where she remained, classed as an incurable, for many years. The maniac's death, and the pauper's grave, were hers at last. But once, amid her ravings, some words escaped, from which it was conjectured that the fatal drug was conveyed by the smuggler's wife to her condemned husband, in—their parting kiss !*

* This incident—on which the above sketch is founded—was related to the author several months ago, and she believes is to be met with in some calendar of crime.

THE INVALID TO HER MOTHER.

BY LADY WYATT.

Fell sickness, with his iron hand,
Points out to me "the better land:"
Resigned, I would not watch the sand,
But for *one* wish its ebb to stand—
The thought that I shall pain thee!

If friends applaud my mind's firm tone
And spirit calm, 'tis scarce my own;
For I repress sigh, tear, or moan,
By Love's all-powerful aid alone,
The thought that I might pain thee!

Farewell the harp I've played to thee,
The paths where I have strayed with thee,
The pencil I have swayed for thee,
The Book whence I have prayed with thee,
Which taught me ne'er to pain thee!

When this fond heart shall move no more,
Count not its hasty feelings o'er,
Its clinging love let thought restore,
Till, soothed, you'll gently her deplore,
Who'd rather die than pain thee!

UPON THE GLISTENING FOUNTAIN.

BY E. SCAIFE.

Upon the glistening fountain,
Upon each bending bough,
There's a light, like that of gladness
On childhood's cloudless brow.
On the hoar tops of the forest,
Is a glow of Heaven's own birth;
All things breathe of beauty,
Lady-love, come forth!

On the lake the white sail glimmers,
The shade is on the hill;
Fair flowers look up to Heaven,—
Loveliest, all is still.
O, come, and drink the freshness
That is poured upon the earth;
Come, for nature calls aloud,
Lady-love, come forth!

MARIE LANILLA.

BY E. SCAIFE.

Of all the fair prospects whose beauty has arrested the admiring gaze of the traveller, none, in our neighbourhood, may be compared with Burndale. Sweet Burndale! with its meadows, and its rivulets, and its little islands formed by rivulets, and its groves, and its grey ruins peeping from the grove, and its winding walks, and its rustic hermitage. Sure I am, that if my reader could be transported thither, its loveliness would never be forgotten. And with this favourable impression concerning the taste of that respected individual, I will endeavour to repress the garrulity of old age, and lose myself in my story.

Burndale hermitage then, some fifteen years ago, was occupied by a certain General Lanilla, a widower, mourning for the recent loss of a beloved wife, and a Frenchman to boot, who, together with his daughter and an old lady answering to the name of Nurse, and a man-servant and a maid-servant, contrived to excite no inconsiderable portion of the curiosity and scandal of the adjacent village of Burnwater. Some of its exemplary inhabitants exclaimed against him as a spy, while

others denounced him as a papist; but as time wore on, and the outlandish servants became better acquainted with the King's English and its speakers, suspicion gradually subsided.

With one singular exception in favour of the Rector, the General declined all intercourse with the neighbouring families, and thus crushed in the bud the incipient speculation of many a maiden lady. His daughter, however, frequently visited the poorer villagers, and consequently became a great favourite with the gossips, who again and again declared that she was innocence itself. "So beautiful," they said, "and so good,—so tender-hearted, and withal so pretty spoken,—they never saw the like! She was a perfect angel!" And, omitting the last rather irreverent commendation, the good people of Burnwater were not far wrong in their conclusion.

Marie Lanilla, at the age of twelve, was certainly the very personification of childish beauty, graceful, gentle, affectionate; and again, when, years past,—when the girl was lost in the woman,—when the rich and rare endowments of superior intellect were more fully developed and appreciated by her enquiring mind, those same gifts, heightened and exalted, formed her distinguishing attributes. Of love, in its passionate signification, she understood little; her hand was promised, and that her affection might accompany it, was the fervent prayer of her heart. Still, at times, rebellious thoughts would arise, and she would sigh, as she called to mind the long gravel walks, the stiff trees,

and the marble terraces, which the recollections of childhood connected with her future lot. United with these, too, was the memory of a tall dark gentleman, with melancholy countenance and pale brow, and the remembrance that he had been the friend of her mother in the hours of sorrow and suffering and distress,—when that mother, by her marriage with Lanilla, had brought upon herself the maledictions of her family,—was not always sufficient to render the future a pleasant resting-place for feelings that shrunk from the bare idea of coldness or indifference, nor always sufficient to subdue the changing emotions she experienced, when she recollected that her fate, in all probability, would be united with his. Still it was her mother's dying wish; and with this knowledge, like a sacred relic on her heart, Marie gradually grew up to maturity. In her father she found a companion, instructor, friend; her whole affections were centred in him, and perhaps his occasional absences from home were the severest trials of her early life.

It was after one of these separations that Marie, weary of her books, her flowers, the garrulity of Nurse, and finally of her own thick-coming and rather dolorous fancies, one fair evening, strolled out into the woods surrounding the Hermitage. After wandering hither and thither for some time, she seated herself beneath a spreading shade on the banks of a rivulet, and calling home her wandering thoughts, commenced singing. Now Marie had a pleasant voice, low withal, and on this evening particularly low, for she sang in an under-

tone. The song had been a favourite one of her mother's, and very sweetly it came from the lips of the fair melodist. The translation of the words might perhaps run as follows :—

" France! France! lovely France!
Land of bright and heart romance!
Land of hope!—from a foreign strand
I bless thee, O my father-land!
France, fair France!

" France! France!—on vine-clad hill
I would my feet were wandering still!
I would thy bright and laughing skies
Were hanging o'er my lifted eyes!
France, fair France!"

The songstress had proceeded thus far, when her last words were echoed in an unknown voice. Being unconscious of the vicinity of any cave or hollow, she was not a little surprised at the reverberation, and instantly arose from her mossy seat. While she yet wondered, the same tones stole from the thick grove behind, and she was chained to the spot by hearing the continuation of her own song.

" France! France! from a foreign strand
I bless thee, O my father-land!
I bless thee, land of heart romance!
I bless thee—yea, I love thee, France!
France, fair France!"

So sung the voice. Marie was sure it was not a maiden's,—it was so much deeper, and fuller, and

richer than her own; and with this consciousness, she had just placed her tiny foot on the first of the stepping-stones that formed a dry path across the rivulet, when an envious briar detained her, and before she could disengage herself, a handsome young stranger stepped forward, and after releasing her, apologized with much grace for his intrusion. He had watched her, he said, at a reverent distance; but, hearing the language of his own land so sweetly voiced, he had forgotten himself, had echoed the sentiment of her song, and now pleaded the impelling ties of country as his excuse. There was much embarrassment in Marie's reply. At first she considered the stranger presumptuous, then again she remembered that he spoke her own language, and that they were strangers in a strange land. Reasoning thus, the task of forgiveness was readily accomplished; and yet a little while, instead of crossing the stepping-stones,—that were indeed rather far apart,—she returned home by a more circuitous and open path, listening, as she went, to the voice of the stranger. He spoke of France, of its beauty, of its graces, its literature, its romance, its heroes and its freedom, and the heart of the fair girl beat in unison with his own; for the themes on which he dwelt were indeed dear to her. They parted, not indeed with anything approaching to a promise, but still with a kind of understanding on both sides that they were to see each other again the next day. But Marie for many days never strayed beyond the bounds of her flower garden,—why, I do not

feel called upon to determine; perhaps there was a latent feeling in her heart that she did not wish to encourage, and perhaps—like an unmentionable commander, who prudently considered that where there was no conflict, there could be no defeat—she decided that absence was the best safety-giving armour.

A letter from her father, enclosing one for the Rector of Burnwater, was the first occasion of her venturing abroad. The morning was indeed beautiful; its beauty, however, had little influence over the feelings of Marie. Unusually dispirited, she taxed herself with ingratitude and selfishness, and I know not what other naughtinesses beside, because she could not prevail on her heart to go forward with joy to meet her father, who, accompanied by her affianced husband, was expected at the Hermitage in a few days. But, once at the Rectory, her uneasiness vanished, and her pleasant voice soon mingled with the merriest of the happy group of children who immediately gathered round her.

The morning had nearly worn away, and, at their repeated instance, she was again singing the sweet song that she had sung before, when the door opened; and, while the words "fair France" yet lingered on her lips, a stranger entered. His expression of delighted surprise, and Marie's quick confusion, might reasonably have been interpreted into the language of acquaintance. And so indeed they were; for the stranger of the grove was again the intruder.

Henri Verdun—for such was his name—was the son of an old friend of the Rector. Romantic, patriotic,

poor withal,—for he was a soldier, with little to depend upon, save his commission, and little to expect, save the uncertain favour of a rich relative,—and we all know what a precarious tenure relationship is to build upon,—it is scarcely to be wondered at that his time should have passed heavily since his meeting with Marie. He had been a daily wanderer in the woods, had stood for hours together by the stepping-stones, and warbled "fair France" till he was weary. Now, however, his disappointment was forgotten; for the sweet voice that had lured him to the grove again sounded on his ear, and again his heart thrilled at the echo of "fair France!"—That night, for the first time, Marie wept bitterly, when she remembered her mother's dying wish.

Passing over three long summer days, their light and their shadow, I would again turn to the Hermitage. I do not mean the sweet cottage inhabited by the living, but yon grey ruin, with its ivy garlands, and flaunting wild flowers, whose days of habitation have long since departed. Is it not a splendid sight? There is the setting sun shining on its broken arches, and niches, and miniature spires, that sparkle like diamonds, and on its wimpling rivulet, that sparkles yet brighter, and on every green leaf, and on every blade of grass in the cool meadows so lazily stretched out in the distance. There is the singing of birds, and the hum of bees, and the scent of a thousand flowers, and the murmur of many dancing rills that run into the river. It is indeed a heavenly mingling of sight and sound, and cold must be the heart that cannot

read Nature's invitation to come forward and wander in her pleasant ways.

And what could Marie do? Henri pleaded. Her own heart, too, spoke the same language,—why, then, should her words be different? Had she not sufficiently endeavoured to freeze his animation into coldness? Had she not thrice refused to see him, on the plea of indisposition? Again, was he not a countryman, a friend? Had they not read together, and sung together? Was he not high-minded and eloquent? Could she then refuse him this slight favour? She felt that it would be impossible, and at last confessed that it *was* a beautiful evening for a walk. So, a-walking they went. But the glorious shining of the sun on the old ruins invited their gaze, and they stood still to admire the scene that I have attempted to describe.

Their silence was broken by many low words of sad meaning; Marie intended to answer them in a gay tone, but somehow the sadness of her companion bewildered her;—her voice trembled, and fearing she knew not what, she turned homeward. But Henri was by her side;—his heart was in his words,—and Marie was compelled to hear him. Oh, how gladly she would have restrained herself, and wept in her own chamber! but she could not; and when she passed thence, it was with a foreboding feeling that she had parted from her pleasant companion for ever. In a few days, General Lanilla and the Marquis de la Lisne, Marie's affianced, arrived at the Hermitage; and in due time the day was appointed for the nuptials. The

dreaded morn at last dawned. It was dull and cheerless, the wind howled and the rain fell, the tall trees of the grove wailed. But not of these things thought Marie, as she sat by the low red fire in her own chamber. The iron of the past was in her soul, for she wept bitterly, and muttered strange words to herself.

"If I had but spoken," she said, "it would never have come to this, never—never!—but now it is too late, too late!" and pressing her hands convulsively over her heart, she wept, yet more bitterly than before. She was interrupted by the entrance of Nurse.

"You are up early, my darling," said the old lady, affectionately.

"Am I not always up early?" returned Marie, attempting to smile.

The old lady looked on the unsoiled bed, and shook her head dubiously. "Come, come," she said, "you must be a woman to-day; only think how great you will be—how rich—"

"And how happy!" interrupted Marie, hysterically: "you have forgotten how happy I shall be at the great chateau, where every body is dull—and old—and—and——"

"And good, and kind," returned Nurse. "Oh, Marie! Marie! trust me, you will yet live to love the Marquis;—but, dear, dear! how hot your poor brow is! your hands too!—what in the world can be the matter with my darling?"

With some difficulty, Marie succeeded in calming

the terrors of the old lady; after which, ashamed of the passion she had displayed, she quietly suffered herself to be decked for the bridal. In good time she entered the gates of the old church at Burnwater, and never, perhaps, had fairer bride passed through its portals. She proceeded up the dun aisle with a dry eye and a firm step. Her calmness, however, was of short duration. The sun suddenly breaking through the thick clouds that had hitherto overshadowed him, and lighting up the old walls with extraordinary brilliancy, discovered to her a dark figure retreating from the altar. A feeling of suffocation rose in her breast; she trembled like a reed, and with difficulty gained the altar. The service, however, commenced. As the preacher proceeded, his voice faltered, it grew inaudible, it ceased; and half closing his book, he extended his hand towards Marie. But it was too late, she had fainted,—and at the same moment, and simultaneously with the rush of her assembled friends, Henri Verdun pressed forward, and knelt beside her. "My child! my child!" now shrieked the distracted father.

"Marie!" exclaimed the bewildered Marquis.

"Marie! Marie!" echoed every anxious voice. But to describe the confusion, the agony of the scene, would be impossible. The senseless girl was borne to the stone porch by Henri, who, from time to time, passionately called upon her to speak to him. But his wild exclamations remained unanswered by the object of his earnest solicitude; who, cold and senseless, lay in his arms more like the newly finished statue of the

sculptor, than one whom the breath of life had so recently animated. Suddenly, the Marquis started back, and gazed earnestly at Henri.

"Do I dream?"—he said, "do I dream?—can it be Henri—Henri Verdun?"

He received no answer. It was not until a considerable time had elapsed, that, in the Marquis, Henri discovered his uncle,—the rich relative before alluded to.

Marie's life was despaired of for many weeks. Eventually, however, she was restored to the almost broken-hearted watchers, when many long explanations that had before taken place between Henri and his uncle, were again renewed.

It appeared that the latter had apprised his nephew of his intended marriage, but the letter containing the announcement having been mis-directed, had never been received. Hence Henri's ignorance. After parting with Marie, he had quitted Burnwater, as he imagined, for ever; but impelled by some indescribable feeling that drew him to the spot, he had once more returned. The result has already been made known. Other and more important results succeeded. The Marquis positively refused to make Marie his bride. "Nay!" he said, "for I am an old man, and my best affections have long been in the grave;—my remaining ones are towards my adopted children;—their hearts are towards each other;—who then shall come between them?"

Three months after, Marie was the happy bride of Henri Verdun, and fair France was her home.

THE LETTER TO THE DEAD.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

It is the midnight hour;
The house is hushed and still;
The bell o' the old church tower
Sounds loudly o'er the hill;
Yet one pale taper's light
Sheds radiance on the night,
And while around her elder eyes are sleeping,
A young and lovely maid a lone love watch is keeping.

A love watch, yet alone,—
No other form is there;
Her lips breathe no soft tone
Unto the silent air:
Before her lies the scroll
Where she hath poured her soul,
Trusting, though seas their aching bosoms part,
That her beloved shall read the record of her heart.

Her cheek is on her hand ;
Her fingers press her brow ;
And in his distant land
Her thoughts are busy now :
She's on the desert plain—
She's by the ancient fane :
She's with him on the lake's pure star-lit wave,
But never 'neath the tree that shades his nameless grave.

She sees his glossy hair,
That the spicy zephyr stirs ;
His own blue eyes are there,
And fondly fixed on hers !
No image doth she see
Of dark reality,
Nor dreams how cold the eye—how stiff the brow
On which her memory dwells delighted now.

And little doth she dream
Of that fond letter's fate,—
How he, who is its theme,
Hath left her desolate ;
How every burning word,
So passionately poured
For him, and him alone on earth, shall be
Subject to cold and formal scrutiny !

She trusts that it shall lie
Close to his throbbing heart,
And with a happy sigh,
Will see that scroll depart;
Envying its pathway dim,
Across the seas to him;
Nor feeling that each hour it draweth near
An eye that cannot read—a heart it cannot cheer!

It will return again,
By his cold lips unpressed,
Nor will its folds have lain
Within his icy breast.
How will its coming wring
The heart that was its spring!
The heart, that had no dim foreboding pain,
That its outgushing love was written there in vain!



Painted by J. Warren.

Engraved by S. Fisher

EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRLS.

THE DANCING GIRLS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

The wild simoom hath passed away,
The air again is all serene,
The setting sun with golden ray,
Illumines now the desert scene;
While heedless what the past has wrought,
Or how the future may be fraught,
The dwellers 'neath an eastern sky
Rejoice in present revelry!

Yet, there the ruined tomb is found,
And broken columns strew the ground;
Upon whose surface, half erased,
Old Egypt's ancient lore is traced,
The mystic characters which cast
But shadows of the mighty past;
Enshrining secrets that remain—
A hidden fountain, sought in vain.
Oh! will ye ever quench the thirst
For knowledge thus long ages sealed,—
And will the chain of silence burst,
And all your treasures be revealed?

And now the dancing girls are there
With radiant eyes and loosened hair,
As if each dark and glossy tress
Did seek the zephyr's soft caress.
These houris of that eastern clime,
With fairy step and measured time,
Move half in mirth, half languidly,
And glance around unheedingly.
But Time, that hath so little power
Upon the graven tomb or tower,
Hath surer spell o'er beauty's brow;
And e'en the Dancing Girls shall bow,
Though yet they do not pause to guess,
The fleeting life of loveliness;
Nor think they must in turn give place
To other forms as full of grace,
While still the ruined tomb may last—
A stern memorial of the past!

A TALE OF THE CONSULATE.

BY THE HON. MRS. LAMBERT.

I.

France was gradually recovering from those revolutionary convulsions, which for a series of years had tarnished the national glory.

Napoleon, with a mighty bound, had ascended the consular chair: Europe echoed with his name, and military achievements threw a redeeming brightness, on the eventful epoque. Another, and a nobler page, was added to the pregnant volume of history.

The exiled family of Bourbon appeared in some measure forgotten, at least by that restless mass, that constituted the "regenerate" people: a new noblesse was springing up, and it was only a few devoted individuals that ventured to mourn in secret o'er the fallen fortunes of the emigrant princes. Preferring a provincial existence to the corrupt atmosphere of the court, the remnant of the aristocracy still retained a latent energy, which occasionally showed itself in the various outbreaks of La Vendée and Brittany.

To crush and extinguish this faithful spirit was the avowed object of government: every engine had been set in motion to put down the royalist movement, and eradicate those feelings of attachment that still lingered among the peasantry.

Many fearful examples of legislative justice had occurred, but failed to intimidate the few staunch adherents of the Bourbons, that silently and sullenly preserved their secret allegiance. Nevertheless society clung together, and the gaieties of the metropolis were echoed and copied in the provinces. People met and sought amusement, despite the struggles of faction, and the oppression of power.

Of this the town of St. V— was a striking instance: it had sustained its share of revolutionary changes; many of the resident "noblesse" had perished in the contest; others had sought security in exile, while the more prudent, or less devoted, quietly submitted to existing circumstances, and found compensation in the participation of public and private festivities.

Dinners, balls, and "soirées," followed in quick succession. The prefect and the commandant, (civil and military functionaries,) graciously mixed with the local fashionables, and the charms of social intercourse were by no means impaired through any secret political difference of opinion.

Distinguished by ease of manner, and the elegance of their entertainments, the Baroness Norville and her widowed daughter, the Countess Nathalie de B——, were considered the leaders of fashion in the town and

vicinity of St. V—. Night after night the best society thronged the saloon of the venerable Baroness, who, from infirmity and disinclination, received visits, but never left her home, which indeed contained within its own circle the elements of everything agreeable and attractive.

Although the crisis of the revolution had deprived both ladies of a portion of their fortune, enough remained to admit of their living with apparent affluence. It was true that the hereditary chateau, situated some leagues from the town, was confiscated and dismantled; the noble gateway, too, was branded with a large painted board, bearing the usual inscription of "Biens nationaux à vendre;" but as neither the Baroness nor her daughter had joined the emigration, it was supposed that the property might ultimately be restored.

Nathalie was left under very interesting circumstances: she was an only child; her father had died early; before the first outbreak of popular insurrection, educated by a most devoted mother, the young Countess had married, when almost a child, the accomplished and high-born Count de B—. For a brief season the happy pair had lived in the sunshine of prosperous affection, but on the memorable 10ème Thermidor, the gallant nobleman had perished, sword in hand, on the staircase of the Tuilleries, defending with a dying effort the sacred precincts of his sovereign's palace. How Nathalie had borne up against this bereavement, none knew. Time perhaps had assisted in the task of consolation; her cheek continued colourless, despite

its beauty, and her eyes flashed brightly beneath her long lashes; but their lustre was almost too intense; her lips pale but beautifully formed, smiled rarely; and her pencilled brow was slightly, *very* slightly knit. A nameless charm seemed to hover around her; it might be her widowed position, her early sorrow, that thus invested her with more than ordinary interest: her manner, exquisitely polished, was somewhat cold to strangers, but then her voice when she *did* speak, her glance, when she *did* glance, were beyond description; and none could be admitted to her intimacy, without submitting to the captivating influence of grace and beauty.

Yet among the number that lingered in her path, and hung enraptured on her accents, she had hitherto distinguished none by any particular display of favour. Many possessed rank, fortune, and refinement, still Nathalie remained faithful to the memory of her former ties, and what was more wonderful again, unscathed by detraction.

It was evening; a few of Madame de Norville's habitual visitors had assembled; there were just enough ladies sprinkled in the circle, to impart an air of propriety, without taking off a particle of the attraction usually centered in the ladies of the mansion. The Baroness talked much and well, and even affected a degree of candour, scarcely to be expected in such stirring times, and conversation generally took a sort of confidential tone, when addressed to this venerable woman, who fondly dwelt on the days of

her youth, and evinced a partiality for the costly galas wherein she had once played a brilliant part.

Persons of various opinions and opposite politics were equally received at the elegant fireside of Madame de Norville; every subject was freely discussed, and the local authorities, weary of the restraint of office, gladly quitted all diplomatic reserve in the presence of these interesting females.

Different from her mother in many respects, Nathalie might have been deemed silent by casual observers; but those whom she honoured by her notice, were deeply impressed by the persuasive charm of her language. Every word was addressed to the individual whom she accosted, nothing was intended for the circle; all was directed to the inmost heart and feelings of the man. Each in turn believed himself privileged beyond the rest. Among the fashionable throng that enjoyed the honour of being received by the Baroness de Norville, three young gentlemen challenge particular notice, in as much as the fair Nathalie seemed most disposed to favour their pretensions, although it might be difficult to construe her delicate and refined preferences into anything approaching coquetry.

Of these, the accomplished Marquis de Montfort claims precedence. Lately returned from emigration, he had joyfully accepted the first armistice to re-enter his native country, where he found every legislative and social institution changed, subverted, or regenerate.

By this auspicious return and timely submission to the existing government, he had rescued a fraction of

property from confiscation, and recovered a position in the world which was doubly valuable, as it enabled him to indulge a secret hope of one day claiming the reward of his constancy from the hand of Nathalie, towards whom he had nourished a faithful attachment for many years; though the encouragement he received was so slight, that people marvelled at his perseverance.

The other persons who occasionally shared a portion of the countess's attention, were totally distinct from De Montfort, and bore but a slight resemblance to each other: they were cousins, officers in the national army.

The youngest of these, Lieutenant Duprés, was not more than twenty-three years of age; son to a respectable farmer, whose family for generations had lived and thriven on the hereditary estate of De Norville. On the outbreak of the revolution, it was thought advisable that he should abdicate the unpopular name of Louis; while, warmed with patriotic zeal, the prudent father bestowed the less obnoxious and more classic appellation of Manlius on the sole representative of the ancient race of Duprés. At seventeen the young man was drawn in the conscription, and by the fortune of war, his own excellent conduct, and dauntless bravery, he soon won the epaulette, under favour of which he was admitted a frequent guest at the house of the Baroness.

He had, however, been personally known to Madame de Norville from infancy, having occasionally shared the childish sports of Nathalie: from being a cheerful handsome stripling, he became an elegant and dis-

tinguished officer. These circumstances may account for the notice bestowed upon him by the countess, and also the introduction of his cousin Brutus Le Marchand.

Inferior in personal advantages, and some years older than Dupré, the latter was forbidding in appearance, and of ungracious deportment; moreover, being a staunch and somewhat coarse republican in principles, his general tone partook of that pervading influence. He had struggled through the ranks for promotion, and had gained the grade he undoubtedly merited; but in the contact of the barrack and the drill his rude nature had only acquired hardness, but no polish. It was almost problematical how the elegant and sensitive Nathalie could tolerate his presence; but the most penetrating eye could detect nothing in her bland and cautious gesture, that approached to dislike: perhaps a slight tremor in her voice, — the least possible change in her soft cheek, indicated latent emotion; but all present were so occupied with themselves, with their own pleasurable pursuits, that none dreamed of scrutinizing the secret thoughts of their lovely hostess.

As the salon became more crowded, the circle broke into busy groups of talkers: some gathered round the card table; some collected near the baroness; whilst the more fortunate among the gentlemen continued to keep in the immediate vicinity of Madame de B——, who, at length, wearied with assiduities, sought refuge at the piano, and varied conversation by singing.

"What a talent! what a soul!" murmured Dupré' as he listened entranced to the delicious melody.

"Yes! what a talent, indeed; she would make such a charming actress!" scornfully rejoined his cousin.

"Profanation!—you know not—"

"I know more than you suppose," said the other, fixing a keen glance on his companion, who seemed to shrink from its intensity. "I would fain save you from the wiles of this fascinating aristocrat."

Before the last phrase was quite concluded, Nathalie had raised her full and speaking orbs: Manlius responded to the flash of intelligence that beamed on him, by hastening to her side.

"I dread your cousin," murmured she, in a very low whisper: "he will never become a proselyte."

"If you have not the power to make him one," answered Dupré, in the same suppressed key.

"Beware of him! do not let him read your thoughts—he may be dangerous!"

"Failing to enthral my poor patriotic cousin, you now would load him with your mistrust," returned Manlius, affecting an air of awkward gallantry; but as he spoke, the marquis approached. Nathalie added a few words, which were only audible to the person for whom they were intended. De Montfort frowned slightly, and looked uneasy; but a glance from the countess dispelled the passing cloud. The evening glided swiftly, and as the party dispersed, Dupré retired, more deeply enamoured than ever.

II.

The high road from St. V—— to Paris lay through a wild tract of country, very thinly inhabited by a poor and listless peasantry; an extensive forest spread for miles on either side. Removed a short distance from the road, and at some hours' journey from the nearest relay, stood the remains of what once must have been a church. To this ruin was attached a superstitious dread, greatly enhanced by the ignorance of the neighbouring villagers; when examined by the antiquarians, it presented no very material point of interest, having been neglected during the crusades, and subsequently fallen to decay; no legend was attached to these mouldering walls, and no tradition, however improbable, gave the colour of romance to the terrors of the timid.

The moon was in the last quarter; not a star gleamed in the firmament; the vast canopy of heaven, pale and dim, stretched itself from horizon to horizon; all was dark and stirless. The foliage still and gloomy, scarcely trembled in the night-breeze, not a sound broke on the ear; the owl and the bat ceased to flap their heavy wings around the ruins, for a faint ray of light scarcely discernible from without, flickered on the projections of the crumbling walls, which formed a Saxon arch over the spot that once had been a Christian altar. By the uncertain radiance of a lanthorn, the indistinct outline of several persons might be seen kneeling in various attitudes, before the erect figure of a venerable

man, who reverently raised a small crucifix for the adoration of the assembled devotees. The group we have alluded to, consisted of five or six persons, curiously attired in masquerade dresses; the priest alone (for in him there could be no mistake) preserved his ordinary garb, and his high pale forehead, his scanty grey hair, were perfectly revealed by the rays of the lanthorn, which fell full on his face. His presence in France, during the consulate, was easily accounted for; yet it was difficult to suppose, from his appearance, that he had compromised his conscience with the existing government, or accepted the humiliating terms offered by Buonaparte to the Roman catholic priesthood.

A rude stone had lately been raised from the broken pavement,—a crowbar and some other tools stood near it, — the vault beneath, shrouded in gloom, yawned frightfully; — the man who held the lanthorn approached the abyss, and lowered some light on this hideous recess, from which he drew forth weapons and ammunition, with various other articles, such as ropes, and handcuffs; all required for the execution of some deed of daring and of darkness.

"Your blessing, father!" murmured a voice of such thrilling tone, that when once heard it never could be mistaken.

"Once more, your blessing on our sacred enterprize!" said the Countess Nathalie, reverently bending her shrouded form before the ecclesiastic.

"My blessing—you have it, children;" answered the

priest, with outstretched arms. "But the oath,—we must administer the oath,—we have a stranger among us;" as he uttered these words, Manlius Dupré rose from the humble posture in which he had received the benediction, and stepped forward to the elevated stone on which the pastor stood.

There was a pause—every heart beat—every soul was exalted; a death-like tremor passed through the frame of Dupré. The plighted vow was given, and registered; and the kiss of peace and fraternity exchanged.

The Marquis de Montfort, who appeared the principal actor in this singular scene, then laid the arms and ammunition before the broken steps of the altar; he carefully examined each weapon ere it was confided to the eager hands for which it was intended.

"I forbid the use of these," exclaimed the priest; "except in preservation of your lives. Let no blood be shed—respect property, and persons. Be firm—be calm—be merciful;—the cause is righteous,—hither I shall await your return."

"The despatch we would intercept, is placed in the interior of the carriage, for greater security," observed the Countess, who was accoutred in male attire.

"You are well informed?"—inquired the Marquis.

"I discovered that accidentally, from the young employé, lately introduced. I claim the privilege of abstracting the papers myself," cried Nathalie, unsheathing a small dagger, which flashed like lightning through the gloom.

"The government securities and the specie are packed on the roof,—*we* must take care of that, Monsieur Dupré," said the Marquis; "you, gentlemen," added he, turning to the rest of the party, who breathlessly listened to his directions—"To you, gentlemen, is delegated the task of stopping the horses, securing the conductor, and the postilions; also to protect our retreat when the prize is captured. Hither we all return, with as little delay as possible." As De Montfort concluded, a distant sound was heard through the dense stillness.

"Hark! the diligence approaches, to our post!" exclaimed Nathalie, leading the way; her companions followed in silence,—the vibration of their footsteps echoed for a moment among the ivy-clothed ruins, and all sunk into the repose of midnight.

Late the following evening, considerable excitement prevailed in the town of St. V—: the peaceful neighbourhood had been disturbed by a most daring and unprecedented outrage. The diligence which carried the mail, the official dispatches, and a very considerable portion of the local taxes, destined to reach Paris in course of twenty-four hours, had been stopped by a party, armed and disguised. The passengers and their property were left unmolested, but some papers of the utmost consequence, and a large sum of specie, had been abstracted, but without violence; the conductor and postilions had attempted resistance, but were overpowered immediately. So soon as the robbery was effected, the perpetrators had absconded,

leaving the diligence and the persons who belonged to it, in the high road, at liberty to proceed without further interruption.

The details of this affair were variously given, and afforded ample matter for conversation and comment during many weeks. The police, on the alert for information, had searched the ruins, scoured the forest in every direction, and examined the passengers. Nothing of the slightest consequence could be elicited. The outrage had been committed without infraction of property, or the loss of life or limb,—not a shot had been fired; the whole affair was shrouded in mystery, to which no clue could be obtained. The vehicle had ultimately reached its destination in safety, an hour later than usual.

III.

About eight miles from St. V—, stood a comfortable farmhouse, occupied by the worthy Jean Baptiste Dupré,—it was large and commodious, though somewhat ancient, having, for the last two centuries at least, been tenanted by generations of the same family. Various articles of solid furniture had, from time to time, been accumulated by each successive proprietor. From thirty to forty acres of excellent land, improved by agricultural industry, rendered this spot very profitable to the occupier; who, untainted by ambition, pursued the even tenour of his rustic existence, scarcely conscious of, or at least but slightly interested in, the political events that marked the era.

The only change he lamented, was the contingency of paying his rent to some upstart purchaser, instead of reverentially bringing his "Semestre" to the courteous and courtly Baroness de Norville, or her respected representative the bailiff; he had indeed saved enough to hope to buy his little farm, and become a landed proprietor himself; and this, perhaps, was the only aspiration of a lofty kind that ever entered the old man's honest heart.

Dupré had long been a widower; his establishment consisted of his niece, Madeline Le Marchand, who undertook the arduous duties of house-keeping; a ploughman, two serving men, an old woman, who assisted in the kitchen, and a stout dairy maid. Occasionally he had the satisfaction of seeing his son and nephew, both of whom had in succession been torn from his side by the ruthless conscription; but he found some compensation in their rapid preferment, and distinguished position. His pride was gratified also by the circumstance of the regiment to which they both belonged, having recently been stationed at St. V——. This further flattered his patriarchal feelings, by affording some prospect of the ultimate realization of his fondest hopes; namely, the marriage of Madeline, with his only son. They had been affianced from the cradle, and the worthy man longed to see his children united by the most sacred of earthly ties, fearing that the orphaned girl, at his decease, might be left to struggle through the cold rude world as best she could. Of late, however, Manlius had evinced considerable in-

difference to the wishes of his father, and a degree of coldness to the gentle Madeline that was not warranted.

Poor Madeline! she was young, and confiding. Reared in the full expectancy of one day being her cousin's wife, she had looked forward to his return, and the fulfilment of her dearest hopes. The recital of the battles in which he had been engaged, made her tremble and weep with apprehension, and the assurance of his safety found utterance in thanksgiving! Hers was a kind and trustful nature; she had been taught to love Manlius as a portion of her daily duty, and the full tide of tenderness, thus directed, swelled into a strong and fervent affection. That such a heart should ever feel the sting of disappointment!

IV.

The glow of day was somewhat mellowed by the lengthening shadows that spread in chequered variety upon the green-sward. The farmer's substantial meal was prepared. Madeline, with her own hands, had placed fruit on the table; fresh flowers decorated the old-fashioned mantel and window seat; her task was done, and, seated at the casement leaning listlessly on her arm, she fixed her eyes on the distant landscape, which smiled and shone in the golden beams of the setting sun.

One by one each member of the household returned from toil. The milk-maid sung in the dairy as she deposited her healthful burden. The ploughman whistled as he unharnessed his team; while Dupré himself

entered the apartment, and gently drew near his pensive niece.

"These young men tarry unaccountably this evening. I expected to have found them both here before me," said he.

"Indeed, they are later than usual," replied Madeline, with a sigh; "I hope nothing has occurred."

"No, child, no. But you see they are gentlemen now, and have adopted the manners of the great world. Alas! if my paternal pride is sometimes flattered, we suffer many mortifications on the other hand. Well! we cannot have every thing."

"Still we may congratulate ourselves on the distinctions that have been awarded to Brutus and Manlius,—distinctions both have merited by their noble conduct."

"True; but this promotion, this military rank, has sadly estranged them from their home,—their family; Brutus, too, is a fierce politician,—a disciplinarian: he alarms me with his vehemence: he seems to have no mercy. Scarcely contented with anything, he eyes all around with jealousy: he would sacrifice his dearest interest to some chimerical vision of liberty and patriotism. He often says we are equal, and as good as our ci-devant nobility; yet I find him a tyrant all the same. Do not weep, Madeline,—he is your brother, and my nephew: time and a little experience may soften him."

"He is truthful and upright in his principles. This is merely a rude and dictatorial tone acquired in the camp."

"I hope so; but Manlius—my own son—my only child—your affianced husband—how he neglects us both!"

"He loves you tenderly, I am sure he does," murmured the poor girl, through her rising tears.

"I wish he would show it, then. I hear of his going hither and thither. Balls and soirées,—such meetings are not suited to his birth."

"You forget he is an officer now, and will soon be a captain."

"Nevertheless, I think it would be better for him to mind his regimental duties, and not run after great folks, who look down upon him."

Madeline answered not,—the silent tears coursed down her cheek as she leant her fair brow on her uncle's shoulder. This painful train of conversation, however, was interrupted by the welcome clatter of horses' feet, and in a few moments the cousins appeared. All previous gloom vanished in the joy of meeting.

The farmer pressed the young men to his heart; and Madeline, smiling like an April flower, accosted them in her sweetest tone.

The supper passed off cheerfully. Brutus was talkative; Dupré, radiant with fatherly pride, gazed on Madeline and his son alternately; the latter alone seemed pre-occupied and reserved; a shade of anxiety frequently rested on his handsome countenance; but it remained unheeded by those around: they were too much absorbed in the happiness of seeing him to notice his care-worn altered appearance.

In vain did Madeline exert her utmost ingenuity to amuse him. Manlius listened with apathy to her animated recitals, and inwardly contrasted her homely dress and rustic manners with the ineffable graces of Nathalie: he gazed coldly on her blooming cheek, and shrank from the joyous accents of her untutored—but not unmusical voice; the charms of innocence and of pure affection failed to move him,—the image of Nathalie filled his whole soul. It was a relief to his fevered brain, when the hour of separation arrived. His heart sunk within him as he received the paternal blessing; and the cordial pressure of Madeline's extended hand was like the touch of a torpedo.

"Well! Manlius," observed Le Marchand, early the following morning, as they journeyed towards St. V——, "when are we to be brothers as well as cousins?"

Duprè turned very pale as he hesitatingly replied, "Soon,—very soon."

"Considering you are an accepted suitor, you do not evince much impatience. Why, man! what spell has deprived you of speech?"

"I thought I answered you," said the other vaguely. "Madeline is dear to us both, and I would not wish to precipitate our union. These are stirring times; we know not the hour when our regiment may again be ordered on foreign service. Why risk her comfort—at present?" Manlius evaded the scrutinizing glance of his cousin, as he faltered out the conclusion of this sentence.

"Were I so fortunate as to be in love, and beloved in return, I do not think I could take matters so coolly. Suppose Madeline your wife to-morrow, I see no reason to fear for her happiness; that indeed would be your responsibility," continued Brutus sharply: "but you, Manlius, might be with her more frequently, and shew a little more solicitude. Those numerous hours, lounged away in the brilliant circle of Madame de Norville, might be more suitably employed."

Dupré became agitated, and made some inarticulate reply, to which his companion gave no attention, but proceeded —

"To be candid, I do not quite approve of these relics of *ci-devant* aristocracy. No! nor has the accomplished Nathalie, with all her blandishments, succeeded in turning my brain."

"Speak more reverently of those ladies," rejoined Manlius, roused from his painful reverie: "the Countess Nathalie is incapable of blandishment."

"May be so! but she has certainly led some people singularly astray, if I am not mistaken. The atmosphere of that house is impure; it savours of disaffection; depend upon it, they are all devoted to our exiled tyrants."

"You have adopted a singular prejudice against two elegant and unprotected women: their sex, their feebleness, their exalted station, demand forbearance."

"Station!—aye, that is the word: both mother and daughter despise us, and our plebeian origin. Those

civilities so profusely lavished, are the result of some private view."

"I never believed you capable of injustice until now. The Countess Nathalie is condescension itself."

"Condescension, indeed!—no one shall presume to condescend to me, a patriot,—a soldier: as for you, my poor fellow, I almost blush to find the pitch of degradation to which you are reduced:—you play second fiddle to the Marquis de Montfort. Very flattering indeed! If you had eyes or ears, it would be easy to perceive that he is the favoured one. The bewitching Nathalie is making a tool of you; for what purpose, is best known to herself."

"You forget our near relationship, and the contemplated tie which must unite us more closely!" exclaimed Manlius, losing his self-command. "I am not to be insulted with impunity: be silent until I ask your opinion."

"Go! then, my poor deluded cousin: let us part friends!" cried Brutus, as he exchanged a cordial greeting, and turned to his quarters, whistling in no very suppressed tone, "*à bas les aristocrates!*"

V.

The intimacy of young Dupré with the Countess Nathalie, was becoming almost remarkable, notwithstanding the guarded conduct of the lady. Manlius could not sufficiently master his passion to conceal it for any length of time; so that whatever doubt might exist as to her participation of his sentiments, none

could possibly mistake the intensity of his attachment.

Either from timidity, want of encouragement, or that reserve which ever accompanies a strong and fervent affection, Dupré had never ventured to speak of his love, wild and remorseful as it was; but the hour was approaching; silence became intolerable, and he was too far advanced in the career of destruction not to risk everything. Nathalie, on the contrary, had of late evinced symptoms of impatience and restraint in his presence; had he been less enamoured, he would probably have felt sensible of her constrained demeanour, and opened his eyes to the fatal error into which he had fallen. But a sudden and fearful catastrophe was at hand, and the actors therein unconsciously hastened the crisis to which events were rapidly approaching. Irritated by the observations of his relative, Dupré had hurried to Nathalie. In a strain of impassioned language he poured forth his hopes and feelings, in which he had so rashly indulged, and presumed to give utterance to the wild accents of uncontrolled tenderness. For a short time the Countess allowed him to proceed uninterrupted, waiting till she had sufficiently prepared herself to answer a declaration, which could not be altogether unexpected; however, with perfect self-possession, and a mastery over those emotions that must have been elicited by such an avowal, she listened composedly, occasionally repressing his vehemence in the gentlest manner. At length he paused, and the lady imme-

diately replied in a tone at once so calm, and so discouraging, that the unfortunate Manlius, breathless with anxiety, almost doubted the sense of hearing, as Nathalie reminded him of the vast distance between them, and spoke of his affianced bride, Madeline, as one to whom his affections were plighted.

The dream was over, and Dupré felt all the anguish of despised passion; moreover, there was a vein of patronage and even "persiflage" in the language of the Countess, that seemed to render him contemptible in his own eyes. He began to hate the object of previous adoration, and stung with mortification, burst forth in the deepest accents of outraged feeling.

"You have made me sensible of my inferiority, Madame: I am degraded,—but it is not my humble birth, my lowly origin, which I deplore,—it is the degradation to which I submitted on your account:—for you I became what I am, a wretch,—a perjured wretch, forgetful of my integrity as a man,—a citizen,—a soldier!"

"Manlius, my good friend," softly interposed the Countess, "you rave,—you dream!"

"Dream!—no!—I wish it were a dream:—sleeping and waking it haunts me like a spell.—For your sake I have incurred this measure of guilt. Oh! Nathalie, you have wounded the heart that only throbbed for you;—the scaffold was before me,—I braved it,—all other ties were as nothing, save the fond delusive hopes, that rivetted me to you."

"You deceive yourself, Monsieur Dupré; from me

you received no encouragement; the hopes you indulged were unfounded. Had you exerted the keen perception with which you are gifted, you might have discovered that my affections were placed—elsewhere."

"Dupe!—idiot!—vengeance may yet be mine!—Your life,—the lives of others,—of those who are dear to you, are in my power!"

"You dare not;—if you betray me, you betray yourself!"

"And do you think I have anything to fear? Ah! you little know the anguish of insulted love: death would perhaps find me better prepared than you are, fair Countess!—I court destruction, and hasten to meet my destiny;—you, madam, have something to love,—to live for,—to lose; whereas I—no matter, all is forfeited. The unrelenting hand of justice has long been suspended over our devoted heads.—The implacable laws of our injured country shall avenge the wrongs of the despised Dupré!—Farewell!"

As the ill-fated young man uttered these fearful words, the Marquis de Montfort, radiant with smiles, suddenly emerged from the inner apartment, while Manlius, maddened with jealousy and disappointment, rushed wildly from his hated presence, with deep and deadly projects of sweeping and fatal revenge.

VI.

Consternation filled every heart, and tears filled every eye, as a strong detachment of "gens d'armes," entered the mansion of the Baroness de Norville. It was

a fearful sight, when the aged mother, her beautiful and widowed child, the accomplished Marquis de Montfort, and the young Dupré himself were respectively arrested and imprisoned. Le Marchand became chief witness against them, and boasted, as he spoke, of serving his country, by exterminating the enemies of France, and crushing the viperous aristocracy; but, fierce and pitiless as his evidence proved him to be, nevertheless he evinced a desire to screen and save his cousin.

The trial proceeded, and created intense interest. Manlius declined all defence, and maintained a sullen, impenetrable silence. A look of long and lasting agony alone revealed what passed within his soul, as he gazed at the lovely Nathalie, who firmly met every accusation. General sympathy was felt for the prisoners; but unfortunately the proofs of correspondence with the leaders of the Vendéan movement, and also with the emigrant princes, were obtained, and placed beyond a doubt.

The fact of the public diligence having been stopped, and rifled by the arraigned parties, was corroborated; and their guilt fully established on the strongest grounds.

It was quite astonishing the number of noble and honourable names, mixed up and compromised by this singular affair. The system of "espionage" had been carried on by these ill-fated ladies, to an extent which baffled discovery; the priest, who had fortunately escaped detection, sought refuge in England; the baroness was condemned to imprisonment, which

terminated only with her life ; while the presiding spirit of the enterprize—Nathalie, with the Marquis de Montfort and Manlius Dupré were reserved for a sadder fate.

They perished together on the "grande place of St. V——," and Manlius gratified to the last his ruling passion. He died with her he loved. This dismal tale is still whispered among the little society of the department, and people deplore alike the crime and its consequence.

The sequel is soon told. Brutus Le Marchand, infuriated by political excitement, never recovered his reason after the execution of his cousin, to whose conviction he had personally been so instrumental. The elder Dupré did not long survive his son ; but the farm is still occupied, and travellers may occasionally behold a care-worn, interesting woman, sinking into the vale of years, who has taken upon herself the melancholy office of guiding and protecting a maniac. That woman is Madeline Le Marchand.

Note.—Truth is stranger than fiction ; the foregoing tale is founded on a circumstance which *actually* occurred during the Consulate.

THE VILLAGE OAK.

BY DIONYSIUS L. BOURCICAULT.

I.

THERE used to be an old oak-tree
Before our village hostelry ;
I loved its knotty wrinkled face,
For on it oft my thoughts would trace
A tale of love, in days gone by,
Of hope—of bliss—or misery.
  Now see that merry urchin run,
With happy shriek of mimic fear,
  And clasp its trunk, a'ready won,
And shrink to think how very near
He had escaped the dreaded touch,
Till Echo laughs again. Ah! such,—
So thrilling, and so innocent
Are childhood's joys ; so soon are spent
Those fleeting hours of heedless mirth,
Which fly away—scarce having birth.

II.

Now boyhood's whooping race is run,
To go—and never to return.—
I bid farewell to every one,
I find myself on manhood's bourne ;—
The embrace, the blessing, and the prayer,
The old one's counsel, and the fair
One's kiss are each told o'er and o'er,
And then again are told once more.
Last of all, beneath the tree,
Stifling sobs of agony,
I stand : a breeze bursts overhead
  In sighs among the trembling leaves,
And seems as if, with arms outspread,
  It clasp'd me too, like one who grieves,
As o'er my face it sudden swept
A shower of dew. The old tree wept
That I should go ; and as they fell
It whispered through its tears—Farewell.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

BY MRS. FREDERICK SUTTON.

She knelt, she raised the lifeless head,
Wildly she gazed on the clouded eye ;
Its light was gone, — her son was dead !
He died as a Spartan loved to die,
He fell in the hour of victory !
His heavy curls of silken hair
Fell on her arm all listlessly,
Save when the breeze came wandering there,
And stirred one tress, in mockery,
'Twould seem, of her wild agony.
For though she wept not o'er her child,
Her last fair boy, her loveliest,
And though she even proudly smiled,
As his warm life-blood stained her breast,
And trickled down her broidered vest,—
Yet that brief smile, spoke it of bliss ?
No !—dark revenge and pride were there,
Struggling with the deep tenderness
Of woman's love, that floweret fair,
That blooms in joy, but withers in despair.

That bitter smile soon passed away;
Her proud lip quivered, and a tear
Rose to the lash, and dimmed the ray
Of that dark eye so wild and clear.
'Twas but an instant ere she dashed
Away the rebel drop; the fire
Rekindled in her eye, and flashed
More brightly forth! Once more she pressed
Her bleeding warrior to her breast;
Then to her feet she wildly sprung,
And thus her last farewell she sung:—

"Thou art free, thou art free, my warrior son!
Thou hast nobly fought, thy task is done!
Nobly, thy father's sword thou 'st wielded;
Nobly, for Sparta, thy life hast yielded.
Not a tear for thee shall moisten mine eye,
Though my heart should burst in its agony!
Thou hast fallen as thy fathers, before thee, fell,
In the arms of victory:—brave one, farewell!
When with trembling hands I gave thee thy shield,
And bade thee return on it, rather than yield,
I saw, by the glance of thy sparkling eye,
Thou wouldst bravely conquer, or proudly die.
The last sight of thine eye was the foe on his knee,
The last sound in thine ear was the shout of the free,
Thou hast fought, thou hast conquered; thy task is done:
Farewell! thou art free, my warrior son!

THE ORIGIN OF WALKING STICKS.

FROM THE BURMESE.

[This highly curious piece is current among the Burmese in their own language, although it was probably brought to them by traders from Persia or Arabia. It is a pity that Monboddo was unable to avail himself of the authority of the Burmese monkey.]

One moonlight night, as a young man was strolling about with a cane in his hand, a saucy monkey, taking hold of his own tail in the same way, approached, and stood beside him.

"Hah, brother!" quoth he, "so you are come?"

"Brother!" replied the young man, disdainfully, "call not me brother — there is nothing in common between us."

"No!" said the monkey.

"No!" and the young man, turning again to look at his would-be companion, saw something in his hand which he could not well distinguish.

"What have you got there?" said he.

"What have I got here? why my walking stick, according to my custom, which is the same as my

brother's." Whereupon the young man, being at a loss for an answer, turned to the moon.

"O! moon," said he, "enable me to reply to this impertinent monkey!" And the moon pitying the young man, immediately cast down a flood of light, which showed him plainly what thing it was the monkey held in his hand.

"Ah, monkey!" said he, "I now see by the light of the moon that your stick is attached to your body, and that in fact it is not a stick at all, but a tail!"

"Brother," replied the monkey, solemnly, "It was declared by wise men of old, that men as well as monkeys received tails from nature; but when the former became foolish and ignorant, they put on clothes, which rubbed their tails, till at length, by the continual friction, they were entirely rubbed off. And now my brother's tail having disappeared, he has substituted a cane for it, while I, when I require support, continue, like my ancestors before me, to make use of my tail." The young man was confounded, and sat down on the ground ready to cry; and the monkey went away crowing like a game-cock, and fanning himself with his tail.

THE ROYAL BRITISH BOWMEN.

BY HARRIETT PIGOTT.

The Society of Royal British Bowmen was first established in 1787, when the aristocracy of Wales, and of the border provinces, hastened to enroll the names of their sons and daughters. The Prince of Wales immediately created the institution Royal, with permission to wear his distinguished badge, the white plume, and signified his intention to send, annually, appropriate prizes in costly jewellery, to be shot for by the ladies and gentlemen at their respective targets.

It is an honour peculiar to the R. B. B. to have been the first to prove, by the admission of ladies, that the art is consistent with feminine grace and delicacy. Unlike all other associations of the kind, the meetings are not held at one stated place, but are given every fortnight during the fine season, by the gentlemen of the society in rotation. Thus the legion journeys with their tents to a succession of splendid demesnes, most of them remarkable in the annals of our country.

The first meeting was held at Acton Park, in April 1787, under the auspices of Sir Foster and Lady Cunliffe. In 1794, the breaking out of the war occasioned them to be discontinued; and although a short revival occurred in 1802, at the renewal of the war the society was again broken up. In the year 1819, at the restoration of peace, and the return of our warriors

to their homes, it was revived, and has continued with unabated spirit to the present day. Each successive monarch has conferred the Royal honours, and given the yearly prizes; nor has the youthful queen of Great Britain disdained to accord her patronage to her R. B. B. When Princess Victoria, she honoured with her Royal Mother the pleasant meeting before that fine gothic mansion Eaton Hall.

The legion consists of two hundred and twenty members, besides honorary members; but at Hawkstone in 1834, seven hundred persons were entertained, when a prize was given by the gallant veteran, Lord Hill.

After the demise of many successive bards, famed for their elegant socialities, their wit, talent, and philanthropy, the Rev. Reginald Heber accepted the title of Poet Laureate to the R. B. B. The following is one of the songs, hitherto unpublished, which the accomplished prelate composed on the occasion of their festive meetings, before his departure for India.

ERTHIG BOW MEETING.

BY THE REV. REGINALD HEBER.

Ye vocal rills, ye wandering vales,
Renowned in British story,
Where all the tribes of princely Wales,
Have treasured up their glory;
Could all the chieftains' blazon'd show
Surpass, in gules and sables,
The eyes that melt and cheeks that glow,
Around our woodland tables?

Or should some warrior's armed shade
Revisit Erthig's bowers,
Or some illustrious Celtic maid
Glide through yon maze of flowers,
The stately phantoms, hovering nigh,
Might pause in friendly greeting,
And shed from forth the twilight sky,
Their blessing on our meeting.

Then, were my harp but half in tune,
Its tide of music, swelling,
Might find a theme from night till morn,
In Griffith and Lewellen;
How Owen caught an English queen
By one judicious tumble,
And Berens Kate of matchless mein
Could twenty husbands humble.

But ah! the mystic dream is fled
Before my muse could shew it,
And frowning dark, the lordly dead
Disdain a Saxon poet:
Then though we praise the herald's skill,
And honour Tudor Trevor,
One health with greater glee we fill,—
The Rose of York for ever!*

* A longer, and very interesting article from the pen of Miss Pigott, on the subject of the British Bowmen, was intended for insertion, but has been unavoidably omitted for want of space and time.—Ed.



Painted by W. Hamilton.

Engraved by W. H. Worthington.

THE SWING.

Published by Scott, Elder & C. 35 Cornhill.

THE SWING.

Upward she wings her flight afar,
A bird amid the quivering bowers;
Then, shooting downwards like a star,
Just skims the dew, and stirs the flowers.

One moment, like the Huntress fair,
She stoops to kiss Endymion's eyes;
The next, rebounding in the air,
Shoots Parthian arrows as she flies.

Love-banished, and recalled by love,
She paints the passion false and vain;—
Yet, no; for though she seems to rove,
She still obeys the Master's chain.

Now on the earth, now in the air,
Now won, now lost, her fleeting charms;
Gliding aloft, a phantom fair,
Then pressed an instant in my arms:

Ah! cease, dear wayward girl, to fly,
And from thy wild vagaries rest,
Leave, leave the angel in the sky,
And give the woman to my breast!

LEITCH RITCHIE.

AUTOGRAPHS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I GAZE upon these honoured names
With feelings to the world unknown;
Each in my faithful memory claims
Some place appointed for its own.

Each has a boon on me bestowed,
Beyond an Eastern despot's store,
Casting upon my daily road
The wealth of literary lore.

And with these records I connect
The labours of each active hand,
Spreading the gifts of intellect
In lavish plenty through the land.

Children of mind! ye fill a throne
Whereon ye rule in regal pride;
Subjects in every clime ye own,
To win, instruct, delight, and guide.

Nor do they merely seek and praise
The loved effusions of your pen;
But even your slightest look and phrase
Are cherished in the thoughts of men;

And on the fair and virgin page,
Let but your written names appear,
Lo! fervent youth and sober age
Start forth to claim the relic dear;

And on the paper fondly look,
As though, by some mysterious spell,
It could become a fairy book,
The gifted writer's powers to tell.

Children of mind! whose wondrous art
Thus the cold world to love allures,
Oh! wisely, prudently, impart
The precious talent that is yours.

Guard well your action and your speech,
Nor give the scoffer cause to boast
That those, who can so sagely teach,
Perchance in practice fail the most.

And ever let the thoughtless train
  Be guided by your zealous love,
To prize, to seek, and to obtain
  The treasures of a world above.

Thus live—and long may crowning fame
  Its radiance to your path impart,
Approving your unwearied aim
  To charm the taste, and mend the heart.

And when these triumphs disappear,
  And past is all the world's vain strife,
Oh! may each name recorded here
  Be found within the Book of Life!

TWO DAYS IN THE COUNTRY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUG. VON STEIGENTESCH.

Count Drost was young, amiable, and rich. Until this period of his life, the love of the day, and the despair of the evening, had been quietly forgotten by the next morning.

But six-and-twenty is a dangerous age for tranquillity. Wit, youth, and beauty,—the image of his partner at the last ball,—his recollections, his uneasiness,—all agitated his breast. Solitude was irksome; and he sprang upon his horse, and galloped through the street where the object lived, who had fascinated and bewitched him.

All the windows were open, and a white figure hovered near one of them. His heart beat audibly, and his spurs were instantly buried in the sides of his bright bay;—the horse snorted and reared.

"Take care!" cried a voice, which he recognised as hers: his blood was in a sudden tumult;—he buried his glowing face in the mane of his horse, and flew past her house like lightning.

He stood in his own apartment, and her voice

vibrated yet on his ear and in his heart. But he had not thanked her for her solicitude; he had not had the courage even to salute her in passing; and he sat down to his writing-table to exculpate himself from this double fault. But his embarrassment found no words except her title, and in half-an-hour after the word *Fraulein* stood singly on the paper. He, at length, started up to go and tell her, what he could not write; and, in fear, and trembling, he crept up the steps of her house. His pulse throbbed violently as the door opened, and she came forward with a smile to meet him, leaning on her father's arm.

Julia was the youngest daughter of a numerous family, whose ambition and misfortunes had left them little wealth, but much consideration in society.

She had quitted her "pension" but a few days since; and appeared at a ball, at which all the youth of the city had swarmed around the debutante, and Drost was among them. He had followed her with kindling eyes as she floated through the dance, and stood for the first time in his life in embarrassment, by the side of a young lady.

The ball, with all its gay and animated objects had passed by, leaving only confused recollections, except the image of his partner, which haunted him still; and he now once more stood before her, bashful and embarrassed.

His countenance betrayed at once his fears and his wishes; and both her father and her heart understood the language. The prospect of a brilliant future opened

before her, and she suffered her eyes to rest complacently on his. Three evenings gave him a little assurance;—in eight days her hand was clasped in his; at the end of a month she was supported from the altar on his arm.

A swarm of relations now crowded round them with congratulations and invitations. They gave and received visits and balls;—a week flew away rapidly, and the husband found that his young wife scarcely belonged to him a single hour in the day. The rich treasures of her accomplished mind were diffused over the whole surface of the society in which they moved. She sang, she embroidered, she danced; she glided from one to another in the gay saloon; and at length, Drost, glancing uneasily at the misty crowd of dancers, felt the stings of jealousy sink in his bosom. When the music ceased, the lights were extinguished, and the dancers departed, Julia sunk from her husband's arms into those of Morpheus—but she alone slept.

One day, she awoke late, and Drost was sitting at her bedside, the effects of a sleepless night visible in his countenance, which he concealed with difficulty, under a cheerful smile.

"I come with a request to you,"—he commenced; "it is the first I have ventured to make." Julia replied only by pressing her lips to his.

"I have been thinking," continued he, "of our position, and I could wish that the repose of the country, of nature, and love, should sometimes replace the tumultuous pleasures of the town."

"What better can the heart demand," asked Julia, "than tranquillity and love?"

"Well then," said he, "let us make the trial at once!"

"Let us set off to-morrow!" cried Julia, enchanted; "I require repose, and yet I am engaged to a dozen partners,—to-morrow, dear love, to-morrow!"

"To-morrow then, to-morrow!" echoed Drost, as he pressed her tenderly to his bosom. Everything was ready; two servants had run through the streets with cards to take leave of the forsaken world; and a beautiful spring morning accompanied them on their journey.

The heavens were serene and blue above them; the lark sang; the trees bloomed; and Julia's glance flitted with the butterfly from blossom to blossom. The eyes of the husband were traced, first on the lovely sky, and then on his bride; their arms were entwined like the boughs of the forest; joy sparkled in their eyes like the sun in calm waters; and Julia's breath felt as warm and pure upon his lips as the zephyrs of spring, which the perfume of a thousand of the love-children of May wafted into the carriage.

Five hours from the city they left the high road, and plunged into a gloomy forest of pines, where the sudden gusts of rain had undermined the road. The carriage rocked as it rolled along. Julia turned pale.

"Let us alight," cried she, faintly; and she was lifted trembling from the carriage. Drost got out carefully after her.

The carriage went slowly onward; while the young pair ascended the hill on foot; the sharp rock and rough stones penetrating through Julia's silken shoes. In a little while she leant breathlessly against a tree. Her eyes were raised wistfully to the summit of the hill, where the carriage had halted; she hung on his arm, and he almost dragged her on, till at length they reached the vehicle, and sunk exhausted upon the cushions.

A chain of hills extended before their view. Mountain-streams flowed over blooming meadows, and the green waving grain rustled on the hills, over which the evening cast its shadows.

The shade deepened as they approached the groves, and Julia folded her hands and sighed. Drost continued silent in the other corner of the carriage: their arms were no longer entwined; their lips no longer touched, although the rough road and jolting carriage flung them every now and then into collision. Drost clung with both hands to his own corner.

The night had already robed the mountains in darkness, when the carriage stopped before the old chateau. Julia sprang out of the carriage, up the steps, and into her bed, and the sun was shining high in the heavens before she awoke.

Sleep had banished the gloomy images of the preceding day, and the bride stood serene as the morning, amidst flowers and blossoms. Nightingales sang in the shady groves of the environs, herds wandered about on the heights, birds swung themselves on the boughs,

every tree seemed instinct with life, and extended its blooming branches to the morning wind. The sun was scorchingly hot, and they sought shelter in the grove on the margin of the river; the thick foliage overshadowed the nightingale, and the green-sward, on which the dews of the morning still lay, was yet undried by the mid-day sun.

"Hold!" cried Julia, looking at her feet, "I feel as if we were walking in the river itself," and she darted back into the sunshine.

"And I am so subject to catarrh!" cried Drost, as he sprang after her. They linked their hands together in some perplexity. "Now for the wood upon the hill, where the lambs are feeding," said Drost; "we shall there have a prospect over the whole valley, and we will never more visit the nightingales as long as we live."

Julia looked up joyously toward the lambs, and hurried to the wood. A steep of some twenty steps lay before them; and in the midst she suddenly drew back, and sprang terrified into the arms of Drost, as a brown face with matted hair and fiery eyes appeared before her, one hand of the figure holding back a furious dog, and the other extended towards her.

"That is the shepherd," said Drost; and she at length placed her hand timidly in his rough paw, and ascending with his assistance this miniature Chimboraço, hurried trembling into the wood.

"Dearest Drost," cried she, flinging herself down at the foot of an oak tree, "thy Mirtellos are so un-

commonly like banditti! Such shepherds Geszner never saw!"

"Geszner forsooth!" cried Drost impatiently, as he stretched himself on the earth; "according to him there are nightingales everywhere, but he says not a syllable of the path one must take to seek them."

"Nor of the abominable roads," added Julia.

"Nor of the hardness of the lap of Flora," sighed he, rising with a grimace. Here Julia screamed; "In the house," said she, "there are at least no creeping horrors like these!" and she tore a beetle from her hair which was clinging to her ringlets. Drost on his part flung a little caterpillar's nest out of his cravat, and they both hastened down the hill.

The church clock struck one; and Drost looked up peevishly.

"At three o'clock," said he, "it will be dinner time —not till then; and this sun is so hot, and this hill is so high, and the retreat of the nightingales so damp,—it wants nothing more than rain, to make Time himself stand stock still upon yonder tower."

"But you know we have to arrange our dress," said Julia cheerfully; "that will occupy us for a while, and the two hours will soon pass away."

The toilette and the looking-glass beguiled the time, and the table was prepared. In silence they seated themselves opposite each other, and Julia gazed with quiet longing at the old tapestry, which represented Herodias dancing. She went over softly the arrangement of the theatres for every day in the week.

"To-morrow they give Hamlet," cried she, and she fixed her sparkling eyes on her husband.

"That is in the city," said he, smiling; "here we are in the world of the ideal."

The dinner was removed; Drost took up a book; Julia's thoughts wandered silently like the ghost in Hamlet, through the regions of memory, and the stillness of Nature appeared to be reflected in her. Not a breath of air moved a leaf, and not a word passed her lips.

"Julia," cried Drost, as he flung away his book, "how often has thy voice whiled away an evening in the city; why is it mute in the country?" And Julia sang: the soft tones of melody overflowed in her feelings, and Drost stood near her enraptured.

"Love and song!" murmured he.

"We are happy!" said she softly, and hid her face in his bosom. He leaned against the window; the sun was sinking behind the mountains, and the balmy evening breeze fanned his glowing cheek.

"They do not see the sun set in Hamlet!" cried he.

"And love does not give them happiness like ours," said Julia, leaning upon his shoulder. The shadows of night fell over the landscape, and they removed from the window.

"If the sun would only set more slowly!" sighed she; "but the joys of life pass away so quickly."

"Yet an age of happiness was contained in that last instant!" She leant her head on his bosom, and asked tenderly, "Shall I sing once more?"

"No!" said he gently, "too much harmony wearies;

but I have a plan, which will amuse us, and occupy our hearts at the same time. We love each other; we are married; but we have never written to each other."

"I never wrote to a man in my life," replied Julia.

"But you love, you speak, and you embroider; transfer the Forget-me-not, and the Rose, from your embroidery frame to paper in words, and you will learn how love indites. Permit uncertainty, restlessness, and all the torments of passion, to agitate our souls once more. Seat yourself, Julia;" she sat down smiling; Drost then retired to the other corner of the apartment, placing a large folding skreen between them, in order to keep up the illusion of absence.

"Are you ready?" said he, after a short time, which Julia had occupied in writing. She nodded playfully. Drost hastened towards her and she read: —

"'Dearest, most beloved friend,'"

"Admirable! charming!" cried he, enchanted; "it would be impossible to commence more tenderly and rationally." Julia continued:

"'To-morrow they play Hamlet;'"

"How!" cried Drost, knitting his brows, "this is a theatrical advertisement, which thy *heart* should not admit into thy *first* letter to me."

"'My sisters will be in the theatre; the court will be there; our friends will be there; our acquaintances will be there — and nobody at all is here. How proud I should be, my beloved, if I could but enter the assemblage with you, in order to show how happy I am.'"

"I understand," said Drost; "Pride and Love desire a couple of seats at the theatre!—that is all you have to say to me,"—and he tore up his letter.

"What are you doing?" cried Julia.

"I had written," said he, "as if I saw you now for the first time; but after an intimacy like ours of six weeks, a letter full of ardent passion would sound like a song of that Arcadia, which has been expunged from the poetical map these fifty years."

Julia impressed a kiss on his lips half sleepily. "Writing is fatiguing," said she, "and the sun sets so early in Arcadia!"

The first ray of morning gleamed in the clouds as Drost awoke the next morning. He had often, when a boy, witnessed the rising of the sun, and he leant out of the window, his heart busy with delightful associations.

"Julia must see this," thought he, and he crept softly into her chamber: she awoke startled.

"Julia," cried he, grasping her hand, "you have never seen the sun rise!"

"The sun!" said she peevishly, "surely it is not yet midnight!" but he pressed her more closely in his arms; her eyes opened, and she got up yawning.

The rays of the morning were gleaming over the brow of the mountain; a gentle breeze rustled through the flowers; the stream poured its waves boundingly through the valley; all the voices in the boughs were awakened, and the sun rose in dazzling splendour from behind the ridge of forest-crowned hills.

Julia's eyes gleamed, her lips bloomed like the rose when unclosed to the morning wind, her bosom heaved like the agitated leaves in the valley. His glance was fixed on hers,—his cheek glowed more deeply,—her bosom heaved more quickly,—and they retired speechless from the window. The chain of slumber was completely broken by these new emotions, and although so early, it was not worth while returning to bed. Their breakfast was at length brought in, and Julia tottered drowsily to the table. Drost threw himself on a chair, shut his eyes, and lifted the empty cup to his lips.

"Shall I fill your cup?" asked she, and leaned her head on both hands.

"No more for me," replied Drost, putting away his cup; "I have had enough."

"Then I must take some alone," said Julia; but she was so completely overcome with drowsiness, that when putting the teapot under the valve of the urn, she scalded her hand severely. Screaming with the sudden pain, she rushed out of the room, and the table, with all its reservoir of hot water, fell on her husband's feet.

Drost, scalded more severely than his wife, sprang over the fragments of broken porcelain, and looked round him in consternation. He was soon drawn by the sound of sobbing in the distance to Julia's apartment.

"My hand!" cried she, weeping, "the entire contents of the tea urn poured over it," and she held her hand, bound up, towards him.

"That is not possible," exclaimed Drost, somewhat gruffly, "for I swim even now in my pantaloons like a duck."

"All this comes of the sun! For my part, I have no objection to it, when seen at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning; but to place oneself at a window in the middle of the night, in order to see it become light,—that is an idea which surely never entered into the head of any rational person."

Drost rubbed his foot in silence; the pain gradually diminished; Julia leant her head upon her hand, and gazed pensively upon the landscape. Drost looked dolefully at his foot, and then out at the window.

"It is singular," exclaimed he, feeling his pulse anxiously, "I am convinced of the contrary, but yet I feel as if I had not breakfasted!"

"In all probability, there is no doctor in the neighbourhood."

"I really could swear," said Drost, looking a little frightened, "that I had not tasted anything this morning." Julia sighed; Drost shut his eyes; there was a pause of a few minutes, which the rude clanging of the church bells of the village interrupted; Julia looked out of the window inquisitively. A thin stream of the population flowed through the church door, and her eyes became like the street, animated with curiosity and devotion.

"We will go to church," cried she joyfully; "every body is going to church."

"Dear girl," said Drost, twisting himself round,

"in the church it is as damp as the haunts of the nightingale, and I am not well."

"Why, you are courtesy itself!" cried Julia bitterly: "I get up for you in the night to see the sun rise, and you will not accompany me to church in the finest weather in the world!" Drost rose up slowly; he allowed himself to be dressed; and they entered the church as the parson entered the pulpit. Julia had thrown around her a wrapping dress, which like a thin veil hid, and yet betrayed her charming shape. But the peasants looked straight towards the mouth of the preacher, out of which eloquence gushed like the water from Aaron's rock.

Drost counted all the inhabitants of the village, and his eyes wandered listlessly from their features without expression, to their sun-burnt hands, until sleep overcame him. His lips were wide open in slumber, while a torrent of words murmured over his head, like a thunder storm a full hour long. It ceased at last, and the eyes of the peasants were transferred to the altar. Out of every mouth arose the psalm, and drowned the tones of the organ with a howl as piercing as the current of air which whistled through the vaults of the church. Julia looked about her half stunned. Drost turned his head in every possible direction for escape, but the shrill tones penetrated everywhere.

As the people pressed more closely about the altar, the odours of farming and cattle breeding with which their garments were saturated, mounted like a cloud in

the air, as the howling strain pierced through Julia's ears. Drost covered his olfactory nerves with both hands; whilé Julia dashed a shower of perfumes over her bosom; but all was in vain—matters became worse and worse. She tried to speak, but the words seemed to die upon her lips; and at length Drost, seizing her suddenly by the hand, hurried her out of the church.

She was quite exhausted when they reached the house, and Drost stood watching her anxiously.

"This visit to the church may be very dangerous," said she, in a faint voice.

"I will send express for a physician from the city," cried Drost, in terror.

"He can be of no use if he is not constantly with us to watch the progress of the disorder;" and her voice appeared to become extinct.

"What then is to be done?" cried Drost. "I would return willingly to the city—God knows how willingly; but for two days a couple of footmen have been running about the town with cards of adieu; and, on the third day to come back! The people will laugh at us."

"But if I am ill?" said Julia.

"O, certainly, if you are ill!" said he, and his countenance brightened; "if it were only an attack of a couple of hours—a very little, brief, *undoubted* disorder,—that would be glorious: and I really believe the air of the country is not healthy. I myself, you know, have had a slight attack to-day of indisposition."

"One would not be buried here," sighed Julia.

"Certainly not," said Drost, and rang hastily. The servants rushed in.

"Pack up!" cried he; "in an hour we shall be off! But, dearest Julia," continued he, anxiously, "if the journey should increase your illness."

"O don't be uneasy," said she, cheerfully; "motion is the best thing for me."

"But that is still worse. The journey will set you up again, and you will return quite well, and we shall become the laughing-stock of the whole town." Julia raised herself up; her eyes sparkled; her blood rushed quickly and freely through her veins. She offered him her hand.

"God be praised!" cried he; "you have a fever—your hand burns!"

"So much the better," said she, laughing.

"Certainly," said he; "that will be admirable. We will have three or four doctors sent for as soon as we arrive;" but Julia shook her head, and health and joy beamed in her eyes as she skipped about the apartment.

"What will the people say?" exclaimed he, dolefully. "She begins to dance!"

"Poor Ophelia sings, and yet is sick," said Julia, in good humour; "and it is beautiful to acknowledge our faults. We have sought nourishment for our affection here, and what have we found? I am proud of *belonging to you.* Does any peasant envy me on that account? Take the rarest gems from a crown, and

shew them in a village where nobody understands the value of gems, and you might as well bury them. That is our case." They heard the carriage rattle on the pavement, and in two minutes she was equipped for the journey, and seized him by the arm.

"I will not leave my chamber for three days," exclaimed she, joyously; "only do come to a place where they know how to appreciate you."

The road was rough; the carriage jolted—Julia smiled. They rattled joyfully down the stony path over the hills, and the city lay extended before them in the glow of sunset. The doctor was summoned. The news of their arrival and of her indisposition attracted the whole circle of her large acquaintance around her. Julia was contented, and Drost happy; and as soon as they were alone, she flew into his arms.

"We have been so long deprived of each other!" cried he, as he pressed her to his bosom; "but now again your heart throbs responsively to mine. Tell me,—have you a wish yet ungratified?"

Julia smiled upon her husband; her arms were entwined closer around him; and she said, softly and tenderly,—"A little absence, occupation, and love, and the heart has its Arcadia, even in a city."

CONSTANCE RICHARDSON.

I WEPT!

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

I.

I WEPT!—Well knew'st thou that I wept,
Yet little didst thou feel for me;
The pity in thy bosom slept,
Through all my wakening agony.

II.

Grief thrilled my heart—pain shook my frame,
'Twas Passion all, and wild Despair!
The daggers of *thy* silence came,
To strike them chill and senseless there.

III.

This burning heart grew crushed and cold,—
In bleeding brokenness and gloom;
Thy harshness pierced its deepmost fold,
With death—too dreadful for the tomb!

IV.

The daggers of thy silence came,
To stab through all my soul and life,—
To make my thoughts like frost-touched flame,
Checked in their full and fiery strife!

v.

I wept!—thou knew'st I wept! and *thou*
Could'st yet be silent as the grave!—
My darkened soul seemed then—and *now*,
'Whelmed all in sorrow's weeping wave.

SONG.

Come!—let me dive into thine eyes,
So dim, so deep, so filled with love!
Touched with soft azure, like the skies,
When evening veils the light above.

Come!—let me gaze upon thy hand!
No ring! all's fair and virgin white.
Thy heart? I would I could command
Thy heart to open on my sight.

Yet, no: I'll trust those stars of blue,
And ask them now my doom divine:
No need: thy lips give answer true;
They move,—they murmur,—"I am thine!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE BLACK DE BOURGHO.

An Irish Legend.

BY J. HOUSTON BROWNE.

On a dark and stormy night in the winter of 1333, two persons in the garb of *woodkernes*, or natives, quitted the postern gate of the priory of Hollywood, on the shore of the bay of Belfast, and took their way towards the beach. An eastern wind swept in from the precipitous headlands which bounded the "lough," creating a heavy sea, and causing the waves to break upon the shore with a deep echoing noise. The night-travellers walked hastily among the mazes of the thick oak-wood, which extended down to the sea, and exchanged no word till they stood over a little creek in which a rude *curragh*, or boat of wicker work covered with skin, lay moored in the shelter of the trees.

"Drag out the curragh, MacNial Oge," said one, "and see that there be no fowlers abroad on the beach. 'Twere ill for it to be known to-morrow that the priory servants had a part in the work of to-night."

"There is little fear of fowlers abroad in such a

storm," said his companion, "it is bad shooting with a wet bow-string."

"Then steer for Carrickfergus," said the first speaker, as he took his place in the boat which MacNial Oge had unmoored. "There shall be strange news, ere the morning, of the black De Bourgho."

MacNial Oge shoved off from the shore. A few strokes of the oars brought them out of the shelter of the land, and their little vessel was rising and falling on the short waves of the lough. The breeze was adverse, and the spray ever and anon broke over the boat and drenched its occupants, although they were making scarcely any headway. Still, however, MacNial pulled lustily at the oars, and his companion held the rudder in his hand. In this manner they toiled against the wind and the rising tide, the storm every moment becoming fiercer, and the lightning beginning to sweep through the atmosphere, flash following flash in quick succession. At length a blue-forked brand swept past, almost before the eyes of the rowers, followed by a long, sharp roll of thunder.

"Jesu Maria! Con O'Hanlon," said MacNial, "wilt thou not turn from this attempt to-night, when the Virgin herself seems to be against us? There are those in the castle of Carrickfergus, who will do their work all the better without our presence."

"'Tis lest their work should be done too well that I am here to join them," replied O'Hanlon. "Think'st thou, man, that I should now be tossing on Garmoyle in a crazy curragh, with the blue lightning

sweeping about mine ears, without a good cause for my journey?"

His companion made no reply, but took again to his oars.

William, Earl of Ulster, whom O'Hanlon denominated "the black De Bourgho," was at the period of which we write the principal enemy with whom the northern Irish chieftains had to contend. The failure of the expedition of Edward Bruce, brother of King Robert of Scotland, had left a large portion of Antrim debateable ground, and De Bourgho, Earl of Ulster, had seized upon Carrickfergus. Many attempts had been made to dislodge the Saxon settlers by the O'Kanes, MacQuillans, and O'Neills, but without success. The Earl had his residence in the castle of Carrickfergus, where his Countess and an only child resided with him. He was a brave and warlike man, and brought both superior skill and weapons to defend his colony against the assaults of the natives. The natural consequence of his being hemmed in upon all sides by the Irish, however, was, that his followers became intermingled with them by marriages and other ties, and at length some of his own domestics leant strongly towards the neighbouring chiefs in their affection, although outwardly they owed their fealty to the Earl. To suborn these to the interests of O'Kane of Doon-y-even, or Dungiven, was found to be a matter of comparatively easy performance, and accordingly a conspiracy was set on foot in his own household for the assassination of De Bourgho.

Con O'Hanlon, who with his companion made his way across the bay towards Carrickfergus, was a young chieftain who held his lands from the holy brotherhood of Hollywood Priory, on the condition of doing battle for their rights when they were assailed, an event of frequent occurrence in Ireland in the fourteenth century.

O'Hanlon had succeeded his father in the lands of the monks, and being brought up in the neighbourhood of the priory, the fathers had imparted to him such an education as comported with the lay condition to know. He was consequently superior to his fellow-chieftains in many respects, and possessed a chivalrous spirit known to few of the Irish at that early period.

It happened that O'Hanlon had been one evening fishing in the bay some months before the night upon which our story opens, when his companions descried a party, among which were women, leaving De Bourgho's castle, and straying along the beach. The careless group had no sooner been discovered by the Irish, than it was resolved to intercept them should they allow the twilight to set in during their walk. With this intention they lay upon their oars, and watched their intended victims leave gradually behind them the protecting presence of the strong castle of De Bourgho.

The English, unconscious of their danger, continued their walk until the growing darkness warned them that they should return to the castle. They retraced their steps for some distance accordingly, and had

almost half-way returned, when a low whistle was given upon the beach, and they found themselves surrounded with armed men. The fishing party had cautiously approached the shore, and succeeded in their design of intercepting them. When they first made their appearance to the affrighted group, three of De Bourgho's soldiers, who had accompanied his lady and her attendants, attempted to give battle, but the number of their opponents was too great, and after a short struggle the whole party were made prisoners. Nothing could exceed the joy of the Irish at the success of their design, and many projects for the conveyance of the prisoners, in their limited number of boats, were mooted by different members of their rude council. Each, however, was liable to some fatal objection, until at length one of the savage *kerne* suggested murder. O'Hanlon held a short paddle in his hand, which he had been recently using in his boat, and a stroke from that weapon, which felled him to the earth, was the only reply that greeted the author of the proposal.

The three soldiers were left bound hand and foot on the beach, and the females embarked in the curraghs. O'Hanlon assisted in rowing the one which contained the Countess, and had given instructions to his companion, in an under tone, at the moment of their leaving the shore. The effect of these instructions was soon visible, for as the night advanced, and the darkness grew more intense, the distance betwixt the curragh of O'Hanlon and those of his fellows became

wider and wider, until at length by some secret and preconcerted signal, both rowers at once lay upon their oars, and the strong breeze drifted them swiftly up the bay.

They were soon in the still water, beneath the castle of De Bourgho, and pulling lightly and silently to the shore; and the moment the boat touched the sand, O'Hanlon told its fair occupants that they were at liberty, and assisted them to land. He then pushed off without staying for speech, and made way quickly along the beach; till running at length upon the shore, he struck his sword through the wicker-work and hide of which the curragh was composed. The water gurgled up through the breach, and she quickly filled and sank.

The two Irish were now without the means of taking again to the bay, and stood deliberating with each other how to proceed. De Bourgho's followers, they knew, must ere now have marked the delay of the Countess's party, and were, no doubt, scouring the country in all directions in pursuit. Their chief care, then, was to keep clear of any of these searching parties, and with this purpose, they determined to take the most unfrequented paths through the woods. They had scarcely started, however, through the forest, with this determination, when the moon, which had been for some hours struggling with a heavy atmosphere, burst brightly through, and revealed the face of the bay, the dark pine-covered mountains, and the castle of Carrickfergus in the distance. And it revealed more than these. A

party of the followers of De Bourgho had marked the approach of the curragh to the beach, and the moment they could recognise in the moonlight the Irish garb of its late occupants, a shower of arrows saluted them, one of which lodged in the arm of MacNial Oge. The fugitives had no time to think of how they should act; for the English had no sooner discharged their arrows, than they rushed in upon them; and as O'Hanlon and his follower attempted to defend themselves, they were struck down from behind, and made prisoners, and lodged in the keep of De Bourgho's castle.

The Lady De Bourgho slept that night for but a short space, and when the morning broke, the prisoners were gone. The rage of the lord of the castle was beyond all control; but his only remedy was to slay the sentinels, and to digest his grief.

Return we now to the night on which O'Hanlon and MacNial Oge tossed upon the bay on their way to Carrickfergus Castle. In spite of storm and lightning, hard pulling at the oars drove the light bark through the water. Their progress was slow, and only achieved with great toil; but their efforts were crowned at length by success, as the curragh, about two hours after midnight, ran into the creek at which O'Hanlon had liberated the Countess some months before. The darkness of night had been favourable to their approach to the castle; for although four warders paced its battlements, no alarm had been given of their approach. O'Hanlon, on reaching the creek, did not land, but putting MacNial Oge on shore, and telling him to "keep a wakeful

ward," he pulled slowly and silently, into the spot where the deep still water washed the dark walls of the castle.

On the day preceding that particular evening, an Irish *senach* or harper had arrived at the castle on a journey throughout the district, wherein he exercised his musical vocation. His visit was a welcome one to the inmates of the mansion, and especially to such as were of the native Irish tribes, and the Earl himself had permitted him to be brought into the banquet-hall, after the fashion of the native chiefs.

The capacious apartment which formed the banqueting-hall of De Bourgho's castle, presented a cheerful appearance about the hour at which O'Hanlon shot his boat under the shadow of the walls. The English earl had relaxed from the pride which marked the Norman race, of which he sprung, and gave a loose to the revelling of his Irish retainers. Seated at the head of the old oak table, with his casque and corslet laid aside, and his stout blade leaning against the wainscot, he sent round the usquebaugh and sack with an air of hospitality that would not have disgraced a descendant of Milesius. Two great wood-fires blazed in the wide chimnies of the hall, and a number of lamps lighted the apartment, reflecting their lustre from helmets and platejacks, and all the machinery of war ranged around the walls.

The harper had not been allowed much cessation from his labours, and his extemporaneous ballads had been recited both in praise of the Norman and the

Irish nobles. As the night advanced, and the revelry became more tumultuous, however, he reverted more frequently to the latter theme, singing of

"Nial of the pledges nine,"

and all his warlike successors, the sons of Heremon and Ir. At length, when the revel was at its height, the earl himself demanded a legendary song. The old senach took the harp, and casting a meaning glance toward the circle of woodkerne, who had gathered around him, he bent over the instrument, and striking its cords sang thus —

"The warden paces the seaward tower,
All at the break of day,
Where the morning mists from the waters rise,
And roll in clouds away.

What ships are these on the rolling sea,
That greet the watcher's view?
With their gilded prows to the castle turned,
The white foam dashing through.

They come not from the Scottish shore,
Across the northern main;
They come not from McDonnell's isles,
Nor the sunny land of Spain:

Their load is not of Spanish wine,
Nor of the Eastern woof;
But their decks are filled with mail-claid men,
And flash with helms of proof.

On every deck shines a stout plate-jack,
And waves the Norman plume,
And they spring to the shores of Innisfail
Bringing slavery and doom.

Our bravest fall before their blades;
Our mightiest are laid low;
The race of our kings was loyal once,
Their sons! where are they now?

In exile or in bondage foul,
The chain is on each neck,
And servants to De Lacy we,
Or the De Bourgho black!"

The earl had marked the excitement which the harper's lay was gradually producing among his servants, and would have stopped the singer, had he not himself requested the song. At length, as the old man ended, looks so threatening were cast towards him, that he bethought him of seizing his sword. He had scarcely moved from his seat with this purpose, however, when the old harper sprang to his feet, and pointing towards the earl, exclaimed, "Vengeance for the death of Mac Guillamore!" In an instant a deafening cry filled the apartment, and all the Irish drew their daggers and rushed upon the Earl. De Bourgho sprang towards the wainscot, and had just laid hand upon his rapier, when the stab of an Irish skeine almost severed his neck, and he rolled over upon the floor of the hall, writhing in death. The thirst, however, of his savage murderers was not yet satisfied, for one skeine after another was plunged into his body, until it would have been difficult to have recognised in the ensanguined mass which lay at the feet of the kerne, the features of William De Bourgho, the "comely" Earl of Ulster.

At the death of the Earl, another fiendish cheer rang

through the arched roofs of the old castle, and the murderers rushed along the halls and corridors, and took possession of the strength. Meantime, an English domestic had escaped to the chamber of the Countess, and warned her of the proceedings in the hall. What resistance could she make, however, to the infuriated multitude? She and her maids swung the door of the hall which approached her chamber close, and drawing in the bolts, retired to abide their fate.

A new adventure, however, awaited them. They had just returned to the chamber, when the window which looked out upon the bay, and through which the newly risen moon had been streaming her light, was suddenly darkened, and wrenching aside the iron bars, O'Hanlon sprang into the apartment. "Fly, Lady De Bourgho!" he exclaimed, "the blood-hounds who murdered the Earl are at the door of thy chamber. Trust to me! a stout rope swings from this window to my boat. It was placed there and the bars cut through by treachery; but now it shall answer a more noble purpose."

"And shall I fly with one reeking from the murder of my husband? Do thy will, hell-hound! spare none here, for life is now worth but little."

At this moment a loud sound, as of the blows of a ponderous hammer, commenced at the door of the chamber.

"Fly! for the sake of the Mary mother, fly!" exclaimed O'Hanlon, seizing the Countess round the waist, and dragging her to the window. He had

caught hold of the rope, and was about to commit himself and his now insensible burthen to it, when a loud crash announced that the chamber door had fallen before the battering-ram of its assailants. O'Hanlon dropped from the window, and committed himself to the rope. He had scarcely half way descended, however, when a bright light shone on the walls of the castle and the water beneath. He looked hurriedly upwards, and there an awful sight greeted him. From the window in which his rope was fastened, gleamed a torch of bogwood, throwing its red light on the demoniac features of an Irish kerne. A cold perspiration broke upon O'Hanlon, and his hands almost unloosed their hold.

"They are escaping by a rope, and we are foiled," exclaimed the kerne above.

"Then for what use is a skeine in thy belt, fool?" replied the voice of the harper.

The rope quivered for a moment in the hands of O'Hanlon—it separated above, and a dashing noise, as of the fall of a heavy body into the water, resounded the next moment along the walls of the castle. O'Hanlon struggled for a moment with the waves, but his companion had grasped his arms, and after an ineffectual and agonizing struggle, they sank. The next tide left high upon the beach the bodies of O'Hanlon and the ill-fated Countess of Ulster.

THE BROKEN CHAIN.*

PART FOURTH.

'Tis morn!—in clustered rays increased—
Exulting rays, that deeply drink
The starlight of the east,
And strew with crocus dyes the brink
Of those blue streams that pause and sink
Far underneath their heavenly strand—
Soft capes of vapour, ribbed like sand.
Along the Loire white sails are flashing,
Through stars of spray their dark oars dashing;
The rocks are reddening one by one,
The purple sandbanks flushed with sun,
And crowned with fire on crags and keep,
Amboise! above thy lifted steep,
Far lightening o'er the subject vale,
Blaze thy broad range of ramparts pale!
Through distance azure as the sky,
That vale sends up its morning cry,
From countless leaves, that shaking shade
Its tangled paths of pillared glade,

* Continued from last year's volume.

And ceaseless fan, with quivering cool,
Each gentle stream and slumbrous pool,
That catch the leaf-song as they flow,
In tinkling echo pure and low,
Clear, deep, and moving, as the night,
And starred with orbs of lily light.
Nor are they leaves alone that sing,
Nor waves alone that flow;
The leaves are lifted on the wing
Of voices from below:
The waters keep, with shade subdued,
The image of a multitude—
A merry crowd, promiscuous met,
Of every age and heart united—
Grey hairs with golden twined, and yet
With equal mien and eyes delighted,
With thoughts that mix, and hands that lock,
Behold they tread, with hurrying feet,
Along the thousand paths that meet
Beneath Amboise's rock;
For there, upon the meadows wide,
That couch along the river-side,
Are pitched a snowy flock
Of warrior tents, like clouds that rest,
Through champaigns of the quiet west,
When, far in distance, stretched serene,
The evening sky lies calm and green.
Amboise's lord must bear to-day
His love-gage through the rival fray;
Through all the coasts of fiery France

His challenge shook the air,
That none could break so true a lance,
Nor for a dame so fair.

II.

The lists are circled round with shields,
Like lily-leaves that lie
On forest pools in clustered fields
Of countless company.
But every buckler's bosses black
Dash the full beams of morning back,
In orbed wave of welded lines,
With mingled blaze of crimson signs,
And light of lineage high:
As sounds that gush when thoughts are strong,
But words are weak with tears,
Awoke, above the warrior throng,
The wind among the spears;
Afar in hollow surge they shook,
As reeds along some summer brook,
Glancing beneath the July moon,
All bowed and touched in pleasant tune;
Their steely lightning passed and played
Alternate with the cloudy shade
Of crested casques, and flying flakes
Of horse-manes, twined like sable snakes,
And misty plumes in darkness drifted,
And chargéd banners broadly lifted,
Purpling the air with storm-tints cast
Down through their undulation vast,
Wide the billowy army strewing,

Like to flags of victory
From some wrecked armada's ruin,
Left to robe the sea.

III.

As the morning star, new risen
In a circle of calm sky,
Where the white clouds stand to listen
For the spheréd melody
Of her planetary path,
And her soft rays pierce the wrath
Of the night-storms stretched below,
Till they sink, like wreaths of snow,
(Lighting heaven with their decay)
Into sudden silentness—
Throned above the stormy stress
Of that knightly host's array,
Goddess-formed, as one whom mortals
Need but gaze on to obey,
Distant seen, as through the portals
Of some temple grey,
The glory of a marble dream,
Kindling the eyes that gaze, the lips that pray—
One gentle lady sat, retiring, but supreme.

IV.

Upon her brow there was no crown,
Upon her robe no gem ;
Yet few were there who would not own
Her queen of earth, and them,
Because that brow was crowned with light
As with a diadem

And her quick thoughts, as they did rise,
Were in the deep change of her eyes
Traced one by one, as stars that start
Out of the orbed peace of night,
Still drooping as they dart,—
And her sweet limbs shone heavenly bright,
Following with undulation white,
The heaving of her heart.
High she sat, and all apart,
Meek of mien, with eyes declined,
Less like one of mortal mind
Than some changeless spirit shrined
In the memories of men,
Whom the passions of its kind,
Cannot hurt nor move again.

v.

High she sat, in meekness shaming
All of best and brightest there,
Till the herald's voice, proclaiming
Her the fairest of the fair,
Rang along the morning air;
And then she started, and that shade,
Which in the moonlit garden glade
Had marked her with its mortal stain,
Did pass upon her face again;
And in her eye a sudden flash
Came and was gone; but it were rash
To say if it were pride or pain;
And on her lips a smile, scarce worn,
Less, as it seemed, of joy than scorn,

Was with a strange quick quivering mixed,
Which passed away, and left them fixed
In calm, persisting, colourless,
Perchance too perfect to be peace.
A moment more, and still serene
Returned, yet changed—her mood and mien;
What eye that traceless change could tell,
Slight, transient,—but unspeakable!
She sat, divine of soul and brow,
It passed—and all is human now.

VI.

The multitude with loud acclaim
Caught up the lovely lady's name.
Thrice round the lists arose the cry;
But when it sunk, and all the sky
Grew doubly silent by its loss,
A slow, strange murmur came across
The waves of the reposing air,
A deep, soft voice, that everywhere
Arose at once, so lowly clear,
That each seemed in himself to hear
Alone, and fixed with sweet surprise,
Did ask around him, with his eyes,
If 'twere not some dream-music dim
And false, that only rose for him.

VII.

"Oh, lady Queen,—Oh, lady Queen!
Fairest of all who tread
The soft earth carpet green,
Or breathe the blessings shed

By the stars and tempests free;
Know thou, oh, lady Queen,
Earth hath borne, sun hath seen,
Fairer than thee.

"The flush of beauty burneth
In the palaces of earth,
But thy lifted spirit scorneth
All match of mortal birth;
And the nymph of the hill,
And the naiad of the sea,
Were of beauty quenched and chill,
Beside thee!

"Where the grey cypress shadows
Move onward with the moon,
Round the low mounded meadows,
And the grave-stones, whitely hewn,
Gleam like camp-fires through the night,
There, in silence of long swoon,
In the horror of decay;
With the worm for their delight,
And the shroud for their array,
With the garland on their brow,
And the black cross by their side,
With the darkness for their beauty,
And the dust for their pride,
With the smile of baffled pain
On the cold lips half apart,
With the dimness on the brain,
And the peace upon the heart;

Ever sunk in solemn shade,
Underneath the cypress tree,
Lady Queen, there are laid
Fairer than thee!"

VIII.

It passed away, that melodie,
But none the minstrel there could see;
The lady sat, still calm of thought,
Save that there rose a narrow spot
Of crimson on her cheek;
But then, the words were far and weak,
Perchance she heard them not.
The crowd still listening, feared to speak,
And only mixed in sympathy
Of pressing hand and wondering eye,
And left the lists all hushed and mute,
For every wind of heaven had sunk
To that aerial lute.
The ponderous banners closed and shrunk,
Down from their listless lances hung,
The windless plumes were feebly flung.
With lifted foot, the listening steed,
Did scarcely fret the fern,
And the challenger on his charmed steed,
Sat statue-like and stern,
Till mixed with martial trumpet-strain,
The herald's voice arose again,
Proclaiming that Amboise's lord
Dared by the trial of the sword,
The bravest knights of France, to prove

Their fairer dame or truer love,—
And ere the brazen blast had died,
That strange sweet singing voice replied,
So wild that every heart did keep
Its pulse to time the cadence deep.

IX.

"Where the purple swords are swiftest,
And the rage of death unreined,
Lord of battle, though thou liftest
Crest unstooped, and shield unstained,
—Vain before thy footsteps fail,
Useless spear and rended mail,
—Shuddering from thy glance and blow,
Earth's best armies sink like snow;
Know thou this; unmatched, unmet,
Night hath children mightier yet.

The chapel vaults are deadly damp,
Their air is breathless all,
The downy bats they clasp and cramp
Their cold wings to the wall;
The bright-eyed eft, from cranny and cleft,
Doth noiselessly pursue
The twining light of the death-worms white,
In the pools of the earth dew;
The downy bat,—the death-worm white,
And the eft with its sable coil —
They are company good for a sworded knight,
In his rest from the battle toil;
The sworded knight is sunk in rest,

With the cross-hilt in his hand ;
But his arms are folded o'er his breast
As weak as ropes of sand.
His eyes are dark, his sword of wrath
Is impotent and dim ;
Dark lord, in this thy victor path,
Remember him."

X.

The sounds sunk deeply,—and were gone,
And for a time the quiet crowd
Hung on the long departing tone,
Of wailing in the morning cloud,
In spirit wondering and beguiled ;
Then turned with stedfast gaze to learn
What recked he, of such warning wild —
Amboise's champion stern.
But little to their sight betrayed
The vizor bars and plumage shade ;
The nearest thought he smiled ;
Yet more in bitterness than mirth,
And held his eyes upon the earth
With thoughtful gaze, half sad, half keen,
As they would seek beneath the screen
Of living turf and golden bloom,
The secrets of its under tomb.

XI.

A moment more, with burning look,
High in the air his plume he shook,
And waved his lance as in disdain,
And struck his charger with the rein,

And loosed the sword-hilt to his grasp,
And closed the vizor's grisly clasp,
And all expectant sate and still;
The herald blew his summons shrill,
Keen answer rose from list and tent,
For France had there her bravest sent,
With hearts of steel, and eyes of flame,
Full armed the knightly concourse came;
They came like storms of heaven set free,
They came like surges of the sea,
Resistless, dark and dense:
Like surges on a sable rock,
They fell with their own fiery shock,
Dashed into impotence.
O'er each encounter's rush and gloom,
Like meteor rose Amboise's plume,
As stubble to his calm career,
Crashed from his breast the splintered spear,
Before his charge the war-horse reeled,
And bowed the helm, and sunk the shield,
And checked the heart, and failed the arm;
And still the heralds' loud alarm
Disturbed the short delay—
On, chevaliers! for fame, for love—
For these dark eyes that burn above
The field of your affray!

XII.

Six knights had fallen, the last in death,—
Deeply the challenger drew his breath.
The field was hushed,—the wind that rocked

His standard staff grew light and low.
A seventh came not. He unlocked
His vizor clasp, and raised his brow
To catch its coolness. Marvel not,
If it were pale with weariness,
For fast that day his hand had wrought
Its warrior work of victory;
Yet, one who loved him might have thought
There was a trouble in his eye,
And that it turned in some distress
Unto the quiet sky.
Indeed, that sky was strangely still,
And through the air unwonted chill
Hung on the heat of noon;
Men spoke in whispers, and their words
Came brokenly, as if the chords
Of their hearts were out of tune;
And deeper still, and yet more deep
The coldness of that heavy sleep
Came on the lulled air. And men saw
In every glance, an answering awe
Meeting their own with doubtful change
Of expectation wild and strange.
Dread marvel was it thus to feel
The echoing earth, the trumpet peal,
The thundering hoof, the crashing steel,
Cease to a pause so dead,
They heard the aspens moaning shiver,
And the low tinkling of the river
Upon its pebble bed.

The challenger's trump rang long and loud,
And the light upon his standard proud
Grew indistinct and dun ;
The challenger's trump rang long and loud,
And the shadow of a narrow cloud
Came suddenly over the sun.

XIII.

A narrow cloud of outline quaint,
Much like a human hand ;
And after it, with following faint,
Came up a dull grey lengthening band
Of small cloud billows, like sea sand,
And then out of the gaps of blue,
Left moveless in the sky, there grew
Long snaky knots of sable mist,
Which counter winds did vex and twist,
Knitted and loosed, and tossed and tore,
Like passive weeds on that sand shore ;
And these seemed with their touch to infect
The sweet white upper clouds, and checked
Their pacing on the heavenly floor,
And quenched the light, which was to them
As blood and life, singing the while
A fitful requiem,
Until the hues of each cloud isle
Sank into one vast veil of dread,
Coping the heaven as if with lead,
With dragged pale edges here and there,
Through which the noon's transparent glare
Fell with a dusky red.

And all the summer voices sank
To let that darkness pass;
The weeds were quiet on the bank,
The cricket in the grass;
The merry birds, the buzzing flies,
The leaves of many lips,
Did make their songs a sacrifice
Unto the noon eclipse.

XIV.

The challenger's trump rang long and loud—
Hark! as its notes decay!
Was it out of the earth—or up in the cloud?—
Or an echo far away?
Soft it came, and none knew whence—
Deep, melodious, and intense,
So lightly breathed, so wildly blown,
Distant it seemed—yet everywhere
Possessing all the infinite air—
One quivering trumpet tone!
With slow increase of gathering sway,
Louder along the wind it lay;
It shook the woods, it pressed the wave,
The guarding rocks through chasm and cave
Roared in their fierce reply.
It rose, and o'er the lists at length
Crashed into full tempestuous strength,
Shook, through its storm-tried turrets high,
Amboise's mountain home,
And the broad thunder-vaulted sky
Clanged like a brazen dome.

XV.

Unchanged, unchilled in heart and eye,
The challenger heard that dread reply;
His head was bowed upon his breast,
And on the darkness in the west
His glance dwelt patiently:
Out of that western gloom there came
A small white vapour, shaped like flame,
Unscattering, and on constant wing,
Rode lonely, like a living thing,
Upon its stormy path; it grew,
And gathered as it onward drew —
It paused above the lists, a roof
Inwoven with a lightning woof
Of undulating fire, whose trace,
Like corpse-fire on a human face,
Was mixed of light and death; it sank
Slowly; the wild war-horses shrank
Tame from the nearing flash; their eyes
Glared the blue terror back, it shone
On the broad spears, like wavering wan
Of unaccepted sacrifice.
Down to the earth the smoke-cloud rolled—
Pale shadowed through its sulphurous fold,
Banner and armour, spear and plume,
Gleamed like a vision of the tomb.
One form alone was all of gloom—
In deep and dusky arms arrayed,
Changeless alike through flash and shade,
Sudden within the barrier gate

Behold, the Seventh champion sate!
He waved his hand—he stooped his lance—
The challenger started from his trance;—
He plunged his spur—he loosed his rein—
A flash—a groan—a woman's cry—
And up to the receiving sky
The white cloud rose again!

XVI.

The white cloud rose—the white cloud fled—
The peace of heaven returned in dew,
And soft and far the noontide shed
Its holiness of blue.
The rock, the earth, the wave, the brake,
Rejoiced beneath that sweet succeeding;
No sun nor sound can warm or wake
One human heart's unheeding.
Stretched on the dark earth's bosom chill,
Amboise's lord lay stark and still.
The heralds raised him, but to mark
The last light leave his eyeballs dark—
The last blood dwindle on his cheek—
They turned; a murmur mild and weak
Passed on the air, in passion broken,
The faint low sob of one in pain—
"Lo! the faith thou hast forgotten
Binds thee with its broken chain!"

J. R.

Christ Church, Oxford.

MISS SMITH.

BY D. ELLEN BOOTH.

Miss Lucretia Amelia Smith, a single lady of a *certain* age, (that is to say, close upon the equinoctial line, if we could suppose the length of female life were fixed at five score,) was certainly what some people are fond of calling a fine woman. No one would have taken her for more than forty, for she retained the roundness of form, which, at that age, so greatly improves a woman's appearance. Her hair was flaxen, and although a few grey ones might be mingled with it, they were imperceptible from the lightness of the colour. Her appearance was lady-like, without being *distingué*. She was good-natured—in a word, she was a nice person. Many wondered that Miss Lucretia should have remained so long in single blessedness, more particularly as it was well known she had a positive horror of her maiden name, *Smith;* and what was more to the purpose, it was also known that she had a small independent fortune. The names of Lucretia and Amelia sound well enough when they belong to a

young and handsome girl; but to hear a downright old maid ushered into a ball-room with such sentimental cognomens, is apt to partake of the ridiculous. Frequently did the unhappy Miss Smith lament that these pious prefixes had been bestowed upon her by her respected god-parents. Her objection, however, to her surname—for which she was somewhat puzzled whom to blame—was still stronger. Often would she repeat to herself, "Smiths, Blacks, Whites,—all a set of nobodies!"

She was then in her twentieth year. Now, alas! she was twice twenty, with a few units to boot; and long had each year, as it sank into the past, convinced her that she had been guilty of a piece of egregious folly, in breaking off the only match she had ever had the opportunity of making.

When we first became acquainted with Miss Smith, she was residing at the west-north-west end of the metropolis, in a boarding-house for ladies only, as Mrs. Wilson's advertisement stated, although a half-pay captain, an idle bachelor, or a disconsolate widower, would frequently take up his abode at 48; and Mrs. Wilson invariably observed, that the ladies were always the more sociable when any such interloper made his appearance, particularly those who had appeared to be averse to the admission of an inmate of the opposite sex, when it was first proposed. Many reasons had, indeed, induced the fair Lucretia to reside in a boarding-house. First, her fortune would not admit of "house-keeping." Secondly, apartments were dread-

fully dull; besides, it did not do for a YOUNG lady to be living alone.

Her father had been a man of large landed property, and, as is too frequently the case, at his death the estates went to the eldest son, and the daughters were only to have three thousand pounds, wherewith to maintain those ideas of grandeur, pride, and luxury, which had been inculcated from earliest infancy by an injudicious education. As before observed, Miss Lucretia found it more respectable, as well as agreeable, to reside under the roof of Mrs. Wilson, who had a large handsomely-furnished house in Baker Street.

At the time our history commences, there was another inmate of Mrs. Wilson's, a military-looking man, who paid her those little attentions which any well-bred foreigner always pays to every lady. Englishmen are polite to those women with whom they happen to be acquainted: foreigners are so to *woman*. The foreign gentleman did not understand one syllable of English, and as Miss Lucretia only knew enough of French to say *oui* and *non*, the intercourse was confined to the offering by signs the various civilities of the table.

Day after day they greeted each other most graciously, and each succeeding one brought an increase to their intimacy. A masonic intercourse was thus established between them, by means of which they, in a wonderfully short space of time, became, as they supposed, acquainted with each other's situation.

The lady understood that his name was De Mency,

—that he was a Colonel, had served *dans la grande armée sous l'Empereur*,—that, although he was still *garçon*, he wished to change his state, "Si toute fois Mademoiselle voudrait prendre pitié de lui." This was all conveyed to the heart of the fair Lucretia, who, on her side, thought that *Madame De Mency* would sound infinitely more aristocratic than Miss *Smith;* and after a short deliberation, only long enough to make it appear she was not too easily won, she smiled consent.

The bride elect had been busy in preparing her *trousseau*, taking leave of some of her friends, and inviting others to the *dejeuner*. Among the guests was the fashionable preacher Dr. Furgus, in whose district Mrs. Wilson's house was situated, but who was not to officiate, as the ceremony was to be performed by her brother, the Reverend John Smith; who, at a considerable annoyance to his personal comforts, had transported his bulky self to London at his sister's earnest entreaties. Not that she had any particular affection for him; she merely thought that it would "look better" in the newspapers, to see "by the Reverend John Smith, Lucretia Amelia, only daughter of the LATE John Smith, Esq." Her father died when she was four years old, so very late was it.

As Miss Smith resided in a boarding-house, the preparations for the fete had to be made out of doors. And here is one of the principal points in the pre-eminence of London. Want what you may,—whether to furnish the necessary articles of a dejeuner,

a dinner, or a supper, you have but to give an order for the number of invites, and forthwith the whole thing, down to the wine-glasses, is brought in. Your table is elegantly "set out with plate, glass, and china."

On this interesting occasion, it may be imagined the bride-cake had not been forgotten. Miss Lucretia's room presented all the appearances of departure. There stood the travelling trunks packed up: in the wardrobe was the bridal dress, ready for the following morning; while here, there, and everywhere, were the bits of paper, old ribbon, and other faded finery, which, when thrown about in confusion, give the peculiar "breaking up" look. Those who have never entered a room immediately after it has been quitted "for good," can form no idea of the vacancy that seems to fill the place.

Miss Smith was trying on for the twentieth time her bonnet, and admiring the wreath of orange-flowers which adorned it, when she was summoned to the drawing-room, where she knew her brother and the Colonel were engaged in close conversation.

She cast a hasty glance in the glass, just to pull down the curls over the crows-feet, and compose her features into a becoming simper, by pronouncing the word *plumb*,—for, be it known to all those ladies who may be by nature irritable or ill-humoured, that no art so effectively gives placidity to the countenance, as that little word, if they only leave the lips in the position they naturally fall into after repeating it.

The two gentlemen were seated at a table, covered with parchments.

The Reverend John Smith was a short fat man, whose red face, and whole appearance gave the idea of his spiritual-mindedness, and the care he always bestowed on the inner man. Monsieur presented a laughable contrast; he was tall and thin to attenuation,—with long black hair *à la jeune France*, moustaches and whiskers, a thin roman nose, and large hazle eyes.

Mr. Smith's rubicund hue was still redder from anger.

"Lucretia!" cried he, on her entering, "I was quite sure you were making a fool of yourself, because I never yet knew any woman who did not; but still I did not think you were making such a preposterous and confounded fool of yourself as I find you are doing. I say I could not suppose, that at your age, your folly should be such. Why, this gentleman insists that your fortune is to be given up to him, and the whole of it to be embarked in some speculation, as mad I presume, as your whole spec. In less than a year you will be a beggar. The fact is, I had previously made some enquiries respecting this person, which were by no means satisfactory, and this interview has confirmed all my suspicions."

The Colonel, who did not clearly understand the full meaning, still comprehended quite sufficient to see he was in a very unpleasant position, and began with the blandest smile:

"Mais!—"

The reverend gentleman abruptly turned to his

sister, saying, "Do you intend to be such a fool?—Come, no scenes! I hate nonsense!—so decide."

Poor Lucretia was dreadfully agitated; she felt quite sure that there must be some mistake,—that the dear Colonel doated on her.

"On your few thousands," growled her brother, who was a very good French scholar,—"he has explicitly declared, that unless he has every shilling of your fortune intrusted to him, to embark in a speculation, he cannot marry, and indeed, that the knowledge of your fortune being in your own power,—which fact, it appears, he somehow became acquainted with,—was the inducement to propose to you. Again I repeat, that I never will consent, nor be a witness to your making such a confounded fool of yourself; therefore, if you persist, the consequences be upon your own head!"

Having said this, Mr. Smith folded his arms, threw himself back in his chair, and waited in the most unbending severity of countenance for his sister's explanation. She looked at the Colonel, who, putting his hand to his heart, said in the mixed jargon of frenchified English, or anglicised French, "*Que tho dat go to mine heart. Je ne puis pas, circonstanced as* I am, take for wife l'aimable charmante Miss Lucretia, without le pouvoir of de money."

"Alors l'affaire est finie, Monsieur le Colonel," said the divine; "I would rather my sister should be a nine-days' laugh, than know her to be in the hands of an adventurer," muttered he to himself.

The gallant Colonel, no ways disconcerted, made a sentimental bow to Lucretia, shrugged his shoulders, laughingly said, "C'est assez plaisant; que ces Anglais sont droles!" and took his leave.

Poor dear little Cupid! How many things are laid to thy charge, of which thou art as innocent as the tender infant in its nurse's arms. Thou art certainly the most ill-used young varlet under heaven. The gallant Colonel is by no means a solitary example of the truth of this assertion; and we, though by no means a crusty old bachelor, can furnish many a sketch in support of our opinion.

But where is Miss Lucretia Smith all this time? She is bewailing the utter heartlessness of men; then, in a flood of tears, lamenting the not wearing her becoming dress; and then, yielding to economy, beginning to calculate the expense of the preparations—all to no purpose.

Fortunately for our heroine, on the preceding day, a half-pay Captain, of the renowned clan of the O'Connor's, took up his quarters at Mrs. Wilson's. It was a subject of regret to him, that a Frenchman should be on the point of marrying so nice a creature. When therefore he heard the eclaircissement that had taken place between the lovers, he declared it to equal any Irish blunder that ever had been committed; and, for his part, he was tempted to call the fellow out for daring to treat a lady so improperly.

"Yet, after all," reasoned he, "there may be a better way still. What say you, Fergus O'Connor?—sup-

pose you just propose yourself in the Frenchman's place,—there's the licence, the cake, all ready,--nothing but the husband wanting; and the d—l's in it if an Irishman cannot make as good a one as a *parlez vous*, any day. Sure an Irish Captain, in love or war, is a match for *Mounseer le Colonel;* and if the darling crature, Lucretia, likes to be made love to in a language she does not understand, why I will blarney the dear jewel in pure Irish; and it will just bother her brains more than the French flummery. Never let it be said, man, that a lady wanted a husband, and you in the house, without offering yourself."

By what arguments the Captain succeeded, is not known; but within the week the *bague* was returned to the jeweller, to have the initials altered with the utmost expedition; although the good-natured Fergus declared that it was all the same to him whether L. de M., or F. O'C. were engraven on it; and the papers announced among the marriages, "By the Reverend — Smith, Fergus O'Connor, to Lucretia Amelia Smith."

The clerical gentleman wisely considered that the only thing was, as he expressed it, "to let his sister make a fool of herself if she liked;" but, at all events, he had taken care to have her fortune secured on herself.

LINES ON THE FRONTISPIECE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Lady, there is a beauty that doth claim,
For tribute, only icy admiration;
Like scentless flowers, whose gorgeous hues proclaim
That they are children of another nation.
But thou art like our own dear rose,—or yet
More richly dowered, blue-eyed violet,
(For the bright rose a thorny armour chooses,
And so some forfeit from her sweet wealth loses.)

The soulless flower we leave upon the stem,
For small the joy its presence can impart;
But thou, sweet lady, likest are to them
We seek to win and garner near the heart.
Intelligence,—high thoughts,—and woman's grace,
Make yet more lovely that surpassing face;
Thou art the flower, where'er our footsteps roam,
That sheds a charm around an English home!

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